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FIRES AND FIREMEN.*

AMONG the more salient features of the Metropolis which instantly strike the attention of the stranger are the stations of the Fire Brigade. Whenever he happens to pass them, he finds the sentinel on duty, he sees the "red artillery" of the force; and the polished axle, the gleaming branch, and the shining chain, testify to the beautiful condition of the instrument, ready for active service at a moment's notice. Ensnconed in the shadow of the station, the liveried watchmen look like hunters waiting for their prey—nor does the hunter move quicker to his quarry at the rustle of a leaf, than the Firemen dash for the first ruddy glow in the sky. No sooner comes the alarm than one sees with a shudder the rush of one of these engines through the crowded streets—the tearing horses covered with foam—the heavy vehicle swerving from side to side, and the black helmeted attendants swaying to and fro. The won-

der is that horses or men ever get safely to their destination: the wonder is still greater that no one is ridden over in their furious drive.

Arrived at the place of action, the hunter's spirit which animates the fireman and makes him attack an element as determinedly as he would a wild beast, becomes evident to the spectator. The scene which a London fire presents can never be forgotten: the shouts of the crowd as it opens to let the engines dart through it, the foaming head of water springing out of the ground, and spreading over the road until it becomes a broad mirror reflecting the glowing blaze—the black, snake-like coils of the leather hose rising and falling like things of life, whilst a hundred arms work at the pump, their central heart—the applause that rings out clear above the roaring flame as the adventurous band throw the first hissing jet—cheer following cheer, as stream after stream shoots against the burning mass, now flying into the socket-holes of fire set in the black face of the house-front, now dashing with a loud shirr against the window-frame and wall, and falling off in broken showers. Suddenly there is a loud shrill cry and the bank of human faces

*Annual Reports of Mr. Braidwood to the Committee of the Fire Brigade.

Healthy Homes. A Guide to the proper Regulation of Buildings in Towns as a Means of Promoting and Securing the Health, Comfort, and Safety of the Inhabitants. By William Hoeking, Archt. & C. E. London. 1849.

is upturned to where a shrieking wretch hangs frantically to an upper window-sill. A deafening shout goes forth, as the huge fire-escape comes full swing upon the scene: a moment's pause, and all is still, save the beat, beat, of the great water pulses, whilst every eye is strained towards the fluttering garments flapping against the wall. Will the ladder reach, and not dislodge those weary hands clutching so convulsively to the hot stone? Will the nimble figure gain the topmost rung ere nature fails? The blood in a thousand hearts runs cold, and then again break forth a thousand cheers to celebrate a daring rescue. Such scenes as this are of almost nightly occurrence in the Great Metropolis. A still more imposing yet dreadful sight is often exhibited in the conflagrations of those vast piles of buildings in the City filled with inflammable merchandise. Here the most powerful engines seem reduced to mere squirts; and the efforts of the adventurous Brigade men are confined to keeping the mischief within its own bounds.

When we recollect that London presents an area of 36 square miles, covered with 21,600 square acres of bricks and mortar, and numbers more than 380,000 houses; that all the riches it contains are nightly threatened in every direction by an ever-present enemy; that the secret match, the spontaneous fire, and the hand of the drunkard, are busily at work; it is evident that nothing but a force the most disciplined, and implements the most effective, can be competent to cope with so sudden and persevering a foe.

As late as twenty-two years ago there was no proper fire police to protect the Metropolis against what is commonly called the "all-devouring element." There was, it is true, a force of 300 parochial engines set on foot by Acts which were passed between the years 1768-74—Acts which are still in existence—but these engines are under the superintendence of the beadles and parish engineers, who are not the most active of men or nimble of risers. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the machines arrived a little too late; and, when brought into service, were often found to be out of working order. Hence their employment did not supersede the private engines kept by some of the insurance offices long prior to their existence. On the contrary, owing to the increase of business which took place about this time, the different companies thought it worth their while to strengthen

their former establishments, and this process continued while the parochial engines, with a few honorable exceptions, were dropping into disuse.

About the year 1833 it became evident that much was lost, both to the public and to the insurance companies, by every engine acting on its own responsibility—a folly which is the cause of such jealousy among the firemen at Boston (United States), that rival engines have been known to stop on their way to a fire to exchange shots from revolvers. It was therefore determined to incorporate the divided force, and place it under the management of one superintendent, each office contributing towards its support, according to the amount of its business. All the old established companies, with one exception,* shortly came into the arrangement, and Mr. Braidwood, the master of the fire-engines of Edinburgh, being invited to take the command, organized the now celebrated *London Fire Brigade*.

At the present moment, then, the protection against fire in London consists, firstly, in the 300 and odd parish engines (two to each parish), which are paid for out of the rates. The majority of these are very inefficient, not having any persons appointed to work them who possess a competent knowledge of the service. Even women used now and then to fill the arduous post of director; and it is not long since a certain Mrs. Smith, a widow, might be seen at conflagrations, hurrying about in her pattens, directing the firemen of her engine, which belonged to the united parishes of St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry, in the city. We question, indeed, if at the present moment any of the parish-engines are much better officered than in the days of widow Smith, with the exception of those of Hackney, Whitechapel, Islington, and perhaps two or three others. Secondly, there are an unknown number of private engines kept in public buildings, and large manufactories, which sometimes do good service when they arrive early at small fires in their neighborhood, although, singularly enough, when called upon to extinguish a conflagration in their own establishments, they generally "lose their heads," as the Brigade men express it; and very many instances have occurred where even the parish-engines have arrived and set to work before the one on the premises could be brought to bear upon the

* The West of England Fire Office, which retains the command of its own engines.

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fire. The cause is clear. The requisite coolness and method which every one can exercise so philosophically in other people's misfortunes, utterly fail them when in trouble themselves. The doctor is wiser in his generation, and is never so foolish as to prescribe for himself or to attend his own family.

Thirdly, we have, in contrast to the immense rabble of Bumble engines and the Bashi-Bazouks of private establishments, the small complement of men and material of the Fire Brigade. It consists of twenty-seven large horse-engines, capable of throwing 88 gallons a minute to a height of from 50 to 70 feet, and nine smaller ones drawn by hand. To work them there are twelve engineers, seven sub-engineers, thirty-two senior firemen, thirty-nine junior firemen, and fourteen drivers, or 104 men and 31 horses. In addition to these persons, who form the main establishment, and live at the different stations, there is an extra staff of four firemen, four drivers, and eight horses. The members of this supplementary force are also lodged at the stations, as well as clothed, but are only paid when their services are required, and pursue in the daytime their ordinary occupations. This not very formidable army of 104 men and 31 horses, with its reserve of eight men and eight horses, is distributed throughout the Metropolis, which is divided into four districts as follows:—On the north side of the river—1st. From the eastward to Paul's Chain, St. Paul's Churchyard, Aldersgate-street, and Goswell-street-road; 2d. From St. Paul's, &c., to Tottenham-court-road, Crown street, and St. Martin's-lane; 3d. From Tottenham-court-road, &c., westward; 4th. The entire south side of the river. At the head of each district is a foreman, who never leaves it unless acting under the superior orders of Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent or general-in-chief, whose head-quarters are in Watling-street.

In comparison with the great Continental cities such a force seems truly insignificant. Paris, which does not cover a fifth part of the ground of London, and is not much more than a third as populous, boasts 800 *sapeurs-pompiers*: we make up, however, for want of numbers by activity. Again, our look-out is admirable: the 6,000 police of the metropolis, patrolling every alley and lane throughout its length and breadth, watch for a fire as terriers watch at rat-holes, and every man is stimulated by the knowledge, that if he is the first to give notice of it at any of the stations, it is half a sovereign in his pocket. In addition to the police, there are the thou-

sand eager eyes of the night cabmen and the houseless poor. It is not at all uncommon for a cabman to earn four or five shillings of a night by driving fast to the different stations and giving the alarm, receiving a shilling from each for the "call."

In most Continental cities a watchman takes his stand during the night on the topmost point of some high building, and gives notice by either blowing a horn, firing a gun, or ringing a bell. In Germany the quarter is indicated by holding out towards it a flag by day, and a lantern at night. It immediately suggests itself that a sentinel placed in the upper gallery of St. Paul's would have under his eye the whole Metropolis, and could make known instantly, by means of an electric wire, the position of a fire, to the head station at Watling-street, in the same manner as the Americans do in Boston. This plan is, however, open to the objection, that London is intersected by a sinuous river, which renders it difficult to tell on which bank the conflagration is raging. Nevertheless we imagine that the northern part of the town could be advantageously superintended from such a height, whilst the southern half might rest under the surveillance of one of the tall shot-towers on that bank of the Thames. The bridges themselves have long been posts of observation, from which a large portion of the river-side property is watched. Not long ago there was a pieman on London-bridge, who eked out a precarious existence by keeping a good look-out up and down the stream.

Watling-street was chosen as the headquarters of the Fire Brigade for a double reason: it is very nearly the centre of the city, being close to the far-famed London Stone, and it is in the very midst of what may be termed, speaking igneously, the most dangerous part of the metropolis—the Manchester warehouses. As the Fire Brigade is only a portion of a vast commercial operation—Fire Insurance—its actions are regulated by strictly commercial considerations. Where the largest amount of insured property lies, there its chief force is planted. It will, it is true, go any reasonable distance to put out a fire; but of course it pays most attention to property which its proprietors have guaranteed. The central station receives the greatest number of "calls;" but as a commander-in-chief does not turn out for a skirmish of outposts, so Mr. Braidwood keeps himself ready for affairs of a more serious nature. When the summons is at night—there are sometimes as many as half-a-dozen—

the fireman on duty below apprizes the superintendent by means of a gutta percha speaking-tube, which comes up to his bedside. By the light of the ever-burning gas, he rapidly consults the "London Directory," and if the call should be to what is called "a greengrocer's street," or any of the small thoroughfares in bye-parts of the town, he leaves the matter to the foreman in whose district it is, and goes to sleep again. If, however, the fire should be in the city, or in any of the great West-End thoroughfares, he hurries off on the first engine. Five minutes is considered a fair time for an engine "to horse and away," but it is often done in three. Celerity in bringing up aid is the great essential, as the first half hour generally determines the extent to which a conflagration will proceed. Hence the rewards of thirty shillings for the first, twenty for the second, and ten shillings for the third engine that arrives, which premiums are paid by the parish. All the engines travel with as few hands as possible: the larger ones having an engineer, four firemen and a driver, and the following furniture:—

"Several lengths of scaling-ladder, each 6½ feet long, all of which may be readily connected, forming in a short space of time a ladder of any required height; a canvas sheet, with 10 or 12 handles of rope round the edge of it for the purpose of a fire-escape; one 10-fathom and one 14-fathom piece of 2½-inch rope; six lengths of hose, each 40 feet long; 3 branch-pipes, one 2½ feet, and the other from 4 to 6 feet long, with one spare nose-pipe; two 6-feet lengths of suction-pipe, a flat rose, stand-cock, goose-neck, dam-board, boat-hook, saw, shovel, mattock, pole-axe, screw-wrench, crow-bar, portable cistern, two dog-tails, two balls of strips of sheepskin, two balls of small cord, instruments for opening the fire-plugs, and keys for turning the stop-cocks of the water-mains."

The weight of the whole, with the men, is not less than from 27 to 30 cwt., a load which, in the excitement of the ride, is carried by a couple of horses at the gallop.

The hands to work the pumps are always forthcoming on the spot at any hour of the night, not alone for goodwill, as every man—and there have been as many as five hundred employed at a time—receives one shilling for the first hour and sixpence for every succeeding one, together with refreshments. In France, the law empowers the firemen to seize upon the bystanders, and compel them to give their services, without fee or reward. An Englishman at Bordeaux, whilst looking on, some few years since, was forced, in spite of his remonstrances, to roll wine-casks

for seven hours out of the vicinity of a conflagration. We need not say which plan answers best. A Frenchman runs away, as soon as the *sapeurs-pompiers* make their appearance upon the scene, to avoid being impressed. Still, such is the excitement that there are some gentlemen with us who pursue the occupation of firemen as amateurs; providing themselves with the regulation-dress of dark green turned up with red, and with the accoutrements of the Brigade, and working, under the orders of Mr. Braidwood, as energetically as if they were earning their daily bread.

The fascination of fires even extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog "Chance," who first formed his acquaintance with the Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up hill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the firemen beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt. He was stuffed and preserved at the station, and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend: for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the Brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his renown that he realized £123 10s. 9d.

Mr. Samuel Brown, of the Institute of Actuaries, after analyzing the returns of Mr. Braidwood, as well as the reports in the "Mechanics' Magazine," by Mr. Baddeley, who has devoted much attention to the subject, drew up some tables of the times of the year, and hours of the day, at which fires are most frequent. It would naturally be sup-

posed that the winter would show a vast preponderance over the summer months; but the difference is not so great as might be expected. December and January are very prolific of fires, as in these months large public buildings are heated by flues, stoves, and boilers; but the other months share mishaps of the kind pretty equally, with the exception that the hot and dry periods of summer and autumn are marked by the most destructive class of conflagrations, owing to

the greater inflammability of the materials, than in the damper portions of the year. This, from the desiccating nature of the climate, is especially the case in Canada and the United States, and, coupled with the extensive use of wood in building, has a large influence in many parts of the Continent. The following list of all the great fires which have taken place for the last 100 years will bear out our statement:—

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
January . .	Webb's Sugar-house	Liverpool . .	£4,600	1829
	Lancelot's-hey	" . .	198,000	1833
	Town-Hall and Exchange	" . .	45,000	1795
	Caxton Printing Office	" . .	—	1821
	Dublin and Co. Warehouse	" . .	—	1834
	Suffolk-street	" . .	40,000	1818
	Mile End	London . .	200,000	1834
	Royal Exchange	" . .	—	1838
February . .	York Minster	York . .	—	1829
	3 West India Warehouses	London . .	300,000	1829
	House of Commons	Dublin . .	—	1792
	Argyle Rooms	London . .	—	1830
	Camberwell Church	" . .	—	1841
	Custom House	" . .	—	1814
	Hop Warehouse	Southwark . .	—	1851
	J. F. Pawson and Co.'s Warehouses	St. Paul's Church } Yard . .	40,000	1853
	Pickford's Wharf	London . .	—	1824
	Goree Warehouses	Liverpool . .	50,000	1846
March . .	New Orleans	United States .	\$650,000	1853
	15,000 houses at Canton	China . .	—	1820
	13,000 houses	Peru . .	—	1799
	Manchester	England . .	—	1793
	Fawcett's Foundry	Liverpool . .	£41,000	1843
	Oil Street	" . .	12,600	1844
	Apothecaries' Hall	" . .	7,000	1844
April . .	Sugar House, Harrington-street .	" . .	30,000	1830
	1000 Buildings	Pittsburg . .	\$1,400,000	1845
	Savannah	United States .	300,000	1852
	Parkhead, Bacon-street	Liverpool . .	£36,000	1851
	Windsor Forest	England . .	—	1785
	Margetson's Tan-yard, Bermondsey	London . .	36,000	1852
	1158 Buildings, Charleston . . .	United States .	—	1838
	Horsleydown	London . .	—	1780
May . .	Dockhead	London . .	—	1785
	Great Fire, 1749 houses	Hamburgh . .	—	1842
	23 Steamboats at St. Louis . . .	United States .	\$600,000	1849
	15,000 houses	Quebec . .	—	1845
	York Minster	York . .	—	1840
	Duke's Warehouses	Liverpool . .	—	1843
	Okell's Sugar-house	" . .	—	1799
	Gibraltar Row	" . .	—	1838
	Liver Mills	" . .	£8,700	1841
June . .	Billingsgate	London . .	—	1809
	Rotherhithe	London . .	—	1765

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
June, <i>Continued.</i>	Copenhagen	Denmark	—	1759
	Montreal	Canada	\$ 1,000,000	1852
	St. John	Newfoundland	—	1846
	Louisville	United States	100,000	1853
	47 persons, Quebec Theatre	Canada	—	1846
	1300 houses, Quebec	"	—	1845
	Gutta Percha Co., Wharf Road	London	£23,000	1853
	Humphreys' Warehouse, Southwark	"	100,000	1851
July	Hindon	Wiltshire	—	1754
	15,000 Houses	Constantinople	—	1756
	12,000 Houses	Montreal	—	1852
	300 Houses	Philadelphia	—	1850
	300 Buildings	North America	\$160,000	1846
	302 Stores	New York	1,200,000	1846
	Apothecaries' Hall	Liverpool	—	1845
	Glover's Warehouses	"	£17,000	1851
	Dockyard	Portsmouth	—	1770
	Wapping	London	1,000,000	1794
	Ratcliffe Cross	"	—	1794
	Varna	Turkey	—	1854
August	Dublin	Ireland	—	1833
	Gravesend	England	60,000	1847
	Walker's Oil Mill	Dover	30,000	1853
	Falmouth Theatre	Falmouth	—	1792
	Buildings, Albany	United States	\$600,000	1849
	10,000 Houses	Constantinople	—	1782
	Smithfield	London	£100,000	1822
	East Smithfield	"	—	1840
	Bankside	"	—	1814
	Gateshead	England	—	1854
September	46 Buildings	New York	\$500,000	1839
	200 Houses, Brooklyn	"	150,000	1848
	Scott, Russell, and Co., Ship } Builders, Mill Wall	London	£80,000	1853
	St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden	"	—	1795
	60 Houses, Rotherhithe	"	—	1791
	Astley's Amphitheatre	"	—	1794
	Mark Lane	"	150,000	1850
	Covent Garden Theatre	"	—	1808
	Store Street and Tottenham Court } Road,	"	—	1802
	Macfee's	Liverpool	40,000	1846
	Gorees	"	400,000	1802
	Formby Street	"	380,000	1842
October	Cowdray House	Sussex	—	1793
	52 Buildings	Philadelphia	\$100,000	1839
	Grimsdell's, Builder's Yard	Spitalfields	—	1852
	Withwih's Mills	Halifax	£35,000	1853
	Robert-street	North Liverpool	150,000	1838
	Lancelot's-hey	Liverpool	80,000	1834
	Memel Great Fire	Prussia	—	1854
	London Wall	London	84,000	1849
	20 Houses, Rotherhithe	"	—	1790
	Lancelot's-hey	Liverpool	30,000	1834
	Wapping	London	100,000	1823
November	Houses of Parliament	"	—	1834
	Pimlico	"	—	1839
	Royal Palace	Lisbon	—	1794
	New York	United States	—	1835

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
November, <i>Continued.</i>	20 Houses, Shadwell	London	—	1796
	Aldersgate-street	"	£100,000	1783
	Cornhill	"	—	1765
	Liver-street	Liverpool	6,000	1829
	Wright and Aspinall, Oxford-street	London	50,000	1826
	Hill's Rice Mills	"	5,000	1848
December	Dock Yard	Portsmouth	—	1776
	Patent Office and Post Office . . .	Washington	—	1836
	600 Warehouses	New York	\$ 4,000,000	1835
	Fenwick-street	Liverpool	£36,000	1831
	Brancher's Sugar-house	"	34,000	1843

(Extracted from the Royal Insurance Company's Almanac, 1854.)

One reason, perhaps, why there is such a general average in the number of conflagrations throughout the year, is, that the vast majority occur in factories and workshops where fire is used in summer as well as winter. This supposition appears at first sight to be contradicted by the fact, that nearly as many fires occur on Sunday as on any other day of the week. But when it is remembered that in numerous establishments it is necessary to keep in the fires throughout that day, and as in the majority of cases a very inadequate watch is kept, it is at once apparent why there is no immunity from the scourge. Indeed, some of the most destructive fires have broken out on a Sunday night or on a Monday morning—no doubt because a large body of fire had formed before it was detected. A certain number of accidents occur in summer in private houses from persons on hot nights opening the window behind the toilet glass in their bedrooms, when the draught blows the blind against the candle. Swallows do not more certainly appear in June, than such mishaps are found reported at the sultry season.

If we watch still more narrowly the habits of fires, we find that they are active or dormant according to the time of the day. Thus, during a period of nine years, the percentage regularly increased from 1.06 at 9 o'clock A.M., the hour at which all households might be considered to be about, to 3.34 at 1 P.M., 3.55 at 5 P.M., and 8.15 per cent. at 10 P.M., which is just the time at which a fire left to itself by the departure of the workmen, would have had swing enough to become visible.

The origin of fires is now so narrowly inquired into by the officers of the Brigade, and by means of inquests, that we have been made acquainted with a vast number of cu-

rious causes, which would never have been suspected. From an analysis of fires which have occurred since the establishment of the Brigade, we have constructed the following Tables:—

Curtains	2,511	Spark from Fire	243
Candle	1,178	Spark from Railway . . .	4
Flues	1,555	Smoking Tobacco	166
Stoves	494	Smoking Ants	1
Gas	932	Smoking in Bed	2
Light dropped down		Reading in do.	22
Area	13	Sewing in do.	4
Lighted Tobacco fall-		Sewing by Candle	1
ing down do.	7	Lime overheating	44
Dust falling on hori-		Waste do.	43
zontal Flue	1	Cargo of Lime do.	2
Doubtful	76	Rain Slacking do.	6
Incendiarism	89	High Tide	1
Carelessness	100	Explosion	6
Intoxication	80	Spontaneous Combustion	
Dog	6	"	43
Cat	19	Heat from Sun	2
Hunting Bugs	15	Lightning	8
Clotheshorse upset		Carboy of Acid burst-	
by Monkey	1	ing	2
Lucifers	80	Drying Linen	1
Children playing		Shirts falling into fire . .	2
with do.	45	Lighting and Upset-	
Rat gnawing do. . . .	1	ting Naphtha Lamp . . .	52
Jackdaw playing		Fire from Iron Kettle . .	1
with do.	1	Sealing Letter	1
Rat gnawing gaspipe		Charcoal Fire of a	
Boys letting of Fire-		Suicide	1
works	14	Insanity	5
Fireworks going off		Bleaching Nuts	7
Children playing		Unknown	1,323
with Fire	45		

Among the more common causes of fire (such as gas, candle, curtains taking fire, children playing with fire, stoves, &c.), it is remarkable how uniformly the same numbers occur under each head from year to year. General laws obtain as much in small as in great events. We are informed by the Post-Office authorities that about eight persons daily drop their letters into the post

without directing them—we know that there is an unvarying percentage of broken heads and limbs received into the hospitals—and here we see that a regular number of houses take fire, year by year, from the leaping out of a spark, or the dropping of a smouldering pipe of tobacco. It may indeed be a long time before another conflagration will arise from “a monkey upsetting a clotheshorse,” but we have no doubt such an accident will recur in its appointed cycle.

Although gas figures so largely as a cause of fire, it does not appear that its rapid introduction of late years into private houses has been attended with danger. There is another kind of light, however, which the insurance offices look upon with terror, especially those who make it their business to insure farm property. The assistant secretary of one of the largest fire-offices, speaking broadly, informed us that the introduction of the lucifer match *caused them an annual loss of ten thousand pounds!* In the foregoing list we see in how many ways they have given rise to fires.

Lucifers going off probably from heat	80
Children playing with lucifers	45
Rat gnawing lucifers	1
Jackdaw playing with lucifers	1

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One hundred and twenty-seven known fires thus arise from this single cause; and no doubt many of the twenty-five fires ascribed to the agency of cats and dogs were owing to their having thrown down boxes of matches at night—which they frequently do, and which is almost certain to produce combustion. The item “rat gnawing lucifer” reminds us to give a warning against leaving about wax lucifers where there are either rats or mice, for these vermin constantly run away with them to their holes behind the inflammable canvas, and eat the wax until they reach the phosphorus, which is ignited by the friction of their teeth. Many fires are believed to have been produced by this singular circumstance. How much, again, must lucifers have contributed to swell the large class of conflagrations whose causes are unknown! Another cause of fire, which is of recent date, is the use of naphtha in lamps—a most ignitable fluid when mixed in certain proportions with common air. “A delightful novel” figures as a proximate, if not an immediate, cause of twenty-two fires. This might be expected, but what can be the meaning of a fire caused by a high tide?

When we asked Mr. Braidwood the question, he answered, “Oh!—we always look out for fires when there is a high tide. They arise from the heating of lime upon the addition of water.” Thus rain, we see, has caused four conflagrations, and simple overheating forty-four. The lime does no harm as long as it is merely in contact with wood, but if iron happens to be in juxtaposition with the two, it speedily becomes red-hot, and barges on the river have been sunk, by reason of their bolts and iron knees burning holes in their bottoms. Of the singular entry, “rat gnawing a gaspipe,” the firemen state that it is common for rats to gnaw leaden service pipes, for the purpose, it is supposed, of getting at the water, and in this instance the gray rodent labored under a mistake, and let out the raw material of the opposite element. Intoxication is a fruitful cause of fires, especially in public houses and inns.

It is commonly imagined that the introduction of hot water, hot air, and steam pipes, as a means of heating buildings, cuts off one avenue of danger from fire. This is an error. Iron pipes, often heated up to 400°, are placed in close contact with floors and skirting-boards, supported by slight diagonal props of wood, which a much lower degree of heat will suffice to ignite. The circular rim supporting a still at the Apothecaries' Hall, which was used in the preparation of some medicament that required a temperature of 300°, was found not long ago to have charred a circle at least a quarter of an inch deep in the wood beneath it, in less than six months. Mr. Braidwood, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1846, stated that it was his belief that by long exposure to heat, not much exceeding that of boiling water, or 212°, timber is brought into such a condition that it will fire without the application of a light. The time during which this process of desiccation goes on, until it ends in spontaneous combustion, is, he thinks, from eight to ten years—so that a fire might be hatching in a man's premises during the whole of his lease without making any sign!

Under the heads “Incendiarism,” “Doubtful,” and “Unknown,” are included all the cases of wilful firing. The return Incendiarism is never made unless there has been a conviction, which rarely takes place, as the offices are only anxious to protect themselves against fraud, and do not like the trouble or bad odor of being prosecutors on public grounds. If the evidence of wilful firing, however, is conclusive, the insured, when he

applies for his money, is significantly informed by the secretary, that unless he leaves the office, *he will hang him*. Though arson is no longer punished by death, the hint is usually taken. Now and then such flagrant offenders are met with, that the office can not avoid pursuing them with the utmost rigor of the law. Such, in 1851, was the case of a "respectable" solicitor, living in Lime Street, Watling Street, who had insured his house and furniture for a sum much larger than they were worth. The means he adopted for the commission of his crime without discovery were apparently sure; but it was the very pains he took to accomplish his end which led to his detection. He had specially made to order a deep tray of iron, in the centre of which was placed a socket; the tray he filled with naphtha, and in the socket he put a candle, the light of which was shaded by a funnel. The candle was one of the kind which he used for his gig-lamp, for he kept a gig, and was calculated to last a stated time before it reached the naphtha. He furtively deposited the whole machine in the cellar, within eight inches of the wooden floor, in a place constructed to conceal it. The attorney went out, and on coming back again found, as he expected, that his house was on fire. Unfortunately, however, for him—if it is ever a misfortune to a scoundrel to be detected—it was put out at a very early stage; and the firemen, whilst in the act of extinguishing it, discovered this infernal machine. The order to make it was traced to the delinquent; a female servant, irritated at the idea of his having left her in the house to be burned to death, gave evidence against him; he was tried and convicted, and is now expiating his crime at Norfolk Island. Plans for rebuilding this villain's house, and estimates of the expense, were found afterwards among his papers.

The class "Doubtful" includes all those cases in which the offices have no moral doubt that the fire has been wilful, but are not in possession of legal evidence sufficient to substantiate a charge against the offender. In most of these instances, however, the insured has *his reasons* for taking a much smaller sum than he originally demanded. Lastly, we have the "Unknown," to which 1323 cases are put down, one of the largest numbers in the entire list, though decreasing year by year. Even of these a certain percentage are supposed to be wilful. There is no denying that the crime of arson owes its origin entirely to the introduction of fire insurance; and there can be as little doubt

that of late years it has been very much increased by the pernicious competition for business among the younger offices, which leads them to deal too leniently with their customers; or, in other words, to pay the money, and ask no questions. It is calculated that *one fire in seven which occur among the small class of shopkeepers in London is an incendiary fire*. Mr. Braidwood, whose experience is larger than that of any other person, tells us that the greatest ingenuity is sometimes exercised to deceive the officers of the insurance company as to the value of the insured stock. In one instance, when the Brigade had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, he discovered a string stretched across one of the rooms in the basement of the house, on which ringlets of shavinga dipped in turpentine were tied at regular intervals. On extending his investigations he ascertained that a vast pile of what he thought were pounds of moist sugar, consisted of parcels of brown paper, and that the loaves of white sugar were made of plaster of Paris. Ten to one but the "artful dodge" which some scoundrel flatters himself is peculiarly his own, has been put in practice by hundreds of others before him. For this reason, fires that are wilful generally betray themselves to the practiced eye of the Brigade. When an event of the kind is "going to happen" at home, a common circumstance is to find that the fond parent has treated the whole of his family to the theatre.

There is another class of incendiary fires which arise from a species of monomania in boys and girls. Not many years ago, the men of the Brigade were occupied for hours in putting out no less than half a dozen fires which broke out one after another in a house in West Smithfield; and it was at last discovered that they were occasioned by a youth who went about with lucifers and silyly ignited every thing that would burn. He was caught in the act of firing a curtain in the very room in which a fireman was occupied in putting out a blaze. A still more extraordinary case took place in the year 1848, at Torluck House, in the Isle of Mull. On Sunday, the 11th of November, the curtains of a bed were ignited, as was supposed, by lightning; a window-blind followed; and immediately afterwards the curtains of five rooms broke out one after another into a flame; even the towels hanging up in the kitchen were burnt. The next day a bed took fire, and it being thought advisable to carry the bed-linen into the coach-house for safety, it caught fire

three or four times during the process of removal. In a few days the phenomenon was renewed. The furniture, books, and every thing else of an inflammable nature, were, with much labor, taken from the mansion, and again some body-linen burst into a flame on the way. Even after these precautions had been taken, and persons had been set to watch in every part of the house, the mysterious fires continued to haunt it until the 22d of February, 1849. It was suspected from the first that they were the act of an incendiary, and upon a rigid examination of the household before the Fiscal-General and the Sheriff the mischief was traced to the daughter of the housekeeper, a young girl who was on a visit to her mother. She had effected her purpose, which was perfectly motiveless, by concealing combustibles in different parts of the house.

The most ludicrous conflagration that perhaps ever occurred was that at Mr. Phillips's workshop, when the whole of his stock of instruments for extinguishing flame were at one fell swoop destroyed. "Tis rare to see the engineer hoist with his own petard," says the poet; and certainly it was a most laughable *contre-temps* to see the fire-engines arrive at the manufactory just in time to witness the fire-annihilators annihilated by the fire. A similar mishap occurred to these unfortunate implements at Paris. In juxtaposition with this case we are tempted to put another, in which the attempt at extinction was followed by exactly the opposite effects. A tradesman was about to light his gas, when, finding the cock stiff, he took a candle to see what was the matter; whilst attempting to turn it the screw came out, and with it a jet of gas, which was instantly fired by the candle. The blaze igniting the shop, a passer-by seized a wooden pail and threw its contents upon the flames, which flared up immediately with tenfold power. It is scarcely necessary to state that the water was whiskey, and that the country was Old Ireland.

Spontaneous combustion is at present very little understood, though chemists have of late turned their attention to the subject. It forms, however, no inconsiderable item in the list of causes of fires. There can be no question that many of those that occur at railway-stations, and buildings, are due to the fermentation which arises among oiled rags. Over-heating of waste, which includes shoddy, sawdust, cotton, &c., is a fearful source of conflagrations. The cause of most fires which have arisen from spontaneous combustion is lost in the consequence. Cases

now and then occur where the firemen have been able to detect it, as for instance at Hibernia Wharf in 1846, one of Alderman Humphreys' warehouses. It happened that a porter had swept the sawdust from the floor into a heap, upon which a broken flask of olive-oil that was placed above, dripped its contents. To these elements of combustion the sun added its power, and sixteen hours afterwards the fire broke out. Happily it was instantly extinguished; and the agents that produced it were caught, red-handed as it were, in the act. The chances are that such a particular combination of circumstances might not occur again in a thousand years. The sawdust will not be swept again into such a position under the oil, or the bottle will not break over the sawdust, or the sun will not shine in on them to complete the fatal sum. It is an important fact, however, to know that oiled sawdust, warmed by the sun, will fire in sixteen hours, as it accounts for a number of conflagrations in saw-mills, which never could be traced to any probable cause.

By means of direct experiment we are also learning something on the question of explosions. It used to be assumed that gunpowder was answerable for all such terrible effects in warehouses where no gas or steam was employed; and as policies are vitiated by the fact of its presence, unless declared, many squabbles have ensued between insurers and insured upon this head alone. At the late great fire at Gateshead, a report having spread that the awful explosion which did so much damage arose from the illicit stowage of seven tons of gunpowder in the Messrs. Sisson's warehouse, the interested insurance companies offered a reward of 100*l.* to elicit information. The experiments instituted, however, by Mr. Pattinson, in the presence of Captain Du Cane, of the Royal Engineers, and the coroner's jury impanelled to inquire into the matter, showed that the water from the fire-engine falling upon the mineral and chemical substances in store was sufficient to account for the result. The following were the experiments tried at Mr. Pattinson's works at Felling, about three miles from Gateshead.

"Mr. Pattinson first caused a metal pot to be inserted in the ground until its top was level with the surface; and having put into it 9 lbs. of nitrate of soda and 6 lbs. of sulphur, he ignited the mass; and then, heating it to the highest possible degree of which it was susceptible, he poured into it about a quart of water. The effect was an immediate explosion (accompanied by a loud clap),

which would have been exceedingly perilous to any person in its immediate vicinity. The experiment was next made under different conditions. The pot into which the sulphur and nitrate of soda were put was covered over the top with a large piece of thick metal of considerable weight; and above that again were placed several large pieces of clay and earth. It was deemed necessary to try this experiment in an open field, away from any dwelling-house, and which admitted of the spectators placing themselves at a safe distance from the spot. The materials were then ignited as before; and when in the incandescent state, water was poured upon the mass down a spout. The result was but a comparatively slight explosion, and which scarcely disturbed the iron and clods placed over the mouth of the vessel. Another experiment of the kind was made with the same result. At length, a trial having been made for a third time, but with this difference, that the vessel was covered over the top with another similar vessel, and that the water was poured upon the burning sulphur and nitrate of soda with greater rapidity than before, by slightly elevating the spout, the effect was to blow up the pot on the top into the air to a height of upwards of seventy feet, accompanied by a loud detonation. With this the coroner and jury became convinced that, whether or not the premises in Hillgate contained gunpowder, they contained elements as certainly explosive, and perhaps far more destructive."

We may here mention as a curious result of the Gateshead fire that several tons of lead, whilst flowing in a molten state, came in contact with a quantity of volatilized sulphur. Thus the lead became re-converted into lead-ore, or a sulphuret of lead, which, as it required to be re-smelted, was thereby debased in value from some twenty-two to fifteen shillings a ton.

The great fire, again, which occurred in Liverpool in October last, was occasioned by the explosion of spirits of turpentine, which blew out, one after another, seven of the walls of the vaults underneath the warehouse, and in some cases destroyed the vaulting itself, and exposed to the flames the stores of cotton above. Surely some law is called for to prevent the juxtaposition of such inflammable materials. The turpentine is said to have been fired by a workman who snuffed the candle with his fingers, and accidentally threw the snuff down the bung-hole of one of the barrels of turpentine. The warehouses burnt were built upon Mr. Fairbairn's new fireproof plan, which the Liverpool people introduced, some years ago, at a great expense to the town.

Water alone brought into sudden contact with red-hot iron is capable of giving rise to a gas of the most destructive nature—witness

the extraordinary explosions that are continually taking place in steam-vessels, especially in America, which mostly arise from the lurching of the vessel when waiting for passengers, causing the water to withdraw from one side of the boiler, which rapidly becomes red hot. The next lurch in an opposite direction precipitates the water upon the highly-heated surface, and thus explosive gas, in addition to the steam, is generated faster than the safety-valves can get rid of it.

A very interesting inquiry, and one of vital importance to the actuaries of fire-insurance companies, is the relative liability to fire of different classes of occupations and residences. We already know accurately the number of fires which occur yearly in every trade and kind of occupation. What we do not know, and what we want to know, is the proportion the tenements in which such trades and occupations are carried on, bear to the total number of houses in the metropolis. The last census gives us no information of this kind, and we trust the omission will be supplied the next time it is taken. According to Mr. Braidwood's returns for the last twenty-one years, the number of fires in each trade, and in private houses, has been as follows:—

Private Houses	4,638
Lodgings	1,304
Victuallers	715
Sale Shops and Offices	701
Carpenters and Workers in Wood	621
Drapers, of Woollen and Linen	372
Bakers	311
Stables	277
Cabinet Makers	233
Oil and Color men	230
Chandlers	178
Grocers	162
Tinmen, Braziers, and Smiths	158
Houses under Repair and Building	150
Beersbops	142
Coffee-shops and Chop-houses	139
Brokers and Dealers in Old Clothes	134
Hatmakers	127
Lucifer-match makers	120
Wine and Spirit Merchants	118
Tailors	113
Hotels and Club-houses	107
Tobacconists	105
Eating-houses	104
Booksellers and Binders	103
Ships	102
Printers and Engravers	102
Builders	91
Houses unoccupied	89
Tallow-chandlers	87
Marine store Dealers	75
Saw-mills	67
Firework Makers	66

Warehouses	63
Chemists	62
Coachmakers	50
Warehouses (Manchester)	49
Public Buildings	46

If we look at the mere number of fires, irrespective of the size of the industrial group upon which they committed their ravages, houses would appear to be hazardous according to the order in which we have placed them. Now, this is manifestly absurd, inasmuch as private houses stand at the head of the list, and it is well known that they are the safest from fire of all kinds of tenements. Mr. Brown, of the Society of Actuaries, who has taken the trouble to compare the number of fires in each industrial group with the number of houses devoted to it, as far as he could find any data in the Post-office Directory, gives the following average annual percentage of conflagrations, calculated on a period of fifteen years:—

Lucifer-match makers	30.00
Lodging-houses	16.51
Hatmakers	7.74
Chandlers	3.88
Drapers	2.67
Tinmen, Braziers, and Smiths	2.42
Carpenters	2.27
Cabinet Makers	2.12
Oil and Color men	1.56
Beershops	1.31
Booksellers	1.18
Coffee-shops and Coffee-houses	1.20
Cabinet Makers	1.12
Licensed Victuallers86
Bakers75
Wine Merchants61
Grocers34

It will be seen that this estimate in a great measure inverts the order of "dangerous," as we have ranged them in the previous table, making those which from their aggregate number seemed to be the most hazardous trades appear the least so, and *vice versa*. Thus lucifer-match makers have a bad pre-eminence; indeed, they are supposed to be subject to a conflagration every third year, while the terrible victuallers, carpenters, mercers, and bakers, at the top of the column, shrink to the bottom of the list. These conclusions nevertheless are only an approximation to the truth, since it is impossible to procure a correct return of the houses occupied by different trades. Even if a certain class of tenements is particularly liable to fire, it does not follow that it will be held to be very hazardous to the insurers. Such considerations are influenced by another ques-

tion, Are the contents of houses forming the group of that nature that, in case of their taking fire, they are likely to be totally destroyed, seriously, or only slightly damaged? For instance, lodging-houses are very liable to fire; but they are very seldom burnt down or much injured. Out of 81 that suffered in 1853 not one was totally destroyed; only four were extensively affected; the very large majority, 77, were slightly scathed from the burning of window and bed curtains, &c. Among the trades which are too hazardous to be insured at any price are—we quote from the Tariff of the "County Fire-office,"—floor-cloth manufacturers, gunpowder dealers, hatters' "stock in the stove," lamp-black makers, lucifer-match makers, varnish-makers, and wadding-manufacturers; whilst the following are considered highly hazardous,—bone-crushers, coffee-roasters, composition-ornament makers, curriers, dyers, feather-stovers, flambeau-makers, heckling-houses, hemp and flax dressers, ivory-black makers, japanners and japan-makers, laboratory-chemists, patent japan-leather manufacturers, lint-mills, rough-fat melters, musical-instrument makers, oil and color men, leather-dressers, oiled silk and linen makers, oil of vitriol manufacturers, pitch-makers, rag-dealers, resin-dealers, saw-mills, seed-crushers, ship-biscuit bakers, soap-makers, spermaceti and wax refiners, sugar-refiners, tar dealers and boilers, thatched houses in towns, and turpentine-makers.

It is a notable fact that the city of London, which is perhaps the most densely inhabited spot the world has ever seen, has long been exempt from conflagrations involving a considerable number of houses. "The devouring element," it is true, has made many meals from time to time of huge warehouses and public buildings; but since the great fire of 1666 it has ceased to gorge upon whole quarters of the town. We have never had, since that memorable occasion, to record the destruction of a thousand houses at a time, a matter of frequent occurrence in the United States and Canada—indeed in all parts of Continental Europe. The fires which have proved fatal to large plots of buildings in the metropolis, have in every instance taken place without the sound of Bow bells. A comparison between the number of fires which occurred between the years 1838 and 1843, in 20,000 houses situated on either side of the Thames, shows at once the superior safety of its northern bank, the annual average of fires on the latter being only 20 against 36 on the southern side. For

this exemption we have to thank the great disaster, if we might so term what has turned out a blessing. At one fell swoop it cleared the city, and swept away for ever the dangerous congregation of wooden buildings and narrow streets which were always affording material for the flame.

The means to be adopted to prevent the flames spreading, resolve themselves into taking care not to open doors or windows, which create a draught. The same rule should be observed by those outside; no door or glass should be smashed in before the means are at hand to put out the fire.

Directions for aiding persons to escape from premises on fire.

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house both at the top and bottom.

2. On the first alarm reflect before you act. If in bed at the time wrap yourself in a blanket, or bedside carpet; open no more doors or windows than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.

3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground: if you can not therefore walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking drawn over the face, permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.

4. If you can neither make your way upwards nor downwards, get into a front room: if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and

keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.

5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, and, having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets round the waist and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than through one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down when the helpless are saved.

6. If a woman's clothes should catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground; if a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

7. Bystanders, the instant they see a fire, should run for the fire-escape, or to the police station if that is nearer, where a "jumping-sheet" is always to be found.

Dancers, and those that are accustomed to wear light muslins and other inflammable articles of clothing, when they are likely to come in contact with the gas, would do well to remember, that by steeping them in a solution of alum they would not be liable to catch fire. If the rule were enforced at theatres, we might avoid any possible recurrence of such a catastrophe as happened at Drury Lane in 1844, when poor Clara Webster was so burnt before the eyes of the audience, that she died in a few days.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

GAMBLING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE idle, the desperate, the sanguine, and the hopeless, the knave and the fool, have been in all generations, and ever will be, gamblers. There is a charm in the uncertainty, the suspense, the speculation, the hazard of gaming, which dazzles the young, and even sometimes attracts the wary. The courtier, the statesman, the general, the stockjobber and the merchant, are they not all, in a greater or less degree, gamblers? For riches or honor depend on "how they play their cards"—chance has something to do with all their gains and losses.

In the recognized gambling of stockjob-

bers, every device was resorted to in order to influence the stock-market. False reports, especially during the several wars, were circulated; sham couriers galloped through the streets, spreading uncertainty and mystery over the aspect of affairs; and even on June the 22d, 1787, we find a woman was arrested at the Royal Exchange, in London, for vending a fictitious *London Gazette Extraordinary*, giving a fabulous account of the movements of the French troops, which caused the funds to fall one per cent.!

But in the more contracted sense in

which we understand the word "gambling." our grandsires appear to have been more attached to it than the generations which went before them. The actor and the politician, the divine and the tradesman, were alike infected with a rage for gaming. The Duke of Devonshire lost his valuable estate of Leicester Abbey to Manners at a game at basset. Peers were impoverished, and estates mortgaged in a single sitting, and the man who had entered the room in a state of affluence, rushed madly into the streets at night penniless, and probably in debt to a large amount. The chocolate-rooms in the neighborhood of Charing-cross, Leicester-fields, and Golden-square, were the principal "hells" of the West-end, and it was not far for ruin, disgrace and despair to find oblivion in the bosom of the Serpentine or the Thames. The coffee-houses, we are told, most notorious for gambling, were "White's Chocolate House," for picket or basset clubs, in 1724; "Littleman's" for faro, which was played in every room; "Oldman's," "Tom's," "Will's" and "Jonathan's" Coffee-Houses, for ombre, picket and loo. About 1730, the "Crown" Coffee-house, in Bedford-row, became the rendezvous of a game of whist players. Early in the century, although Swift mentions it as a clergyman's game, whist appears to have been less in vogue, except with footmen and servants, among whom it kept company with put and all-fours. From the frequent mention of it in Swift's "Journal to Stella," we should surmise that ombre was in great fashion about 1710 to 1713, as was crimp among the ladies, according to Steele; and, in 1726 we find, in "Gay's Correspondence," a letter to Swift, in which he alludes to the favor in which the game of quadrille was then held: "I can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life."

"Nay," cries honest parson Adams, in the *True Briton* of January the 28th, 1746, "the holy Sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings, and card-playing goes on as publicly as on any other day! Nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime."

The *Daily Journal* of January the 9th, 1751, gives a list of the officers retained "in the most notorious gaming-houses," showing how these matters were then managed. The first twelve were:

"1. A commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

"2. A director, who superintends the room.

"3. An operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called faro.

"4. Two croupers (croupiers), who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank.

"5. Two puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

"6. A clerk, who is a check upon the puffs, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

"7. A squib is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

"8. A flasher, to swear how often the bank has been stripped.

"9. A dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

"10. A waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming room.

"11. An attorney—a Newgate solicitor.

"12. A captain, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish at losing his money."

The green-rooms of the theatres even, were the scenes of great doings in the gaming way; and Miss Bellamy tells us that thousands were frequently lost there in a night—rings, brooches, watches, professional wardrobes, and even salaries in advance, being staked and lost as well as money.

It was in vain that essays, satires and sermons were written with a view to checking this universal vice. Hogarth has depicted it in all its horrors, whether in the scene where it first leads the idle apprentice into sin, or in the other, where it shows the young rake the way to jail. But its dreadful consequences were most forcibly placed before the eyes of the infatuated town by Edward Moore, in a tragedy, first performed at Drury Lane, in 1753, and entitled the "Gamester." How did "the town" receive this lesson? The "New Theatrical Dictionary" says: "With all its merits, it met with but little success, the general cry against it being that the distress was too deep to be borne. Yet we are rather apt to imagine its want of perfect approbation arose in one part (and that no inconsiderable one) of the audience from a tenderness of another kind than that of compassion, and that they were less hurt by the distress of *Beverley* than by finding their darling vice—their favorite folly—thus vehemently attacked by the strong lance of reason and dramatic execution."

But this absorbing passion was not confined to the harsher sex. Coteries of ladies, young and old, single and married, had their regular nights of meeting; and the household expenses were occasionally not a little increased by the loss, in a single evening, of three times the last night's winnings, which had pacified the husband, or, maybe, been already laid out in a new brocaded dress, stomacher, commode, or fan. Who does not remember the terrible moral contained in the "Lady's Last Stake"?—doubtless, when jewels and trinkets had been successively staked and lost, the pearl of greatest value—the most brilliant ornament of the sex—was in danger. Swift draws a true but satirical picture of this state of things in his "Journal of a Modern Lady;" and Hogarth records the participation of the fair in this engrossing vice, and, in his "Taste in High Life," we see a complete pyramid, composed of a pack of cards, and, on the floor beside them, a memorandum, inscribed "Lady Basto, Dr. to John Pip, for cards, £300." Nay, so far did the ladies carry this infatuation, that women of fashion at length *established* in their levees regular whist-masters and professors of quadrille. This was a most distressing feature in the domestic life of the century—the "mothers and wives of England"—(the gentle reformers that they ought to be!)—following the examples of their husbands, or setting them to their children—making their home literally a "hell," and their unborn children paupers!

If not the earliest, at least the most remarkable instance of this national spirit of gambling which displayed itself in the last century, was the infatuation which led all classes to commit themselves to the alluring prospects held out to them by the South-Sea Company. The public creditor was offered six per cent. interest, and a participation in the profits of a new trading company, incorporated under the style of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America." But, whatever chances of success this company might have had, were soon dispersed by the breaking out of the war with Spain in 1718, which rendered it necessary for the concoctors of the scheme to circulate the most exaggerated reports, falsify their books, bribe the members of the government, and resort to every fraudulent means for the purpose of propping up their tottering creation. Wonderful discoveries of valuable resources were trumped up, and, by the mystery which they contrived to

throw around the whole concern, people's curiosity was excited, and a general but vague impression got abroad, that one of the South-Sea Company's bonds was talismanic, and there was no reckoning the amount of profit it would bring to the fortunate possessor; the smallest result expected from the enterprise was, that in twenty-six years it would pay off the entire amount of the National Debt!

How it was to be done no one knew, or cared to inquire; it was sufficient to know it was to be done. Trade and business of all kinds was suspended, every pursuit and calling neglected, and the interest of the whole nation absorbed by this enchanting dream. Money was realized in every way, and at every sacrifice and risk, to be made available in the purchase of South-Sea Stock, which rose in price with the demand, from £150 to £325 per cent. Fresh speculators came pouring in, and the price went up to £1000 per cent! This was at the latter end of July; but lo! a whisper went forth that there was something wrong with the South-Sea Company—the chairman, Sir John Blunt, and some of the directors had sold their shares—there was "a screw loose somewhere;" and, on the 2d of September, it was quoted at £700. An attempt to allay the panic was made by the directors, who called a meeting on the 8th, at Merchant Tailors' Hall; but in the evening it fell to £640, and, next day, stood at £540. The fever had been succeeded by a shivering fit, and it was rapidly running down to zero! In this emergency the king, who was at Hanover, was sent for, and Sir Robert Walpole called in when the case was desperate. He endeavored to persuade the Bank of England to circulate the company's bonds, but in vain; the stock fell to £135, and the bubble burst. The duration of this public "delirium," as Smollett has truly called it, may be estimated when we state that the bill enabling the company to raise the subscription received the royal assent on the 7th of April, 1720, with the stock at £150, that the price subsequently ran up to £1000, and that, on the 20th of September, it had again sunk to £150, and the delusion was over, and the nation in a state of panic, with public credit shaken to its centre. Investigations were now made into the conduct of the managers of this marvellous fraud. A bill was first passed through parliament to prevent the escape of the directors from the kingdom, and then a committee of secrecy appointed to examine into their accounts. It

then came out that books had been destroyed or concealed, entries erased and altered, and accounts falsified; that the king's mistress even, the Duchess of Kendal, had received stock to the amount of £10,000; another favorite, the Countess of Platen, £10,000; the Earl of Sutherland, £50,000; each of the Countess of Platen's two nieces, £10,000; Mr. Aislable, Chancellor of the Exchequer, £70,000; Mr. Craggs, father of the Secretary of State, £659,000; the Earl of Sutherland, £160,000; Mr. Craggs, junior, £30,000; and Mr. Charles Stanhope, Secretary of the Treasury, two amounts, one of £10,000, and another of £47,000! The manner in which these worthies, who were in the secret, could anticipate and influence the markets, is obvious. Poor Gay had received an allotment of stock from Mr. Secretary Craggs, which was at one time worth £20,000; but he clung fast to the bubble, refused to sell at that price, and waited till it was worthless, when he found himself hugging the shadow of a fortune! The amount of the company's stock at the time of the inquiry was found to be £37,800,000, of which £24,500,000 belonged to individual proprietors. As some compensation to these rash and ruined speculators, the estates of the directors were confiscated. Sir George Caswell was expelled the House of Commons, and made to disgorge £250,000; Aislable, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was expelled, and committed to the Tower; Sir John Blunt, the chairman, was stripped of all but £5000; and Sir John Fellowes was deprived of £233,000; and the excitement and popular resentment was so intense, that it is marvellous that they escaped with their lives.

The South-Sea frenzy was not sufficient to engross the gambling spirit that it had generated; simultaneously there oozed up a crowd of smaller bubbles, of which Malcolm counted one hundred and fifty-six. The titles of some of them were sufficient to illustrate the madness which had seized upon the nation!

"Companies for carrying on the undertaking business and furnishing funerals, capital £1,200,000 at the Fleece Tavern" (ominous sign!), "Cornhill—for discounting pensions, 2000 shares, at the Globe Tavern—for preventing and suppressing thieves, and insuring all persons' goods from the same (!), capital £2,000,000, at Cooper's—for making of Joppa and Castile soap, at the Castle Tavern—for sweeping the streets—for maintaining bastard children—for im-

proving gardens and raising fruit-trees, at Garraway's—for insuring horses against natural death, accident or theft, at the Crown Tavern, Smithfield—another at Robin's, of the same nature, capital £2,000,000—for introducing the breed of asses (!)—an insurance company against the thefts of servants, 3000 shares of £1000 each, at the Devil Tavern—for a perpetual motion, by means of a wheel moving by force of its own weight, capital £1,000,000, at the Ship Tavern," &c., &c. The Prince of Wales became governor of a Welsh Copper Company; the Duke of Chandos was chairman of the York-buildings Company, and of another company for building houses in London and Westminster.

Many of these speculations were jealously prosecuted by the South-Sea Company, but they all succeeded, in a greater or less degree, in spreading the general panic. The amount of capital proposed to be raised by these countless schemes was three hundred millions sterling—exceeding the value of all the lands in England! The most amusing instance of the blind credulity of the public was in the success which attended one wily projector, who, well knowing the value of mystery, published the following proposal:

"This day, the 8th instant, at Sam's Coffee-house, behind the Royal Exchange, at three in the afternoon, a book will be opened for entering into a joint co-partnership for carrying on a thing that will turn to the advantage of all concerned."

The particulars of this notable scheme were not to be revealed for a month, and, "in the mean time," says Smollett, "he declared that every person paying two guineas should be entitled to a subscription of one hundred pounds, which would produce that sum yearly. In one forenoon the adventurer received a thousand of these subscriptions, and, in the evening, set out for another kingdom!"

Some curious satires of these several schemes are preserved in the British Museum, in the shape of a pack of playing-cards. Thus, one is a caricature of York-buildings, with the following lines beneath it:

You that are blest with wealth by your Creator,
And want to drown your money in Thames water,
Buy but York-buildings; and the cistern there
Will sink more pence than any fool can spare.

A ship-building company is thus ridiculed:

Who but a nest of blockheads to their cost
Would build new ships for freight when trade is
lost?

To raise fresh barques must surely be amusing,
When hundreds rot in dock for want of using.

The Pennsylvanian Land Company comes
in for a share of the satire :

Come, all ye saints, that would for little buy
Great tracts of land, and care not where they lie,
Deal with your Quaking friends—they're men of
light—
The spirit hates deceit and scorns to bite.

The Company for the Insurance of Horses'
Lives against Death or Accident is thus
dealt with :

You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
And pad to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives, and, if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction—or be bound to break !

Smollett gives us a more dismal picture. "The whole nation," he says, "was infested with the spirit of stock-jobbing to an astonishing degree. All distinctions of party, religion, sex, character, and circumstances were swallowed up. Exchange-alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, Whigs and Tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even with females; all other professions and employments were utterly neglected."

In this state of the public feeling, it is not to be wondered at that lottery schemes were received with favor, when the government were forced to resort to them as a means of raising the supplies; but what is remarkable, is the amount of superstition which was connected with the working of them. The chance of a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize was too dazzling, and the tickets were bought up almost as soon as they were issued; nay, scarcely had "the scheme" of the "New State Lottery" made its appearance in the *London Gazette*, before the offices of the agents and contractors to whom the distribution of the tickets fell, were besieged by impatient applicants; for, as Fielding says in his farce of the "Lottery,"

A lottery is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heaven be prais'd,
It is easily raised—
Credulity's always in fashion.

The rage for a "ticket in the lottery" was a species of monomania with which few people were not infected, from the nobleman who could afford to purchase a whole ticket,

to the servant who raised the sum (often, as has been proved, by pilfering) necessary to purchase a sixteenth. Long and serious was the consideration in the choice of an agent. "Hazard" was a famous name; nay, "Win-penny" was better, and his office was the King's Arms, Saint Dunstan's Church: he had sold the twenty thousand prize in the last lottery (and our speculator never paused to think that this very fact would reduce the amount of probability of his selling one in the present); but then "Goodluck"—that had a more musical sound! The case was perplexing, and the anxious speculator long wavered in doubt and hesitation, till a bill is, perchance, thrust into his hand with some doggerel song, ending in such a chorus as—

For oh! 'tis Bish, 'tis Bish, 'tis BISH,
Who sends the cash around;
I only wish a friend in Bish,
And thirty thousand pound!

or a glance at the long list of "Prizes sold by Bish!!!" in former lotteries decides his choice, and to Bish's office, accordingly, he hies. But now interposes another momentous question. What number shall he choose? Three is lucky—so is twelve—seven is decidedly unlucky: there must not be a seven in the number, nor must it be divisible by seven; no, it shall be twelve, or one of the multiples of twelve—or he will consult a friend, who has been fortunate in his former selections: he chose Gideon Goose's number for him, and it was a prize; he advised Tom Fool in his purchase, and it turned up a thousand pounds; yes, he would seek his lucky friend, and have his opinion as to the number likely to win the grand prize. Such was the usual manner of fixing upon a number in the choice of a lottery-ticket; but occasionally a fortune-teller was consulted, and the figures which she pretended to discern—and which the credulity of her dupe readily pointed out—in the grounds of coffee or the formation of the fire, were instantly noted down, and the ticket whose number corresponded with them anxiously secured, even at a heavy premium; or, as was the cant term for buying a ticket, "the horse" was "hired." This is no exaggerated picture; the recollection even of many who may read these pages will testify to its truth (for lotteries lingered into the present century). The superstition and credulity of lottery speculators were truly ridiculous. A squinting woman, auguring ill-luck, was the most hideous demon they could encounter; whilst a man,

laboring under the same obliquity of vision, and who was supposed to import good fortune, became a very angel in their eyes. Dreams were held of marvellous account; but, if a crumb fell from the table, or but a grain of salt were spilled on the morning of "the drawing," what losses did it not portend!

But the eventful day which was to decide the fortunes of thousands—the question of life and death to many—pregnant with joy and misery, success and disappointment—now approaches, and the sanguine holder of a lottery-ticket, already the confident possessor of a prize of twenty thousand pounds, disdains to walk to the scene of his anticipated triumph, and hires a hackney-coach from the nearest stand, or perhaps a brass-nailed leather chair, to carry him to Guildhall. What! walk? He, the holder of a ticket which will soon be drawn a prize? Psha! "Coach! coach! To Guildhall—as fast as you like!" No quibbling about the fare—there is no occasion for economy *now*; the only consideration is speed, for the speculator is impatient to grasp his coming fortune. How crowded is the old hall with anxious faces—some beaming with hope; others betraying a mixed sensation, half hope, half fear; others, again, bent seriously on the ground, their owners wondering, evidently, when the drawing will commence—when their respective numbers will be drawn—what they will be, prizes or blanks; if prizes, of what amount; if blanks—See! the sleeves of the Bluecoat-boy, who is to draw the numbers, are turned up at the wrist. And why is this? To prevent his concealing, as he was once suspected of doing, a prize beneath his cuff. And now the wheel revolves—a prize is drawn! What number? Hush! Silence there! Ha! is it possible? Yes, yonder buxom servant, whose countenance has been changing alternately from white to red, is the happy possessor of twelve hundred pounds, a sixteenth of the prize. That babe, who is fretting and screaming in its mother's arms, is the all-unconscious owner of another portion—and a long history the proud mother has to tell to the surrounding crowd of that same screaming babe: how that she had purchased the share with the money she had saved up when "in service"—how she had held him forth, and allowed his tiny hand—oh, bless it!—to dive among the numbers—and how he drew forth from among the mass—bless his little heart! he did—the identical one that had obtained the prize; and, as he kicks and frets in the oppressive heat of the hall, what an innocent

accessory does he seem to have been to his own fortune! But, hark! something withdraws the attention of her audience: a buzz had recommenced at the upper end of the hall, but now every thing is hushed. Once more the wheel of fortune flies round, and this time is drawn—a blank! Note yonder man, who has been straining and stretching his neck to see the number exhibited, or hear it pronounced—he is the possessor of the ticket. Poor fellow! Mark his countenance—how the ray of hope which had previously illumined it disappears! This was his last attempt; for years he had been hoarding up a little money for a risk in this lottery, and had invested it in an entire ticket, and now he has lost it all. For himself he cares not; *his* days can not be very many more, and the workhouse is open to *him*; but it was for his orphan grandchild—to support her when he was gone, to keep her from the streets and wretchedness. Poor fellow! He buries his face in his hands, but dare not think of home. Rich peer, who standest by his side, and hast come merely for amusement, and to see the drawing, a score of pounds taken from your great store would not be missed—take pity on the wretch, and save, oh! save the child! Equally unsuccessful have been all his former attempts: he feels that he is doomed. And this, which had been the constant theme of his conversation and the subject of his thoughts by day, and the substance of his dreams by night, when, awaking, he had fondled the child, and calling it by endearing names, cried in his maddening hopefulness, "You shall ride in a carriage, Nelly—you shall be rich, Nelly, and keep your poor old grandfather!"—this, for which he had denied himself the few luxuries which his scanty means would have enabled him to enjoy, and perhaps, even robbed Nature of her due—this, for which he had at last sacrificed his self-respect, and carried his long-preserved and carefully-cherished wedding suit to the pawnbroker's—this, for the issue of which he had induced his importunate and clamorous creditors to wait—this last chance lost, his last hope went with it. There was now nothing before him but the workhouse or the jail. Stay! Yes, there was—the river! For the poor little orphan at home—lost child—the carriage never came!

Frightful evils grew out of these State lotteries; in many cases they rendered the unfortunate speculator a maniac and a suicide—in many more they encouraged dishonesty

and crime. In 1754 the agents and their friends, it was discovered, were in the habit of monopolising the tickets by means of using various false names—although the Lottery Act specially prohibited any one person from holding more than twenty tickets—and carried this system on to such an extent, defaulting if unsuccessful, and causing serious deficiencies in the revenue, that a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the evil, and one man, on its suggestion, was prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench, and fined a thousand pounds. Neither were these agents considered by the public immaculate or incapable of cheating their infatuated customers, for, in 1774, Hazard & Co. advertise that they have made an affidavit before the Lord Mayor that *they will "justly and honestly pay the prizes"*—an assurance intended to inspire confidence, which hints significantly at the existence of distrust.

But the agents were sometimes victimized themselves by a class of adventurers yet more cunning and unscrupulous. Several of the "lottery-office keepers," as they were called, had a small room at the back of their shops, in which they pursued the lucrative business of "insuring numbers." Thus a person having a superstitious prejudice in favor of any particular number, but without the means sufficient to purchase the ticket of the corresponding number, would, on payment of a shilling to the agent, effect an insurance on it, by which, in the event of its being drawn a prize, he would receive the amount for which he might have insured it. This betting practice (for such it was),—which, in fact, formed a lottery on a smaller scale,—was strictly prohibited by the government, as it superseded in some degree the purchase of tickets. The consequence was, that these illicit proceedings were carried on in a surreptitious manner, the door being

secured against intruders before the agent would enter upon the business of insurance. To practice a fraud upon these insurers was excusable, and tolerably safe, seeing they had no redress at law. Persons were in the habit of attending the drawing of the lotteries, which usually took place at about eight o'clock in the evening, and, posting their agents along the shortest cut to the insurance office, the instant a prize was drawn a messenger was sent to communicate the number of it to the first of these living telegraphs, or, as they were popularly called, "carrier pigeons." The information was rapidly conveyed along the line till it reached the last, who forthwith rushed into the office and insured the number heavily; in a few minutes the insurer received intelligence by some less rapid mode of communication that it was a prize, and the sum insured was accordingly the booty of the party insured and his accomplices. To guard against this fraud, the keepers of the insurance-offices subsequently closed their doors as soon as the drawing of the lottery had commenced; but even then they were cheated, for the number of a prize just drawn has been thrust through the keyhole, and received unnoticed by one of the crowd who was waiting inside the office, under lock and key, to insure.

The keeper of one of these offices is made to say, in a farce written in 1781, and entitled "The Temple of Fortune:" "Bolt the door, for it grows near nine o'clock, and mind that no one stands near the door, as a carrier pigeon may fly through the keyhole, for such things have been known." From the same farce it would appear that the lottery-office keepers would sometimes sell a number twice over, for, on a Frenchman applying for No. 45, the keeper says, aside, after selling it to him, "That was drawn yesterday, by-the-by, but he will have nearly as good a chance with that as any other."

VICTOR HUGO'S RHETORIC.—Victor Hugo, in an address to the exiles of Europe, speaks of "that logic of continued progress, that thirst for the horizon." He says—"Every where that mighty victory which is called labor in that mighty effulgence which is called peace." "War is a wholesale grave-digger who asks high wages for his work." "There now hang, above the head of Bona-

parte, two winding sheets—the winding-sheet of the people, and the winding-sheet of the army; let us wave them without respite. Let our voices be heard incessantly and above all other sounds, at the bounds of the horizon—let them have the fearful monotony of the ocean, of the tempest, of the winter storm, of the hurricane, of all the great protesting voices of Nature!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

DELTA AND HIS WRITINGS.

BY W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D. D.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, there might be seen, any day between the hours of ten and two, perambulating the streets of Musselburgh, or, mounted on a vigorous hack, pursuing some one of the many roads and cross-roads that intersect the parish of Inveresk, a tall, well-built man, of kindly but somewhat pensive aspect, and with a clear gray eye, that ranged, with dilated orb, over the outspread landscape, or, in quick and furtive glances, surveyed the manners and forms of those who are moving around him. In his general exterior there was nothing to indicate to the stranger that he was in any remarkable way distinguishable from the many. There was nothing professional about him, and nobody would have taken him for a literary man. He cultivated none of those oddities or eccentricities by which artists and *literateurs* often think meet to single themselves out from the herd. His hair was cropped and his beard shaven like those of any ordinary Christian; his costume was that which convenience and usage dictated; and he indulged a very commonplace taste for clean linen and reputable hats. His whole appearance was that of a respectable country gentleman, whom one would expect to find learned in the matter of road-trusts, profound on poor-laws and vagrancy, and skilled in the mysteries of breeding and cropping. If, however, you applied to him the test which Johnson suggested as sufficient to elicit the manifestation of the extraordinary powers of Burke,* you would speedily find that you had got into the presence of no ordinary man. And if you felt anxious to know who he was that had so struck you during the few moments of a casual interview, you would have needed only to call to you the first boy you met, and put

the question to him, to be told—"Him? ou, that's just the doctor;—*Dailta, ye ken.*"

A man universally known and much esteemed in "the honest town," was this same Delta. Musselburgh, albeit not greatly smitten with the love of letters, was proud of him—proud of his literary reputation, and of the honor which she felt to be reflected on her own gray front from the brightness which had gathered round the name of this one of her sons. And he was beloved as he was honored; for he had grown up, in the view of all men there, as a man of pure morals, of kindly speech, and of most benevolent action. On the monument which his fellow-townsmen, with the aid of others who admired his genius or loved his worth, have erected to his memory, it is recorded that he was "beloved as a man, honored as a citizen, esteemed as a physician, and celebrated as a poet." This is no lying epitaph. The eulogy is as true as it is lofty. In all these respects David Macbeth Moir had claims upon public respect; and the eulogium his friends have engraven in stone on that monument only expresses what all knew to be true.

It is not the design of the present paper to dwell on Mr. Moir's merits as a man, as a citizen, or as a physician; nor is it the purpose of the writer to attempt any narrative of the events of his life. That duty has been already done, in a manner that leaves little to be desired, by his friend Mr. Aird, in the biographical sketch prefixed to his collected poems.* It is as a literary man, and chiefly as a poet, that I would now consider him; with a view to point out, in such measure as I can reach, his peculiar qualities as a writer. I am not about to pronounce his eulogy; I would only, with his works in my

* "Sir, if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'this is an extraordinary man.'"—*Boswell's Johnson*.

* The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir (Delta). Edited by THOMAS AIRD. With a Memoir of the Author. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

hand, attempt to describe what I find in them that is characteristic and praiseworthy. As one who much esteemed him in life, and who still feels his loss, I crave permission reverently to approach his sepulchre, and hang on it such simple chaplet as I may be able to weave.

Mr. Moir's literary career may be said to have extended over a period of very nearly forty years; his first publication having made its appearance in a provincial journal in 1812, and his latest having been contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine" only a few weeks before his death, in 1851. During this period his contributions to literature were many and various. To "Blackwood" alone he furnished 370 articles in prose and verse, and on a great diversity of subjects, as well as in almost every conceivable style. Besides these, he wrote history—he wrote biography—he wrote criticism—he wrote fiction—he wrote poetry—he wrote papers on antiquarian, on medical, and on agricultural subjects. Few men, exclusively devoted to literature as a profession, have contributed more largely or more variously to the literature of their day than he did. A most facile pen he must have commanded, to write so much!—a most versatile genius he must have possessed, to write on such diversified topics—and a most active, diligent, industrious, time-redeeming habit he must have formed, to be able, amid the burdens and engrossments of a laborious and anxious profession, to find either mental freedom enough to compose, or time and strength enough to commit to paper, such a large amount of literary work, on such a variety of subjects, many of which required both much thought and elaborate research!

Of all his literary productions it is not possible to speak here in detail. I must, therefore, dismiss several of them with a mere passing notice. Of his professional publications it may suffice to say, that they have commanded the respect of those in the profession most competent to judge of their merits; and of one of them, his unfinished "History of Medicine," it may be permitted me to say that, even for the unprofessional reader, it possesses many attractions, from the pellucid stream of its narrative, the large amount of authentic information which it supplies, and the interesting light it throws on the early speculations of ingenious and thoughtful men on the sources of disease, and the best methods and means of cure. The biographical sketches which he furnished of some of his literary friends, especially those of Galt, Balfour, and Macnish, are ex-

ceedingly interesting, exhibiting, as they do, not only admirable narrative power, but a fine genial spirit, a hearty sympathy with genius, and a generous, though at the same time discriminating, appreciation of the merits of brethren of the same craft. Still more conspicuously are these qualities exhibited in his "Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century," delivered only a few months before his death at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. The English language contains few works of criticism so deeply imbued with a sincere, candid, and genial spirit as this is. In estimating the merits of each of the numerous writers whose works he passes in review, the author never seems for one moment to forget the respect due to genius, or to allow one feeling of a sectarian or party kind to bias his judgment. Unlike many critics who are continually on the outlook for faults, his eye seems ever to be scanning the page in search of something he can hail and laud as a beauty and an excellence; and when he finds this, he never fails to speak of it heartily, and with a manly sincerity. At the same time, his judgments are not indiscriminate. He was not a mere voracious devourer of poetry, to whom nothing would come wrong. On the contrary, his taste was refined, and in some respects even fastidious, and he was quite as sensible of what was offensive or feeble in composition, as he was apprehensive of what was pure and good. But in expressing his censures there is nothing bitter—nothing that strikes the reader as prompted by personal feeling—nothing that you can put down to the score of vanity, sensoriousness or malice. It may not be possible always to agree with the judgment he pronounces; but it is just as impossible to doubt that it was uttered by him in perfect good faith, and as the result of a candid and careful survey.

As he took a deep interest in public questions, his pen was sometimes employed on articles of a political kind. In this department, however, he was less successful, I venture to think, than in any of the others he attempted. The kind of writing which is required for telling political articles was not congenial to his peculiar cast of mind. It was not that he wanted knowledge; it was not that he was deficient in zeal; but he lacked gall, and his pen was not sufficiently bold and dashing to produce what would stand comparison with the leaders of our great newspapers, or the political articles of our first-class journals.

Many of his compositions consist of short prose tales, contributed originally to the *Magazines of the Annuals*. In these stories he confines himself usually to a simple and explicit narrative; without any intricacy of plot, or any attempt at minute analysis of character or motive. His style and method in these compositions, may be designated the Scottish, as distinguished from that which the great masters of English story-telling exhibit. He does not play the philosopher like Bulwer Lytton; nor does he paint in minute and often gossamer lines, like Dickens; nor does he wield the scalpel, and lay bare, with the coolness and precision of an anatomist, all the secrets of the human heart, like Thackeray. He tells his story rather as Galt or Hogg tell theirs, or as Scott used to tell his oral fictions to his friends after dinner, in a plain, straightforward way, with the air of a man who believes the whole to be literally true, and who enters himself heartily and wholly into his relation. This style of narrative was admirably adapted to his peculiar cast of mind, and it enabled him to give full scope and free play to two of the most decided of his mental peculiarities—his power of the pathetic, and his power of the humorous.

In men of genius these two powers are usually developed in unison, and almost in equal measure; for, though according to the popular belief smiles and tears are the very antitheses of each other, it generally happens that men who are easily moved to the one, are no less easily moved to the other. Not that every man of genius is endowed with either susceptibility; for there are instances of men of the highest genius who seem to have possessed hardly any sense of either the pathetic or the ludicrous—men over whose calm and statue-like souls no rippling wave of tenderness or of fun ever seems to have broken. What I mean is, that whenever a man of genius has the one susceptibility, he usually has the other in an equal, or nearly equal degree. In such men the fountain of laughter and the fountain of tears usually lie hard by each other, and the gushing waters of the one often flow over and mingle with those of the other. How strikingly is this seen in Sir Walter Scott! What can be more deeply pathetic than some of his scenes—what more richly humorous than others! Take, for instance, the "Antiquary," and the "Heart of Midlothian:" where shall we find richer humor than that which sparkles in the delineation of Oldbuck of Monk-barns, and the Laird of Dumbiedykes? where

more exquisite pathos than in some of the scenes in both of these fictions: in the scene, for instance, between the Antiquary and the Fisherman, whose stern and iron nature broke down under the loss of his son, and carried with it the stoic pride and cynicism of his learned visitor; or in the scene in which Davie Deans receives the news of his daughter's sin and shame, and in his deep agony, which all human sympathy or aid is impotent to relieve, entreats his well-meaning friends to leave him?—"Leave me, sirs—leave me. I maun warstle wi' this trial in privacy, and on my knees;" or in the scenes between Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyll and Queen Caroline, where the stout but tender-souled girl pleads with all the rich eloquence of the heart for her sister's life? In the "Heart of Midlothian," indeed, the humor and the pathos are so intermixed, that it is hard to say sometimes whether one should laugh or cry. In such a combination we feel at once the attribute of genius. It is the product of that delicate susceptibility, bestowed only on the finer spirits, which makes the soul respond at once to all the touches of nature, as the strings of an *Æolian* harp murmur to every breeze that sweeps across it.

These remarks are intended to apply exclusively to humor, properly so called—humor as distinguished from that cold, clear, sparkling vivacity which comes forth in what is commonly denominated *wit*. By many, indeed, these two are regarded as only different forms of the same faculty; but an accurate analysis shows them to be essentially diverse; and experience confirms this, for it is rare to find a man who excels in both. We may, indeed, be reminded of Shakspeare, who is equally humorous and witty; but Shakspeare's is an exceptional case, in all such questions; for in his many-sided genius there was such a combination of faculties, that he stands by himself in unapproachable majesty—

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

In men, as we ordinarily find them, the two are usually disjoined; and this is only what might be expected, for their nature is different. Wit is more a quality of the intellect; humor of the imagination. The former is usually associated with quickness and acuteness of perception; the latter with breadth and keenness of sensibility. Wit is critical, often sarcastic and biting; humor is genial, sympathetic, and kindly. The witty man makes us smile at his dexterity; the humor-

ous man takes us by storm, and carries us away with him in a joviality which he himself shares. We admire the one; we enjoy the other. The former surprises us by detecting unthought-of resemblances; the latter amuses us by pointing out broad and ludicrous incongruities. The one is like the philosopher who catches a ray of light as it passes through a narrow aperture, and by the application of his prism separates it into a brilliant variety of hues; the other is like some kindly host who flings open the shutters, and floods the apartment with the laughing light of day. The one, in short, belongs properly to the reasoner, who has to do with the relations of *thoughts*; the other is the attribute of the poet, whose business it is to deal with *things*—to combine persons, objects, and events, so as to form pictures seen under the varying hues of imagination.

Of this poetic humor Mr. Moir possessed a rich and plentiful vein. Under a quiet and unassuming exterior, he was a keen observer of the manners and peculiarities of those around him; and, as his profession brought him into close contact with numbers of persons of all classes, he had ample opportunity of exercising his faculty of observation. His perception of the ludicrous in character and conduct was also quick; and he had in his own mind a large fund of a kind of quiet humor, so peculiarly Scottish that it is only by a Scottish word that it can be designated—*pauky*. Some of his contributions to "Blackwood" show that he had other kinds of humor besides this; for many of the rattling, rollicking papers, full of travesties, imitations, extravagances, and all sorts of drollery, ascribed to the illustrious O'Doherty, and generally supposed to have been written by Dr. Maginn, were from the pen of Moir. But the Scottish vein was that in which his humor flowed most copiously, and in which the style and substance were most peculiarly his own. His most noted production in this department is his "Mansie Wauch," which appeared first in the pages of "Blackwood," and was afterwards reprinted and published separately. When this now famous autobiography began to appear in successive numbers of that journal, it was generally supposed to be the production of Galt; and certainly he is the writer of all others to whose manner and style it bears the closest resemblance. In the majority of Galt's productions, however, there is more of story than appears in "Mansie;" with less of poetry and less of humor. Never, perhaps, were fresher or truer pictures of a certain

phase of Scottish society drawn than appear in this volume. The characters are all distinct, and yet they all belong to the same class or genus. The worthy tailor himself, with his mingled simplicity and shrewdness, his perfect self-complacency and his elaborate littleness, his common sense within certain narrow limits, and his utter want of sense beyond these, with those glimpses of a higher and stronger nature that occasionally break through the surface of his character, is a perfect study sketched and filled up with undeviating truthfulness throughout. James Batter, Mungo Glen, Cursecowl, and, in short, all the principal characters, are separate pictures, each of which would find its living representative in that state of society, now fast passing away, in which the author places his story. It is well known that, of the incidents which he records, most, if not all, were real occurrences; and it is more than probable that all or nearly all of the characters were sketched from actual life. I can not help thinking that the garrulous tailor hung out his sign, of which he and his Nanse were so proud, somewhere nearer the cross of Musselburgh than Dalkeith. I can not say that I ever was acquainted with Mansie myself; but I have some dim recollection of having seen Mr. Wiggie, and of having heard Cursecowl swear; and I have a most distinct and painful recollection of having once narrowly escaped suffocation, in consequence of being made to travel to Edinburgh in one of the old Musselburgh coaches, ensconced, or rather I should say buried, between Deacon Paunch and his wife. But be this as it may, if Delta did not find his characters among the citizens of Musselburgh, he must have seen them somewhere; for more life-like characters, in speech, sentiment, and deportment, were never depicted, and it is hardly possible to believe that they could be the creatures of imagination.

But "Mansie Wauch" is not merely ludicrous; it also presents scenes which are truly pathetic, and thus illustrates another leading feature of its author's genius. The whole story of Mungo Glen is full of genuine tenderness and pathos; and he himself stands out from amid the absurdities and platitudes of Mansie and his usual associates, as something altogether higher and nobler, though at the same time in perfect keeping with the rest. The verses which are ascribed to Mungo are indeed, as James Batter oracularly pronounced them, "prime." They breathe the very spirit of honest tenderness and simplicity—of deep sympathy with na-

ture, and of longing tender affection for the scenes and friends of early life. Gilfillan has pronounced the poem to which I refer, "one of the sweetest laments in the language;" and to this judgment of this eminent critic, all who have read it will yield their cordial assent. There is something in it, however, better than sweetness. It has strength as well—the strength of deep feeling and intense longing. It is designed to give utterance to that sad, earnest, half-desponding half-passionate longing which physicians have named *nostalgia*, and which the Germans call *heimweh*, but for which we have no better word than *home-sickness*—that feeling which comes over the soul when one is far away from the remembered scenes of boyhood and the tender sympathies of home, and which, instead of being deadened by the certainty that it can not be gratified, only becomes the more intense and masterful from that very cause; just as the stream that had been stopped by a break, gathers its waters in greater volume and force behind the impediment. To this sad but deep passion I know not any poem that gives more just and appropriate expression than poor Mungo Glen's lament. Here it is:—

"Oh, wad that my time were o'er but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
I' the bonnie birken shaw!—
For this is no my ain life;
And I peak and pine away,
Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flow'rs
I' the glad green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning,
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
As they gaed to their wark;
I used to weir in the young lambs,
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the warld is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me,
On ilka lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surroun'd me,
I kenna ane I meet.
And I think on kind, kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
Out owre the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking!
I think on my brithers sma',
And on my sisters greeting,
When I cam' frae hame awa';
And oh! how my mither robbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land.

There's nae place like our ain hame;
Oh, I wish that I was there!
There's nae hame like our ain hame,
To be met wi' onywhere!—
And oh! that I were back again,
To our farm and fields so green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And was what I hae been!"

This may be the production of "a callant" who, as Mansie assures us, "could not have shaped a pair of leggins though ye had offered him the crown of the three kingdoms;" but it is such a production as entitles the author of it to wear a crown of his own, as one of the great masters of song and of the human heart.

One of Moir's ablest tales of a serious character was contributed to "Frazer's Magazine," shortly after that journal was started. It is entitled "The Wounded Spirit," and is professedly a narrative of the experience of a sensitive and somewhat melancholy being, recorded by himself, and designed to set forth the working of such a mind, under the influence of trials of a peculiarly severe kind. It is written with vigor, and displays much greater power of mental analysis and force of passion than any other of his tales which I have read. His other tales I can not stop to particularize. I can not help, however, expressing my regret that these productions of his pen have not been collected; they would have made an excellent companion volume to his collected poems, and would, with them and his other prose writings, have completed the cycle of his mental efforts, and shown him to the public on all the sides of his versatile and indefatigable genius.

Delta first became known to the public by his poetical contributions to "Blackwood," and it is on his poetry that his principal claim to notice as a literary man rests. To his merits in this respect I would now advert.

His poetical compositions are very numerous. With the exception, however, of "Genevieve," and some which are still in MS., but which deserve as much as any thing he has written to see the light; these are chiefly short poems, some in blank verse, the most in varied rhymed measures. I believe it is a general opinion amongst those best able to judge, that some of these would have been better had they been still shorter, and that he would have consulted better for his permanent reputation, had he written less, and bestowed more of thought and elaboration on his compositions. This is probably true; but, in judging of Mr. Moir's poetry, it is

never to be forgotten that it was not for fame, or indeed for any object of an extraneous kind, that he wrote, but solely for the purpose of giving vent to his own awakened sensibilities in such strains as came naturally and almost spontaneously to him. He moved about in his daily avocations with an open eye and an open heart; and as nature spread before him her diversified scenery, or the everyday events of life occurred around him, he caught impulses which vibrated through his soul, and sought vent in the utterance of song. With him poetry was an instinct, and not an art. He sang, as the birds sing, from pure fulness of heart—now plaintive as the note of the cushat, now with quick and full melody, like the evening song of the throistle or the merle. Thoughts and words flowed upon him on such occasions almost without an effort; and as the proprietor of "Blackwood" was continually urging him for contributions, he often sent to the press those unlabored effusions just as they were written. We must not judge such productions, therefore, by the standard of poems carefully and artistically planned and executed, or of poems over which the author has been musing for years, and which he keeps by him for years after they are composed, and only sends forth after he has given them the last finishing touch. They must be taken for what they are—the warm, ready outgoings of a heart that was alive to every emotion, and as musical as Memnon's statue to the touch of every sunbeam. And, if it must be admitted that some of them would have been improved by being condensed, and that more of them were sent forth than a wise and sensitive regard to his own reputation as a poet would have dictated, it must, on the other hand, be maintained, that for one who wrote so much, he has written throughout with singular freshness and vigor, and that few men have left behind them so much that stands the test as pure and genuine ore.

However difficult it may be to determine satisfactorily what constitutes poetry, there are certain qualities the presence of which all will admit to be essential to even the humblest efforts in that divine art. Of these may be mentioned as among the very foremost in point of importance, a quick and truthful sensibility to impressions from nature and humanity. For what is poetry but the reproduction, in appropriate language, of impressions that have been made upon the mind by outward objects seen through the haze of passion or imagination, and grouped in the reproduction of them with true artistic skill?

Aristotle has called all poetry an imitation (*μιμησις*); and so it is, provided we understand by *imitation*, not the servile obsequiousness of the copyist, but the independent and creative energy which combines, in forms that resemble nature, and are yet new, the materials which observation has supplied. A quick sensibility, therefore, to outward impressions, is at the basis of the poetic temperament; it is the *sine quâ non* of poetic power. One poet may be more passionate than another; or the soul of one may range through a wider sphere of knowledge and observation than another; or one may have the power of levying contributions on the domain of fancy with a more capacious grasp than another; or one may scatter with a more profuse and regal hand the treasures of beautiful or gorgeous illustration than another; or one may prefer the loftier and larger objects of nature, while another may delight only in the minuter beauties of the landscape; or one may love to envelope himself in gloom, and speak from amid the shadow of rocks and the roar of cataracts; whilst another glories in the broad sunshine, and loves to carol in sympathy with the song of birds, or by the side of some lucid murmuring stream. There is no end to these varieties of taste, and tendency, and capacity among poets. But, amidst all this variety, there is one element of unity—one faculty which every true poet possesses, and without which he is not a poet, but only a moon-struck dreamer, or a miserable rhyme-jingler and line-measurer—

"Quem esse poetam,
Non homines, non di non concessere
columnæ."

That faculty is the faculty of receiving just and striking impressions from objects and events, and of reproducing these in new combinations and under new forms. There *must* be a love of nature and humanity—a sympathy with the true, and the grand, and the beautiful, in being and in action—a quick perception of the finer essences which are ever thrown off from things, but which only the gifted eye can discern—and a power of catching these airy nothings, and giving them a local habitation and a name; there *must* be this in larger or more limited measure, before a man can be a poet. And where this exists in any great degree, there will be one whose lyre, though touched by only a rustic hand, shall give forth such genuine music—"uttering such dulcet and harmonious sounds"—that all true souls shall

yield response, and acknowledge that a true poet is there.

This poetic sensibility Mr. Moir possessed in a high degree, and the predominance of it is seen in various features of his poetry. To this may, for instance, be attributed the picturesque and minutely accurate descriptions with which his poems are studded. He seems to have walked abroad with a soul open to impressions from every thing around him. Hence, every lovely or grand scene that was presented to his view, daguerreotyped itself on his soul, and lay there, to be reproduced whenever he should find occasion for it. His biographer, Mr. Aird, has signalized the minute accuracy and picturesque grouping of his descriptions; and this feature must have struck forcibly all readers of his poetry. How finely, for instance, is the following bit of painting executed! It is the description of a moonlight light in summer:—

"Forth he went:—

The moon from midnight's azure tent
Shone down, and, with serenest light,
Flooded the windless plains of night;
The lake in its clear mirror show'd
Each little star that twinkling glow'd;
Aspens that quiver with a breath,
Were stirless in that hush of death;
The birds were nestled in their bowers;
The dew-drops glitter'd on the flowers:
Almost it seem'd as pitying Heaven
Awhile its sinless calm had given
To lower regions, lest despair
Should make abode for ever there;
So softly pure, so calmly bright,
Brooded o'er earth the wings of night."

The following is in a different style, but equally truthful and striking. It is a description of the sea-side, about dawn, in a winter morning:—

"At length upon the solitary shore
We walk'd of ocean, which with sullen voice,
Hollow, and never-ceasing, to the north
Sang its primeval song. A weary waste!
We passed through pools where mussel, clam,
and whelk,
Clove to their gravelly beds, o'er slimy rocks,
Ridgy and dark, with dank fresh fuci green,
Where the prawn wriggled, and the tiny crab
Slid sideways from our path, until we gain'd
The land's extremest point, a sandy jut,
Narrow, and by the weltering waves begirt
Around; and there we laid us down and
watch'd,
While from the west the pale moon disappear'd
Pronely, the sea-fowl and the coming dawn.

It would be easy to multiply such extracts to almost any extent. His poems are full of

pictures carefully and skillfully drawn of natural scenery, peculiar localities, and their living concomitants. His series of poems on Flowers, and some of his Miscellaneous Poems, such as those entitled, "The Old Sea-port," "Bloom and Blight," "The Angler," "The Snow," &c., may be cited as affording plentiful illustration of this. His was a quick and observant eye for all the varieties of nature, even the minutest. As illustrative of the extreme accuracy of his observation, we may select the reference to the feathered tribes throughout his poems. He seems to have loved birds, and to have watched them in all their peculiarities of movement and repose, of song and of silence. Hence he never refers to them but in language which is as scientifically accurate as it is poetical. "The strutting turkey cock elate, arches his fan-like tail in state." The eider duck, "with its wild eyes, and neck of changeful blue, now dives down, now on the surge flaps its pinions." The "startled ring-dove rushes on ready wing to the gloom of woods, brushing through the silent air with a whirring sound." In autumn,

"The robin sits

Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear
A requiem to the glory of the woods—
The bright umbrageousness, which like a
dream
Hath perish'd and for ever passed away."

The blackbird, "cloistered in the oak, sings his anthem to the evening solemnly;" or—

"From that tall ash,

'Mid Pinkie's greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn;"

or, at twilight, "sings sweetly unseen, from chestnut green, till all the air is ringing." The sea-mew screams, the cushat coos, the restless swallow twitters, the linnet carols, or, as it sits upon the furze, to the silence sweetly sings; whilst

"Up from the grass the skylark flits,
Pours forth its gushing song by fits,
And upwards soars on twinkling wings."

And, whilst the wings of the lark thus "twinkle," "the cuckoo's slumbrous wing dreams along the sunny vale," "and with sooty wing sails slowly over the night-o'er-taken crow to its home." Every expression here is scientifically correct, and indicates that the author was a close observer of the habits of birds, as well as the possessor of a graphic pencil wherewith to depict them.

The following are more lengthened descriptions, and illustrate still more fully the feature of his poetry on which I am now enlarging:—

"'Twas the flush of dawn; on the dewy lawn
Shone out the purpling day;
The lark on high, sang down from the sky,
The thrush from the chestnut spray;
On the lakelet blue, the water coot
Oar'd forth with her sable young,
While, at its edge, from reed and sedge,
The fisher-heron upsprung;
In peaceful pride, by Esk's green side,
The shy deer stray'd through Roslin glen;
And the hill-fox to the Roman camp
Stole up from Hawthornden."

"I listen'd to the linnet's song;
I heard the lyric lark prolong
Her heart-exulting note,
When, far removed from mortal sight,
She, soaring to the source of light,
Her way through cloud-land sought,
And from ethereal depths above
Seem'd hymning earth with strains of love."

"With many a gush of music, from each brake,
Sang forth the choral linnet; and the lark
Ascending from the clover field, by fits
Soar'd as it sang, and dwindled from the sight.
The cushat stood amidst the topmost boughs
Of the tall tree, his white-ring'd neck aslant
Down through the leaves to see his brooding
mate."

Mr. Aird, after quoting the closing part of this passage, says, "A common writer would have given us the cushat as *sitting* on the top of the tree. The poet knows better: true to nature in a minute but peculiar characteristic, his cushat '*stood*,' not on the top, but '*amidst* the topmost boughs.'" This is a just as well as a discriminating criticism, and brings out clearly one of the peculiar excellencies of Mr. Moir's poetry; but, in order fully to perceive its force, we must place by its side the following lines from another poem, where, describing a January scene, he says,

"While on the beech's topmost bough
The croaking raven sits."

This clearly shows that it was not by accident that he had represented the cushat as standing amidst the topmost boughs, but that an exact acquaintance with the habits of both birds taught him to represent them in these different but appropriate attitudes.

I have dwelt the longer on this attribute of Delta's poetry, because to myself this forms one of its chief charms; and by nothing has he, in my estimation, more truly

formed a place for himself among the sons of song, than by his tender sensibility to impressions from nature, and his power of reproducing these graphically and yet truly. It was not, however, to such impressions alone that he was sensible. He was also keenly alive to impressions from human interests and sympathies. He was naturally a man of large and tender affections; of whom it might truly be said that "he loved all living things." Hence his interest in such characters as he has described in "The Veteran Tar;" his sympathy with foreign and unknown personages, as evinced in such poems as "The Contadina," or "The Improvisatrice;" and his ready response to every appeal made to his feelings by passing occurrences affecting the interests of his fellow-men, as evidenced by his poems in reference to childhood, some of his songs, and many of his elegiac effusions. Hence, also, the deep-toned notes of tenderness and sadness which he has struck in his poems addressed to Inez, the melancholy and plaintive tone of his poems dedicated to remembrance, and the affectionate tenderness of such verses as those entitled "To mine own." To this also must be traced one quality in which he has never been surpassed, rarely equalled—that of deep and soul-subduing pathos. His verses entitled "Weep not for her," those already cited as the production of Mungo Glen, and inserted among his collected poems under the title of "The Rustic Lad's Lament in the Town," his "Graves of the Dead," and many others, breathe the very spirit of the truest pathos. But still beyond these in depth and intensity of tenderness, are his poems on the death of his children, especially that most touching of dirges, "Casa Wappy;" a composition of which his biographer has beautifully said, "Poem we are loath to call it: such things are not made by the brain; they are the spillover of the human heart—that wonderful fountain fed from the living veins of heaven, and welling over." Of these "Domestic Verses," the late Lord Jeffrey—the foremost critic of his day, and a man not to be captivated by any thing that was not genuine—wrote to their author, "I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than any thing almost I have ever read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent."

The prevailing sweetness and tenderness of his poetry has led to his being generally spoken of as "the amiable Delta." But it

would be a mistake to suppose that he was not susceptible of impressions also from the sterner and loftier aspects of human life. His historical and romantic poems show that he was alive to all the fine emotions which the memory of the past, with its splendid deeds and its shadowy scenery, awakens; and his songs and occasional poems indicate how he could catch the spirit of his theme, and with true poetic enthusiasm give fitting utterance to it. His stanzas for the Burns' Festival have been universally admired, and deservedly; for, though rather too much drawn out, they are full of a manly vigor and a generous enthusiasm, and express the very feelings of jubilant heartiness which it was the design of that festival to evoke. Very fine also, of its kind, is his song for the Dalhousie Dinner. His song entitled "Mourn for the Brave," is a lyric which might almost be placed by the side of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," or his "Mariners of England." Had it appeared for the first time now, and in reference to the present war, it would have been hailed as immeasurably superior to the effusions which are found in the columns of our newspapers, as intended to embody and express the feeling with which the universal nation looks at this moment to the fields of Alma and Inkermann, and the heights above Sebastopol.

There is but one feature more of Mr. Moir's poetry to which I shall advert. It is one which is not an accident of that poetry, but is closely entwined with its very substance, as it arose from the author's own profoundest nature. I refer to the rich hue of moral and religious thoughtfulness which is thrown over almost all his productions. With a few exceptions, they are not properly religious or ethical poems; they are something vastly better—secular subjects treated in a spirit of deep, religious, and moral feeling, which displays itself at once perfectly naturally, and so as to hallow and render profitable for the highest purposes what might otherwise have been merely beautiful or striking. It is impossible to read his poems, without marking abundant proofs of a deep sensibility to religious impressions, and a strong tendency to moral reflection. His very descriptions of natural scenery usually terminate in some "meditative lay" of a religious kind. His elegiac effusions are all of this class. His obituary verses are gilded all over with the light of religion. And such poems as "The Message of Seth"—the latest, I believe, he wrote—the sonnets on the "Scottish Sabbath," his "Christmas Mus-

ings," and some others, are throughout, and avowedly, of a religious character. Some of his critics, indeed, have complained, that occasionally he has yielded to the poetical license, more than in sober reason can be considered justifiable in respect of strict orthodoxy of expression, and for this charge there are, it must be confessed, some grounds; but, as his morality is ever of the purest kind, so, in general, his religious utterances and aspirations are in accordance with that form of evangelical belief which he avowed.

I have said that the religious and moral sentiments which are introduced into his poetry appear there perfectly naturally. I mean by this, that they bear no traces of having been inserted for the mere purpose of giving an aspect of seriousness and solemnity to the piece, but have flowed into it on the current of the author's genuine and spontaneous feeling. Mr. Moir was a man of a fine ethical nature—a nature that responded readily to all sound moral principles, and was attuned to all the harmonies of sound moral feeling. There was, besides, a tendency to pensiveness in him, which was not melancholy or sadness, but only the hue of a spirit "on which the sun had looked," and which consequently, received in deeper sombreness the shades that were flung upon it from the clouds of life, and the awful shadows of the world to come. All this conspired to make him susceptible to religious impressions, and to induce him to look at things under a religious aspect. To him religion was, indeed, in his own striking words, the

"Soothe of life, physician of all ill,
The more than reputation, wealth, or power,
In the soul's garden the most glorious flower,
Earth's link to heaven."

And this feeling deepened and strengthened as he grew older, until it came out in full development, as he went down into the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death, solemn, but not appalled, conscious and confessing that he was a poor sinner, but trusting for pardon to that Redeemer, of whom in earlier days he had sung—

"At contrite hearts he will not scoff—
Whoever knocks, an entrance wins:
Then let us at the Cross throw off
The burden of our sins;
And though their dye be black as night,
His blood can make—has made them white."

A scene touching beyond expression is

that of Moir's death-bed, as described by Mr. Aird. With words of simple and manly penitence—of bright and earnest faith, and amid gushes of human tenderness, and utterances of a love stronger than death—he loosened himself from earth, and bade farewell to its attractions, and “went his eternal way,” as Gilfillan has expressed it, leaving behind him a remembrance which shall long be fragrant wherever he was known. The generation of those who were familiar with his manly presence shall soon have passed away, many of them to sleep beside himself in that noble churchyard where his dust rests with that of his dear ones; but it will be many generations before the tradition of his gentle

and noble qualities shall cease to linger around the locality where his life was spent, and from which no temptations of fame or wealth could ever draw him; and as long as English literature shall last, there is no risk that his name shall be forgotten, or his fame as a poet perish. May his example stir many young hearts to pursue a similar course to his, that, by a wise combination of mental culture, with patient continuance in the career of honest industry, and a faithful attention to all the claims of domestic, social, and religious duty, they may lay the foundation of a life of enlightened usefulness, and prepare for an honorable and a happy death!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.*

THE world has long associated with the name of Lady Blessington, beauty, wealth, rank, intellect, splendor of position, and the lavish homage of all the gifted minds of the age. Our interest, therefore, is excited to know what life an individual thus endowed wrought out of such rare and precious gifts. Besides, for twenty years she held a prominent position in the literary world of London; reigning there, indeed, as queen paramount of intellect; so that the mental history of the century would be incomplete without a page devoted to her remarkable career.

By the desire of her family, her papers and correspondence were placed in Dr. Madden's hands for publication; a man admirably fitted for the important task of editing a literary life so inwoven with the social present, with names of living persons, and with recent events, as his own literary career had likewise brought him into contact with all the leading celebrities of modern English literature; so that most of those associated with Lady Blessington's memoirs he had himself known personally.

The panorama of literary life which he ex-

hibits passed before his own eyes; and the interesting sketches introduced of remarkable persons have the additional value of being also personal recollections.

Dr. Madden likewise was the confidential friend of Lady Blessington for twenty-seven years. He had seen her in the pride of her beauty, had sunned himself in the flashes of her wit, and been a witness of her intellectual triumphs in the brilliant circles of Gore-House; and finally, when the splendor of her life had passed away, we find him standing beside her grave, in a foreign land, a mourning friend amongst the few left to mourn.

With all these advantages of personal knowledge upon most subjects of which he treats, it is not surprising that Dr. Madden has not only produced a work of intense interest—the very best contribution to literary history which has been given to the world during the present century—but has also accomplished the task of biographer, in a manner that may well serve as a model to all future lords and gentlemen who shall undertake to edit literary lives. There is nothing trivial inserted—nothing that has not some permanent interest, as illustrating the characters of some remarkable persons. The

* “The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.” By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby, 1855.

correspondence, also, is admirably selected, comprising every great name that England has known for the last fifty years. Letters from all the celebrated men of the era may be found in it, forming a collection of wit and wisdom, unrivalled in any modern published literary correspondence for variety, extent, and interest.

Dr. Madden is, besides, a practiced and eloquent writer—a man of considerable literary eminence, of singular and extensive erudition, to which his far extended travels have greatly contributed; an historian, philosopher and man of science; with penetrating judgment, extensive experience, and fine, cultivated taste; and yet more, he is a man of a high moral tone of mind, who, as a biographer, would not descend to palliate errors, though with clear, calm intellect he can trace the exoteric causes that led to them, and separate the unhappy results of circumstance, fatality, destiny, from the soul itself, which may still struggle bravely on to assert its nobility through all the weakness and vacillation of the unguided senses—a struggle which, to those who witness it, is matter for profound sympathy and earnest pity; pity for the combatant called to fight the warfare between the passions and the soul.

Very different judgments have been dealt out by the world upon Lady Blessington—some laudatory, as to a shrined idol; others remorseless as death, and cruel as the grave. The philosophic biographer pronounces no ultimate dictum. He only lays the human life before us, with all its faults and follies, for us to search into and reflect upon, and work thereout, for our own life, whatever help we can; this being the primary meaning of all biographies, not the mere satisfying of curiosity. But side by side with the failings and short-comings, he shows us also the indestructible, noble elements of a nature; the generous heart—the tender, womanly feelings; and makes the ever-during good plead pardon, as it were, for the transient evil. One is of the soul, immortal and eternal—part of its own undying essence; the other was the result of circumstance—an unguided youth, an unorganized education, a fatal, miserable marriage; and later, the seductive influence of an atmosphere of adulation—the Maelstrom of literary excitement, warring vanities, and agonies of display, into which she was plunged; the turmoil and the glory with which the world always surrounds the beautiful, the wealthy, and the brilliant.

And out of all these mighty influences to evil, she had to work out a pure law of life, for

she had been taught none—that stern law which says, LOVE NOT THE WORLD. Was it an easy task, think you? Let him or her who has been so gifted, tried, and tempted, answer. And yet there were strivings after it; and deep sadness at conscious failures. And sometimes a sense of the awfulness of life rose up before her in the still silence of the night, when the incense-clouds of praise no longer threw a mist between her and heaven. For in the record she has left of those hours, called "The Book of Night Thoughts," we can trace dim yearnings for a higher life of purity and power; aspirations for pardon and peace; the viewless sorrow, the inner weeping of a soul over its own sin.

That she was happy, appears nowhere, either in her letters or diaries; yet hers was a life diffusing happiness—all were benefited who approached her. Her kindness was instinct, yet ardent as though it had been passion; and, above all women of her time, she fascinated; and fascination is a moral grace, for it has its source in the soul—it is gentleness, kindness, charity. In this, therefore, we find whereon to rest an admiration of her, and out of which to seek a model. A life of radiance and glitter was not wholly lost for higher ends. There were some divine elements in it that at the last hour angels might carry up to the throne of God, to plead for the weak woman's nature that was to stand before his judgment seat. How many timid, struggling intellects she encouraged, till they rose into power and success! How she sympathized with the suffering, relieved the distressed, and supported honorably those who had sacrificed her young life for their own sordid interests. These things we can trace through her correspondence. "I write for money," she says, "and what will sell." "I never write," says Landor, "but to better men." Here was a contrast between a weak and an exalted nature. But why does she write trash and twaddle—"whatever the publishers want, and that is always trash"? Was it to deck her person with more jewels? No. In a letter to Landor, she says—"I have been very unwell of late. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children that I have to write for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion."

This father, who was supported, throughout his very good-for-nothing life, by his daughters, three countesses, like poor old *Père Goriot* in Balzac's novel, was a Mr. Power, of Waterford, who afterwards resided

at Clonmel with his family—a rough, rude specimen of the Irish middle class of sixty years ago; handsome and rollicking, illiterate and pretentious, fond of rioting and revellings, of field-sports and garrison society, dissipated abroad and brutal at home. In '98 he was a magistrate, hunting rebels, though a Roman Catholic himself; the end of which hunting was, that he shot one under suspicious circumstances of undue haste, was tried for murder, but acquitted. The mother, of the maiden name of Sheehy, was a plain, uncultivated woman, without pretensions of any sort; a negation of all gifts, of whom nothing particular is recorded but that she died in Clarendon-street, Dublin, some twenty years ago. Of this unpromising pair were born three daughters—Marguerite, who became afterwards Countess of Blessington; Ellen, Viscountess Canterbury; and Mary Anne, Countess de St. Marsault. This exaltation of the Power family seems a strange freak of destiny; nothing leads up to it by any perceptible sequence. That one girl out of the obscure Irish village of Knockbritt should have been raised to the peerage, were a triumph of Irish beauty sufficient to satisfy the imagination of any romancist; but here are *three*, from the one family, too, all destined to wear the coronet.

However, the Sheehys could claim kindred with the best blood in Ireland, though it was only in the old time, long ago. Latterly they had sunk to minor situations, such as provincial editors, masters of workhouses, and the like. Amongst her ancestors by the mother's side, Lady Blessington could claim the chiefs of Thomond, Desmond, Ormond, and the O'Sullivans—dukes, marquises, and barons—high blood and noble, and rebel blood, too; for without it her nature would not have been so intensely Irish. Her mother's father, Edmund Sheehy, was executed for rebellion in 1766; a maternal cousin, Father Sheehy, was, for a like political offence, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Clonmel; and her mother's brother was murdered on his own property. These events, probably, disgusted her early with the romantic theories of Irish revolutionists, out of which no fact ever comes but Death. In one of her letters to Dr. Madden, she says:—"Women, in my opinion, have no business with politics: and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country."

The early days of the young Marguerite were passed at Clonmel, where the father's

house became the resort of the usual Irish provincial society—the garrison, the assize bar, and the political adherents of the favorite member. The usual Irish provincial life followed—dancing and drinking, politics and love; but none excited the latter passion, at assize ball or other provincial festivities, like the two Miss Powers, Marguerite and Ellen. Every one talked of their beauty, their grace in dancing, and their elegance in dress. Every one was in love with them, especially the garrison; and in one day Marguerite, then but fifteen, had two offers for her hand from officers of family and fortune. One of these gentlemen she liked; the other she feared and dreaded, with an intuitive shrinking dislike and repugnance. But he was "a better match," and her parents accepted him for their daughter, without consulting her at all on the subject. In her own account of the circumstance, given to Dr. Madden, she says, that when her father announced to her that she was to marry Captain Farmer, she burst into tears, prayed, and protested, but was answered by menaces and violence; so that finally "she consented to sacrifice herself, and marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance." She had not been long under her husband's roof, when it became evident that he was subject to fits of insanity (of which her father had been aware, though he concealed the information from her). She lived with him about three months, during which time he frequently treated her with personal violence; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and has often left her without food till she felt almost famished.* Finally she fled from him. Was she to blame for so far? We think not. As her biographer observes justly, "The interests of religion, of truth, and morality do not require us to throw aside all consideration of the influence of surrounding circumstances, as the antecedents of error, when judging of a single fact." She fled to her father's house, but there was no longer a home for her there. The parents had provided her a destiny, and thought she ought to accept it, and make the best of it. There was a Captain Jenkins, also, of the dragoons, paying attention to Ellen, the second daughter, at this time, and they fancied the beautiful Marguerite made him waver in his allegiance.*

* This gentleman never did become connected by marriage with the Power family. Dr. Madden states that, "when rather advanced in years, he married the Baroness Callabrella, the sister of a

"The father was unkind, more than unkind. She was looked on as an interloper in the house—as one who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters." The young girl had again to seek a home, and she went to reside with an aunt. At fifteen, with her beauty and quick warm feelings, and without a father's home or a husband's protection, she was left to battle as she might with the waves of life alone.

About this time the Tyrone militia was stationed at Clonmel; of which corps Lord Mountjoy and Col. Stewart, of Killymoon, were the successive colonels. They became acquainted with the Power family. Chance brought together people destined for a life long connection. Twelve or thirteen years later Lord Mountjoy, afterwards the Earl of Blessington, became the husband of Mrs. Farmer. But we are anticipating. Lord Mountjoy went away, and took a Mrs. Browne under his protection, then living separated from her husband, and, on the husband's death, he married her. They had many children; but the only legitimate issue of this marriage was Lady Harriet Gardiner, afterwards Countess D'Orsay, and a son who died young.

Meanwhile these thirteen years of Mrs. Farmer's life—the warm spring of life, with its hot sunshine and quick tears—pass by in obscurity, we scarcely know how; some in Paris, some in London, but her biographer offers no record of them. She has not attempted literature as yet; and if her name is heard in the great world of fashion, it is not with plaudits. At length, in 1815, we find her residing in London, and there she again meets Lord Blessington. With extravagant sorrow, and funeral obsequies that cost £4,000, he had buried his first wife, and was now a widower. Three years after, the iron fetters that bound Mrs. Farmer to a dead marriage were also broken. Her husband, Captain Farmer, killed himself in a fit of half madness; and, four months after the catastrophe, his widow became Countess of Blessington.

From this period her real life begins. The former had been a mere protozoic period—chaos and darkness. Now she emerges from the cloud into full splendor and magnificence—wealth, rank, distinction and celebrity.

gentleman of some notoriety in his day—Mr. Ball Hughes—the widow, first of a Mr. Lee, and secondly of a Mr. De Blaquiere. This lady, who was possessed of considerable means, purchased a small property on the Continent, with some right of seigniorage, from which she derives her title."

At once her salons are crowded with all the distinguished men of England; she begins to recognize that she, too, has genius; and, if ladies of fashion will not patronize her, she can take her position at once as leader of intellect. Now she has attained her proper sphere, and moves in it with such grace and harmony, that all are fascinated who approach her.

It was a long way from the poor Irish village of Knockbriert to the summit of London distinction; but she had reached it, and graces the elevation. The statue is worthy of the pedestal. Her life we see is opening out into great dramatic scenes, full of startling contrasts. In the first we behold a poor young girl, locked up, half-starved, beaten, pinched, insulted by her husband. There seems no hope for her there; and the scene closes upon a general sobbing of the audience. But the curtain rises for the second act, and lo! a beautiful woman—throned like a sultana, with all London worshipping at her feet. Is this a compensation, or a trial, to our poor Irish girl? We shall see. But such is destiny. She is now twenty-eight. Let us pause to contemplate her, as described by her biographer at this period:—

"In the perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely moulded, inclining to fulness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements graceful and natural at all times, in her merriest as well as gayest moods. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the emotion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones."

But here was the grand secret of her fascination:—

"There was a geniality in the warmth of her Irish feelings, an abandonment of all care, of all apparent consciousness of her own powers of attraction; a glowing sun-shine of good-humor and good-nature in the smiles, and wit, and laughter of this lovely woman, seldom surpassed in the looks and expression of any person, however beautiful. Her voice was sweetly modulated, and low, clear, silver-toned. All her beauty, without this exquisite sweetness of her voice, and the witchery of its tones, would have been only a secondary attraction."

Her voice, and this "sweet Irish laugh of hers," are continually alluded to by her admiring correspondents. Indeed, though we can not speak from experience, her exist-

ence to us being nothing more than a tradition of past beauty and mystery, yet it is impossible not to believe in the many fascinations of Lady Blessington, but especially in her beauty and gentle kindness. All her correspondents bear witness to those graces. Her hand had been copied in marble, and Prince Schwartzberg thus writes concerning it:—

"I kiss that lovely hand, even as you permitted me when I took my leave. Send me the one of marble, that I may warm it with my lips. . . . In the midst of my solitude your image comes to console me. I love to recall your enchanting form, and the hours I passed near you seem to me a dream. . . . Write to me two lines, and a third which says Marguerite, and I am happy. When shall I see you again, and recount my adventures while you listen, resting your beautiful hand upon that lovely hair I have admired so often?"

And Moore reminds her of the day when he beheld "two dazzling faces popped out of a window in Sackville-street" (those of the sisters Marguerite and Ellen.)

Lord Blessington had kept his second marriage a secret, even from his own friends. None of them were aware of it, until at a dinner given to a distinguished circle in Henrietta-street, in the same room where the £4,000 catafalque of the deceased wife had lain, he entered "with a lady of extraordinary beauty, and in bridal costume, leaning upon his arm, and presented her as Lady Blessington." Decorations, costly as the catafalque, were now lavished on the new bride. At Mountjoy Forest she found her private sitting-room hung with crimson silk velvet, trimmed with gold. At their hotel in Paris the reception-rooms were fitted up with crimson satin and gold. Gold, and marble, and mirrors, abounded everywhere. But her ladyship's bed-room and dressing-room was "a surprise of splendor, prepared for her by her gallant husband" (to use her own words). The bed was silvered in place of being gilt, and rested on the backs of two large silver swans. It was placed in a recess, lined with fluted white silk, while pale-blue silk curtains, lined with white, fell from the frieze, which was supported by columns at each side. A silvered sofa, resting on a velvet carpet of pale blue, rich coffers for jewels and India shawls, a silver lamp, and all the ornaments silvered, complete the picture. The dressing-room had hangings of blue silk, covered with lace, and the furniture was all silvered like the bed. The bath-room also,

with its draperies of white lace, its marble floor, painted ceiling, and alabaster lamp, in the form of a lotus, is a pretty picture to contemplate; but we have had enough of sybarite upholstery.

The splendid town mansion of the new-married Lord and Lady became, as we have said, the rendezvous of all men of intellect—*literati*, statesmen, artists, eminent men in all professions, were the habitual visitors of the house. Two royal dukes even condescended to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect. Canning and Castlereagh, Lords Palmerston and Russell, Scarlett, Jekyll, Erskine, and other celebrities paid their devoirs there. Kemble and Matthews, Laurence and Wilkie; eminent divines, Parr and others; Rogers and Moore were among her votaries; and all murmured around the fair countess their homage of admiration, respect, or gratitude; for to all she had shown some courtesy or kindness, special and graceful. All who approached her found sympathy, and by this quick sympathy with others she won their confidence. This was perhaps the great secret of her powers of attraction, and for this beautiful and womanly grace, that made her presence, her letters, her kind words and smiles synonymous with happiness, may many errors be forgiven.

About three years after Lady Blessington's marriage, among the distinguished foreigners who appeared at her house were the Duc de Gramont, and his brother-in-law, the young Count D'Orsay. The Count was handsome as the divine Apollo, and clever and brilliant in addition. With such qualities he soon won the ardent friendship of Lord and Lady Blessington. They were meditating a tour through Italy, and proposed that he should accompany them. The rest of the party consisted of Miss Power, afterwards the Comtesse de St. Marsault, and Mr. Charles Matthews, the present great comedian, then a youth of twenty, and a protégé of Lord Blessington's. At Genoa they met Lord Byron, who describes Lady Blessington, in a letter to Moore, as "highly literary, and very pretty, even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier."

Her ladyship was "disappointed" in Byron:—

"He expressed," she says, "warmly at their departure the pleasure which the visit had afforded him, and she doubted not his sincerity, not from any merit in their party, but simply that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to

pass them in review, pronouncing sarcasms on each as they were mentioned. His laugh is musical," she continues, "but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity.

"Were I asked to point out the prominent defect in Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred,' and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Yet his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if he were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet."

"His lordship," Dr. Madden states, "suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and what was worse, in verse;" especially on the publicity he gave to his domestic unhappiness, when, as was said, "Byron wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public." His lordship wrote her some complimentary lines in return, but her inspiration could not make him rise above some very commonplace doggerel.

That same year, 1823, they parted at Genoa, with much mutual regret, even tears—the Blessingtons for the gaieties of Rome and Naples; Byron for glory, and a grave in Greece.

If any intellect be lying latent in a human frame, it must awaken in Italy, where the earth is grand and the heavens beautiful; and especially in the silent Rome, where the great dead of old lie stretched upon their monumental seven hills. Besides, travelling is employment—what all women want, and the increased activity of the brain finds a manifestation somehow in the life. Lady Blessington not only beheld, but studied the world around her. Then it was her literary ambition was aroused, and the sense of power awoke in her. She read much, and strove to penetrate the beauty and mystery of the Past, whether in art or literature; always, too, under the guidance of some leading intellect. At Genoa she had studied poetry in a poet's heart. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, she talked of antiquities with Sir William Gell; of literature with Lord Morpeth; and of all that was deep and noblest in the antique life with Walter Savage Landor.

Uwins the painter, Westmacott, Macclise, Sir John Herschell, were also her daily companions. With them she could investigate the heavens and the earth, temples and tombs, fallen columns, and fragments of dead gods, a new planet, or a buried city. Mr. Charles Matthews thus describes the mode of life at the Blessington Villa, in Naples:—

"A paradise of a place, with a splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady Blessington is more charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associations, to draw out the resources of her mind; to discover her talents, and be captivated by them. Our evenings are charming; we have each of us a table in the same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, drawing, reading, &c. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects; the classics, the existing antiquities around us. We write essays upon various subjects proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed, and defended. I am treated as one of the family. I make all my drawings in the room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture. It is proposed, as all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we should learn it in a class, devoting an hour each day to that study. For antiquarian research we have all the ancient authors here to refer to. In short, there never were people so perfectly happy as we are. Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly about what we are going to see."

Every one of these distinguished Italian friends continued their intimacy with Lady Blessington by frequent letters, after her return to London; and thus we are indebted to this continental tour for the brilliant correspondence which forms the chief interest of her published life.

In 1823, while in Genoa, Lord Blessington lost his only legitimate son, the heir to his estates—the son of his first wife—for the second Lady Blessington had no children; upon which event he drew up a will so singular in its provisions, that Dr. Madden imputes it to partial insanity. By this will he bequeathed all his property, except some legacies and the Tyrone estate, to Count D'Orsay, and whichever of his two daughters Count D'Orsay chose to marry; and in case of refusal on the part of either of the daughters selected, she was to receive but £10,000. These two daughters were Mary Gardiner, illegitimate, aged twelve, and Lady Harriet Gardiner, legitimate, aged eleven, both daughters of the one mother. To Lady Blessington he left a jointure of £3,000 a-year. But two months after, when the will was legally executed, this jointure was reduced to £2,000 a-year, while the other provisions remained the same. A strange infatuation for Count D'Orsay this appears, to offer him the choice of either of his daughters, with a bribe of a vast property appended, while the daughters themselves were then but children, who had never seen

Count D'Orsay, having been brought up in Dublin under the care of an aunt.

When the will was executed, General Count D'Orsay, father to Count Alfred, accompanied by Lord Blessington, went to Ireland to see the estates, and the young ladies. Lady Harriet was selected as the future bride, her legitimacy, perhaps, being the motive of preference with the proud D'Orsay family. Meanwhile, as the young Count is not mentioned as being of the party to Ireland, he probably remained in Italy with Lady Blessington. Curiosity even did not prompt him to go and see his bride.

Four years after this arrangement, the young girl was sent for to Naples from Ireland, and the marriage took place. Count D'Orsay was then twenty-six, the bride fifteen; and her supposed rival in the Count's affections was thirty-seven; a disparity of years which almost precludes the idea of any rivalry whatever.

The Count received £40,000 fortune with his wife, and "separated himself from her almost at the church door."

Dr. Madden, when on his way back from Egypt, met the Blessingtons about this time at Rome, and thus describes the young bride:—

"Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved. There was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were to be observed in her demeanor or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, and looked on as a mere school-girl.

"I think her feelings were driven inward by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent, and strange, and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society. People were mistaken in her, and she, perhaps, mistaken in others. Her father's act had led to all these misconceptions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when misplaced and misunderstood.

"It was an unhappy marriage (he adds), and nothing to any useful purpose can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry without consulting her inclinations or interests."

However, the D'Orsays and the Blessingtons continued to reside together during the remainder of their stay abroad; but as eight years had now been passed travelling,

they thought of turning homewards. At Genoa, on their return, Lady Blessington was reminded at every spot of Byron, from whom she had there parted five years before:—

"While thus musing one day, she saw a young English girl, who resembled Byron in an extraordinary degree, accompanied by an elderly lady. 'The English girl was 'Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,' and the elderly lady was her mother—the widow of Lord Byron."

The year 1829 was passed at Paris in the splendid Hotel Ney; but the sudden death of Lord Blessington broke up the establishment at once. By this event her ladyship found herself reduced to an income of only £2,000 a-year, in place of £30,000; and besides, she really seemed to regret her husband's death from personal affection for him.

In her confidential letters long after, she speaks of much unkindness experienced at this period, after his death—of much suffering she had gone through, we know not of what nature; for Dr. Madden states only, that "painful circumstances obliged the family to leave Paris; and accordingly, the year following, 1830, Lady Blessington proceeded to London, accompanied by the Count and Countess D'Orsay. In a short time the Countess D'Orsay returned to Paris, and her husband rented a small house in Curzon-street adjoining Lady Blessington's residence, in Seymour-place; but after her removal to Gore-House, the Count took up his abode entirely under the same roof with her ladyship. Some time after a deed of separation was drawn up between the Count and Lady Harriet, by which he relinquished his claim on the Blessington estates for the sum of £100,000, which was agreed to, and paid by successive instalments.

On Lady Blessington's return to London, she seriously turned her thoughts to authorship, as a means of increasing a very diminished income. First appeared, in *The New Monthly*, her "Conversations with Lord Byron." The papers attracted immense notice, in consequence of the morbid curiosity, then quite an epidemic, to know something or anything of what Byron thought, said, or did. The literary reputation of the Countess was at once established, and from that till her death, novels, tales, reviews, verses, &c., never ceased flowing from her pen, all of the most mediocre nature certainly, but still they brought her an income of about two thousand a-year, or more. Not that we are to judge of their merits by that fact. Her ladyship did not write absolute trash

certainly—on the contrary, she sometimes uttered very shrewd, common-sense opinions: but there was such a total want of elevation of feeling or depth of thought in all her works, that it was impossible to read them with profit, or remember them with interest. She had neither Lady Morgan's wit, nor Mrs. Norton's almost agonizing pathos; and if compared with the lady authoresses her cotemporaries, must in all things be named the lowest of the list. We speak of her works in the past tense, for they have probably disappeared from all memories and all libraries; or if they have not, we would recommend them (in Carlyle's phrase) to gather themselves up with all possible speed, and be off to the dust-bin.

Something vastly more attractive than penmanship and authorship were the fascinations that surrounded Lady Blessington, and which made her irresistible—grace, beauty, brilliancy, and kindness. Why should a woman with these gifts stain her fair hands with ink, and dim her eyes at midnight manuscripts? Yet this she did for twenty long years of her life, working, ay, as hard as any factory girl at her loom, and for the same reason—to support herself—not only herself, but seven or eight members of her family besides; and in addition, all the poor Irish cousins from Clonmel—an interminable, exacting, long-lived, vigorous race, like all Irish cousins, requiring a great deal to keep up their systems. In one of her letters she says:—

"I am so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting, that I have not a moment to myself."

Again:—

"When I tell you that I have no less than three works passing through the press, and have to furnish the manuscript to keep the printers at work for one of them, you may judge of my uneasiness and overwhelming occupations, which leave me time neither for pleasure nor for taking air or exercise enough for health. I am literally worn out. I look for release from my literary toils more than ever a slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock. I am suffering in health from too much writing."

The entire novel of "The Repealers" was written in five weeks; and in a letter to Dr. Madden, dated 4th March, she says:—

"When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose between this and the end of the month for a work, which, unless completed at that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will un-

derstand why I cannot read over the story you sent me, and which I am persuaded is like all I have seen from your pen—graphic, and full of talent."

And yet withal, year after year, her expenditure was more than double her income. Fashionable life and literary notoriety are expensive pleasures, as she found one day to her cost, when the poor brain, with all its toil, could no longer meet the expenses of the worthless body with all its necessary luxuries, and appanages, and decorations. Upon this state of affairs the wise editor remarks:—

"Little was she aware of the nature of literary pursuits, or the precariousness of their remuneration, if she imagined that secure and permanent emolument could be derived from such sources. A lady of quality who sits down in fashionable life to get a livelihood by literature, or the means of sustaining herself or her position at the hands of the publishers, had better build any other description of castles in the air, however ethereal the order of architecture may be."

Too true; for does not Carlyle describe this weird race of publishers as "seated in their back-parlor Valhallas, drinking wine out of the skulls of authors." Very terrible to think of! But when the pen was laid aside, and the weary daily task ended, then the enchanted gates were unfolded, and the tired toiler over manuscript became transformed into the brilliant idol of a brilliant circle.

Every evening, from ten to half-past twelve, Gore-House was thrown open to visitors, like to a temple of Minerva, to which all literary votaries went up nightly to worship. The high-priestess takes her position at once, as centre and leader, and all revolve around her, suns, satellites and stars. Stars there were in plenty. They came, not singly, nor even in binary combination, but in whole systems. A perfect *via lactea* of literary luminaries flashed through her salons each evening. What was this strange, indefinable, subtle, yet permanent charm which attracted to her circle every man of note in England, from the great Wellington down to the small annualists, and Alaric Watts? Her writings, we have said, were not beyond mediocrity, and her conversation, however gay and sparkling, was yet wholly devoid of real wit or energetic power. Compare her with the supreme De Stael, the deep wise Rahel of Germany, the intensely-earnest Margaret Fuller of America, and how commonplace and unsatisfying, as mental re-

agents, do all her recorded sayings fall upon the ear and heart. Was the flattery, then, that gilded her life, elicited mainly by the coronet on her escutcheon? Perhaps so; especially likely, when the coronet on the brow crowned so much beauty and enough of genius to found sonnets on; for beauty makes a surprising difference in the reception a woman meets with in society, and the air of superiority she is privileged to assume there:—

"The swinging of the censer before the fair face of Lady Blessington never ceased in those *salons*; and soft accents of homage to her beauty and talent seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in her well-known *fau-teuil* (Willis tells us it was of yellow satin), holding high court in queen-like state—the most gorgeous Lady Blessington!"

Truly, a life of intoxicating excitement, but fatal to all earnestness of thought; talent laid on the salver of publicity, to be breathed upon and dimmed, so at best only to reflect the shows and surfaces of things. Was it wonderful that her literature reflected her life, dealing only with the follies and crimes, or the fashion and glitter of social life, and never descending with searching analysis into the real healthy humanity, such as God created, and meant to be immortal, to seek for noble types, and strengthening principles of action.

The editor makes some very just remarks on the inevitable tendencies of a nature fed by indiscriminate flatteries; and on the bad effects of a life of literary display upon the mind:—

"Those to whom the art of pleasing becomes a business daily to be performed, pass from the excitement of society into exhaustion, languor and ennui, and from this state they are roused to new efforts in the *salons* by a craving appetite for notice and for praise. Lady Blessington had that fatal gift of pre-eminent attractiveness in society, which has rendered so many clever women distinguished and unhappy. The power of pleasing indiscriminately is never long exercised by women with advantage to the feminine character of their fascinations.

"The facility of making one's self so universally agreeable in literary *salons*, as to be there 'the observed of all observers,' becomes in a time fatal to naturalness of character and sincerity of mind. Relations with intellectual celebrities must be kept up by constant administrations of cordial professions of kindness and affection, epistolatory and conversational, and frequent interchange of compliments and encomiums.

"The praiser and the praised have a nervous apprehension of depreciation; and those who live before the public in literature or society, get not

unfrequently into the habit of lavishing eulogies with a view to repayment in the same coin. The queen regnant of a literary circle must at length become an actress there; she must adapt her manners, her ideas, her conversation, by turns, to those of every individual around her. She must be perpetually demonstrating her own attractions and attainments, or calling forth those of others. She must become a slave to the caprices, envious feelings, contentions, rivalries, selfish aims, ignoble artifices, and *exigents* pretensions of literati, artistes, and all the notabilities of fashionable circles.

"Besides, the wear and tear of literary life leave very unmistakable evidence of their operation on the traits, thoughts and energies of bookish people. Like the ceaseless efforts of Sisyphus, are the pursuits of the literati, treading on the heels of one another, day after day, tugging with unremitting toil at one uniform task—to obtain notoriety, to overcome competition, and having met with some success, to maintain a position at any cost."

It was in Lady Blessington's time that the epidemic of illustrated annuals broke out in England, which raged with considerable flimsiness and platitude for about twenty years. Her ladyship of course became an editress; for, as her biographer asserts, with laudable candor, "she had a great facility for versification, and her verse was quite equal to the ordinary run of *bouts rymées*."

Besides, a titled editress was indispensable as nurse to the small literary buds of fashion that lisped their pretty twaddle in gilded annuals, while the lady herself loved celebrities and display; and—

"This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. But it also involved an enormous expense, far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from editing the works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contention with publishers, communication with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. In a word, it made her life miserable."

The whole system of the annuals was, in fact, a speculation based upon personal vanity. Court beauties had their pictures engraved with (as Dickens describes) the traditional back-ground of flower-pots; and then verses were ordered by the editor to suit these portraits. When the mothers of the nobility were exhausted, the annualists turned to the children of the nobility, whose portraits came out with impossible eyes and hair, white frocks, the flower-pot, and a dog. For them verses were in like manner ordered;

and of course the sale was unprecedented. Thus, we find Lady Blessington petitioning a contributor, and really a man of genius, though he had caught the epidemic, Dr. William Beattie, for "three or four stanzas for the work named 'Buds and Blossoms,' to contain the portraits of all the children of the nobility—the children for the illustration are the three sons of the Duke of Buccleuch, and an allusion to the family would add interest to the subject."

To the same poet, too yielding, perhaps, not to be made the prey of these infantile bores, she writes again with lamentable pertinacity:—

"Will you write me a page of verse for the portrait of Miss Forrester; the young lady is seated with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively; she is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning."

During the palmy days of the pensive annuals, Lady Blessington made about £2,000 a-year by them; for they had this advantage to editors, that contributors were seldom paid except where a great name was sought for, at any price, to look impressive in the index. Thomas Moore was offered £600 for one hundred and twenty lines, in either prose or poetry, for "The Keepsake," which he declined. But at length "the public were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The perpetual glorification even of beauty became a bore; the periodical poems, sung in honor of the children of the nobility, ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies ready to write on any subject, and fashionable editors and editresses, there was no dearth of; but readers were not to be had for love or money." A failure in Lady Blessington's income was the result. Besides, of late years it was with difficulty she could find a publisher for her novels. They would not sell; yet she continued to write them, for it kept up the excitement of her life, and friends still praised—how falsely and absurdly it is painful to read, for the sake of literary and critical honor and veracity. Had she no friends, who, when they saw her with all these irons in the fire, about new novels and the like, for making money, would boldly say, as did Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion, "Madam, put your novels with your irons"? On the contrary, they write thus to the poor blinded one—"You have all the tact, truth, and grace of *De Stael*." And concerning another novel, whose name is not even worth remembering now, "It reminds me greatly of *Godwin's* writings." Again, "Your style is pecu-

liarily fluent and original; I do not remember any specimen of 'The Rambler' equal to it." This is only equalled by Lady Blessington telling some poet, never heard of since, who had sent her a poem of his for her perusal, that it was "beyond anything in Shakespeare!"

When annuals and publishers had all failed, her ladyship turned her attention to newspapers. Her last novel, "Country Quarters," appeared in one. And she accepted an engagement from the *Daily News*, at the rate of £400 a-year, for contributing *Exclusive Intelligence, or Gossiping News from High Quarters*; but she thought her services worth £800 a-year, and gave up the engagement after six months. Still her writings, such as they were, brought her an average income of about £1000 a-year; while Southey, with all his great wisdom, great learning, and undoubted ability, was, at the same time, only making about two or three hundred, and glad even to secure that. But then, four times the amount of Lady Blessington's literary gains was spent in keeping up the prestige of her name as a literary leader. With what lavish magnificence she threw open Gore-House for the entertainment of authors and publishers, contributors, high-bred eulogists, and unscrupulous laudators! All who could write or help writers, all aspirants or conquerors in the lists of fame, found themselves in the enchanted place of the beautiful Armida, and unable to resist her spells.

Meanwhile, the handsome and gifted Count D'Orsay added not a little to the brilliancy of these celebrated receptions. We have said he was twelve years younger than Lady Blessington; a man, by all accounts, of surprising wit, and beauty of appearance; so that for twenty years he led the fashion, or rather laid down the law, in London, in dress, manners, and conversation. In fact, as a French periodical expressed it, "D'Orsay taught the English aristocracy how to converse." Beyond this, too, he was a gifted artist. One hundred and fifty portraits executed by him, of the celebrities of Gore-House, are in existence, and have been lithographed and published by Mr. Lane. His statuettes and busts excited unmeasured praise from all judges—from the cold, severe Wellington, as well as the spiritual Lamartine. Haydon the painter, with one of his vivid picturesque touches, thus describes him in his "Diary":—"About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' really a complete Adonis, not made up at all.

He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions, and grand. He bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens." Again, another entry:—"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism. I did them; and he took up my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress—white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau-de-Cologne or eau-de-jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hogtoot, and immortalized Copenhagen by touching the sky."

We have mentioned the strange circumstances of his marriage, and how he had separated himself from his young wife, and taken up his abode entirely at Gore-House. A life of literature and magnificence, of artistic employment and thoughtless expenditure, seemed to suit his Athenian nature. Tradespeople gave him unlimited credit, for his taste in dress was so perfect, that whatever he wore became the fashion, and they felt sufficiently compensated by being allowed to have the honor of announcing that he employed them.

But how strangely are the extremes of society connected! Because the fields are lying black round an Irish cabin, the great London world of life and light is thrown into terror and dismay!

The potato blight fell upon Gore-House. Irish rents were not paid; and as soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. There were no means of meeting them. Lady Blessington's expenditure had long been more than double her receipts. Confusion and dismay came gathering darkly over the magnificence.

The lady's diamonds are pledged to meet the most urgent claims. But bills are like the frogs of Egypt, interminable and obtrusive. They came up into Pharaoh's chamber. £300 for Count D'Orsay's boots; £4,000 for India shawls, silks and laces for my lady. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened; and so, while rank and genius were glittering in the salons, bailiffs were watching at the hall door. For two years it was thus; the hall door never opened but with precautions. For

two years the brilliant D'Orsay could only venture out on Sundays for fear of arrest.

At length a bailiff got entrance in disguise. The lady sees that all is over, and sends a quick message to the Count's room that he has not a minute to lose. So he escapes by a back door, with a single valet and a port-manteau, and flies for refuge to France—never to behold England more—leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Thus ended the magnificent London career of Count D'Orsay—the man who had revolutionized London society, and made the English aristocracy, for twenty years, his servile imitators.

A fortnight after his flight, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London, never more to return either, and followed the Count to Paris, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors.

The sale then commenced at Gore-House. The library of 5000 volumes, the magnificent specimens of the fine arts, the costly ornaments of these celebrated salons, were all sold. By the express command of Lady Blessington, nothing was reserved from the creditors, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realized above £13,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction; and of all these, but one is recorded as having shown any visible emotion at the wreck of a prosperity which most of them had shared. Who, think you? Thackeray, the caustic satirist of women, the harsh denouncer of their follies, the author whose name above all others, is hateful to the sex; whose theory of woman is expressed with bitter irony in one formula: all clever women are wicked, and all good women are fools; and yet this man, with the oblique vision that sees only distortions of humanity, must have felt that some beautiful quality, some gentleness, kindness, generosity, or tenderness, existed in the heart that had once vivified that desolate magnificence; for he wept; and one thinks better of Mr. Thackeray for those tears.

Dr. Madden happened to be present at the sale, and thus describes this tragedy of fashion:—

"There was a large assemblage of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the *conversaciones* took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was

went to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another apartment, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and MacIise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count D'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting, and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of Gore-House, in quick succession, were brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of the establishment of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed."

Gore-House itself had also a destiny: first, it belonged to the great Wilberforce, who records how he "repeated the 119th Psalm there in great comfort;" then Lady Blessington became the proprietor, upon which James Smith wrote:—

"The chains from which he freed the Blacks
She rivets on the Whites;"

from her hands it passed to those of the renowned Soyer. "The culinary replaced the literary," and so for ever after, Gore-House will be associated with social freedom, mental light, and corporeal regeneration.

Lady Blessington quitted London in April, 1849. The whole fabric of her greatness had crumbled in the dust. At sixty years of age, she found herself a fugitive in Paris—youth, beauty, wealth, *prestige*, magnificence, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic intellect. By this she strove to build up another future. Already she planned new works of literature, and new modes of life. A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence, and furnished it with all that elegance of luxury and oriental brilliancy of decoration which she could not help evidencing. The taste was instinctive to her—part of her nature. The spirit of her youth seemed to come back to brave the desolation of her age, but the heart was silently breaking the while; what wonder if it were so? On the 3d of June, just seven weeks after the flight from her London home, she removed to her new residence in Paris, from the hotel where she had been located, her health and spirits apparently good, even

better than usual. But that morning she had already entered the dark shadow of death, although those around her saw it not. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out, one by one, and God alone is by her in the last darkness. That night she died, not without some suffering, but yet apparently unconscious that the fiat of her doom had gone forth. No priest knelt by her bedside, no prayer seems to have been uttered. Her last words were, "*Quelle heure est il ?*" and then she passed calmly into eternity. The last hour of the clock of time had tolled for her.

She was buried at St. Germain. Her mausoleum was designed by Count D'Orsay, and her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; while Irish ivy, brought for the purpose from her native village, was planted round her grave. The story of her life seemed thus symbolized by her tomb.

Count D'Orsay's grief at her death is described as almost frantic; besides, he experienced most bitter disappointment, it is said, at the cold reception given him by Louis Napoleon, of whom both he and Lady Blessington had once been the friends and benefactors.

Once, indeed, they had been invited to dine at the *Elysee*, but, for eighteen months previous to the Count's death, the Emperor took no notice of him whatever.

Thus, without fortune, without friends, and deprived of her who had been his companion for twenty years, Count D'Orsay naturally fell into melancholy, then into bad health; and finally, about three years after Lady Blessington's death, he died, and was laid in the same tomb, in the stone sarcophagus which he had ordered to be placed there for himself at the time of her interment. Five months after his death, the Countess D'Orsay married a second time.*

Count D'Orsay had many gifts, yet, withal, he can never stand before the mind as a character that interests. A life of vanities and sopperies, of egoism and weakness, though passed amidst the beauties of art and the excitement of literary society, was still a life without divinity; and we turn, with feelings stronger even than disapproval, from the contemplation of the marriage, and the neglect of the young wife, while at the same time he squandered her patrimony. When friendless and fallen, we feel, not sorrow, but a sort of gladness that retribution was exact-

* The Honorable Spencer Cowper, brother to Lady Jocelyn.

ed ; and then only when he is weak and suffering, wounded and broken in spirit, does the man attain any dignity in our eyes. Suffering seems to purify and ennoble all natures ; for we recognize it as the shadow of God's presence upon a human life. But one has true pity for the sunny heart darkened into error by the force of circumstances, and the harsh will of those who ruled its fate. The biography of a woman is always sad—a war between feeling and destiny—but that of a gifted woman especially so ; for high intellect and vivid passions are hard to rule, and tame, and formalize ; and such exceptional natures seem to have a singular inaptitude for the contracted sphere within which society places them.

Even in the limited space of the current half-century, how many, if not wretched, at least unhappy hearts and blighted lives can be enumerated amongst those who possessed the fatal gift of intellect. Mrs. Hemans ; the beautiful and most richly endowed Caroline Norton ; Lady Lytton Bulwer, who seems to have flung down the gauntlet to male humanity with helpless rage ; they only smile at her indignant sense of wrong, and bid her suffer and be silent. And saddest of all, lies "L. E. L." in her death-sleep on that fatal foreign shore ; but we cannot think beside such a grave—it is enough to weep.

All these lives were no doubt beautiful in their aurora light ; but the moment they rose in mental power above the prescribed level of their sex, the lightning struck them.

Lady Blessington was not exempt from this apparent law of Providence ; her own testimony of herself is, "I have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs." The great fault of her character seemed to be an incapacity for profound thought on any subject. She lived on passionately from day to day—excitement the very vital breath of her existence ; never caring or thinking whither it was all tending, but purposing, some day or other, when she had time, to think seriously about religion—and thus it was till the end came. There is, therefore, no tragedy in her life ; no deep earnestness, and therefore no despair. If she begins a letter with a few melancholy phrases, she ends—"The opera is charming ; I never miss a night."

Though born and reared a Roman Catholic, yet she talks of herself on one occasion as "a stern Protestant," merely because those around her were so ; and she forgot, for the moment, exactly what she believed. Another time, with the same comprehensive sympathy, she speaks of her "proud feelings as

an Englishwoman," quite oblivious of Tipperary and the murdered Sheehys ; though, when writing to Dr. Madden, her love for "her poor country" is ardently expressed—and this, not from the falsehood, but the levity of her nature ; for, being herself incapable of deep fanatic feeling on any subject, she unconsciously, or good-naturedly, from a wish to please, echoed the sentiments of those more earnest souls with whom she came in contact. Therefore we seek in vain in her writings for any revelation of the inner world, wrought out of earnest, patient reflection on the mystery and the sacred ends of life. No spirit-voice chanted to her, as it has done to higher natures :—

"Each word we speak has infinite effects ;
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—
God ! fight we not within a cursed world ;
And this, our one chance through eternity ?
Be earnest, earnest, earnest : mad, if thou wilt ;
Do what thou doest as if the stake were heaven,
And it thy last deed, ere the judgment day."

Yet every life, however weak, has something in it which may teach, either as a warning or a model. It is only in the lives of others, not in our own, that we can study human life as a whole—our own life is fragmentary. We pass blindfold into each successive moment with trembling volition, knowing not what the dictum of our decision may bring forth. Clear vision comes only when it is too late, and we see then how error and misery came of egoism and blind passion. But in biography, if uttered truly, we trace clearly the inseparable connection between weakness and suffering, error and punishment, sin and remorse ; and we start back warned from the same fatal path. While, on the other hand, the records of courage will strengthen, and earnestness inspire, long after the heroes or martyrs have been laid low in their graves. And thus it is that the hands of the dead guide us best through the future.

We have spoken of the correspondence of Lady Blessington as full of interest, and to this we turn willingly ; for though she herself did not contribute much to it either of wit or learning, yet she elicited both, in a remarkable degree, from those who came within her influence ; and we can estimate the power she exercised over her age by the number of celebrated men who felt proud to be ranked amongst her correspondents.

A woman, truly, is the genius of epistolary communication. Men always write better to a woman than to their own sex. No doubt they conjure up, while writing, the loving,

listening face, the tender, pardoning heart, the ready tear of sympathy, and passionate confidences of heart and brain flow rapidly from the pen—confidences that never would have been revealed to spirits made of sterner stuff.

There is one noticeable characteristic of Lady Blessington's own letters, which is, the entire absence of literary egotism. There is no seeking for praise or compliment upon her own works; on the contrary, they are treated of slightly, thrown off in a phrase as things of no value; while whatever concerns the friend she may be writing to, his acts, words, works, and feelings, are discussed with the most ardent and apparently genuine interest.

Always she has some pleasant word of praise to utter, or favorable notice of them to repeat, which had come to her knowledge. Besides which, we find her aiding them always as best she could, with publishers and the public; getting their works printed, often correcting the proofs herself, and undertaking to write favorable reviews in the leading journals. No wonder that all her friends loved to hear from her, and to cultivate the correspondence of one who never wrote but to please. Landor, in one of his letters to her, says, with an intensity of appreciation one cannot help feeling half jealous of when uttered by such a man: "With your knowledge of the world, and what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation; what, then, if he enjoys your friendship!"

What articles of kind flattery and graceful falsehood she must have poured from her pen for the thousand literary friends who all wrote books or verses, and who all demanded from her praise—public or praise—private. Every literary journal, probably, could bear evidence of this amiable mendacity of friendship. Vicomte D'Arlingcourt, a French gentleman who travelled through England and Ireland, and who assisted, it is said, at the coronation of O'Connell upon Tara of the Kings, writes to her ladyship on the publication of his travels, in this strain:—

"I long to hear what the London journals say about it. No doubt at your solicitation they will accord me a favorable notice. Let some rays of your glory fall upon my humble work laid at your feet, and its success will be brilliant, and its author will bless you."

Again:—

"Sweet sister, my travels will soon appear;

oh, sustain them, protect them! Let a palm leaf from your coronal fall on them as a talisman of protection. There is no need to recommend my pecuniary interests; for I know that you will look after them also.

"Talk of my book! Make it talked of! patronized by you, it must become the fashion. . . . My tutelary angel, a thousand thanks for your charming article in the *Court Journal*. Continue to help my book, sweet sister; sustain its steps upon a foreign soil."

As we have said, the correspondence includes every memorable name in English literature, from the dead Lord Byron to the living Walter Savage Landor, that noblest of literary veterans, the last of a Titan race, who still retains the energy and force of youth, with the matured wisdom of an eighty years' life, and who stands, like Mont Blanc, among his present youthful contemporaries, in grand and unapproachable majesty. His letters alone, full of originality and deep thought, are worth the whole of Moore's published correspondence put together. What wisdom, beauty, poetry, and sublimity in his "Conversations," a work that will be immortal in our literature! Lady Blessington tells him in one of her letters how he is praised, and he answers scornfully, yet feelingly:—

"I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for a century to come. Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss on their coats, and unfayed straps to their trousers.

"It occurs to me that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts; and that they are debtors to all by whose labor and charges the fields of literature have been cleared and sown. We have been a rascally gang hitherto. Few writers have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could.

"*Southey* stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of literature."

Of Coleridge he says:—

"The opium-eater calls Coleridge the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men. Impiety to Shakespeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to

a granite mountain. Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance; Southey has written more, and all well, and much admirably. Foster has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer in the cries that you are likely to hear at this moment from your window—Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!”

One would like to quote every line that Landor has written, but as that is impossible, we must content ourselves with plucking and setting down a stray thought here and there; and refer the reader to the correspondence itself, where he may wander in a wilderness of thought which we must leave unexplored:—

“Do not be angry with me for my sincerity as regards Byron. The bosom of Byron never could hold the urn in which the muse of Tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and like the Jews with the Messiah, we shall not be aware of it till it comes.”

“The Rhine, exclusive of its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of Como. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose. The two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions—

“‘Most things are real to me except realities.’”

“I detest the character of Rousseau, but I cannot resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. Demosthenes was a contracted heart, and even Milton’s was vitiated by the sourness of theology.”

“I have this instant sent your note to poor —. It has made him very ill. He is about to publish a drama on the Deluge, on which he tells me he has been engaged for twenty years. You cannot be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long.”

“I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a-year. Enough in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers who resolved to show William that his brother was *not* the vilest, by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of our administration in the British annals.”

“The author of the ‘Arabian Nights’ was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mahomet. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on six-and-twenty millions of hearers. All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions.”

“I am sorry you sent my ‘Examination’ by a private hand. I never in my life sent even a note by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, ‘There are no evils in the world but sin and bile.’ They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epictetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road.”

“After a year or more I receive your ‘Reminiscences of Byron.’ Never, for the love of God, send anything again by a Welshman. I mean anything literary. Lord D.’s brother, like Lord D. himself, is a very good man, and if you had sent me a cheese would have delivered it safely in due season.”

“When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, had engrafted, on a barbarous and blood-thirsty religion, the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis. It would have been vain to say, Do not murder. No people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, if you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves; you shall be the same.”

“Pardon me smiling at your expression, *going to the root of the evil*. This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the evil lies deeper than the centre of the earth.”

“The surface of Wordsworth’s mind—the poetry—has a good deal of staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him more before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency.”

“Infinite as are the pains I take in composing and correcting my imaginary conversations, I may indulge all my idleness in regard to myself. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to learn the tricks of others.”

“There are single sentences in the world far out-valuing three or four hundred authors, all entire, as there have been individual men out-valuing many whole nations. Washington, for instance, and Kosciusko, and Hofer, were fairly worth all the other men of their time.”

“I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever.

Charming falsehood! *There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.*"

"I never write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If Colburn would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking thing*, I would not accept it."

These are but a few fragments chipped off a great, resplendent mind; yet we can judge of the quality by the specimen. Most true, as the age and posterity will affirm, is the testimony he has given of himself. Landor has never written a line that does not speak to the spirit of man, as with an angel's voice, bidding him come up higher; though he has selected pagan forms to be the oracles of his wisdom, and shined his genius in the old marble gods of the past.

The letters of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and those of Charles Dickens overflow with humor, and radiant, playful brilliancy, though the contrast of the two natures is manifested in every opinion uttered. Dickens evidently looks on life with the same earnest sadness and grave humor that characterize his works, while the sparkling, mocking irony of Bulwer is flung recklessly over everything; one true, sad feeling, however, pervades all his letters—" *Primavera per me non è piu mai!*" (with me the spring of life is over). The contrast of the two minds is strikingly shown in their opinions upon Italy. Bulwer writes:—

"I freeze in the desolate dulness of Rome, with its prosing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I found myself on board a ship, viz., in prison, with the chance of being drowned. In Florence I recognized a bad Cheltenham. In Naples I, for the first time, find my dreams of Italy. What a climate, and what a sea! I should be in Paradise but for the mosquitoes; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at night."

Of his Italian tour Dickens writes:—

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice. . . . Naples disappointed me greatly. If I had not mud I had dust, and though I had sun I still had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make heaven uncomfortable if they ever get there. I did not expect to see a handsome city, but I did expect something better than that long dull line of squalid houses which stretch-

es from the Chiapa to the Porto Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining, sun-browned faces; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii? As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day, each in its fullest glory."

If Bulwer was not satisfied with Italy, he was at all events more than pleased with Ireland, and writes thus:—

"I have been enchanted with the upper Lake of Killarney, and a place called Glengariff; and I think that I never saw a country which nature more meant to be great. It is thoroughly classical, and will have its day yet. But man must change first."

In one of Dickens's letters we have an interesting glimpse of his own state of mind while composing those wondrous novels that enchant the world. He writes from Milan:—

"I have been beset in many ways; but I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as *haggard as a murderer* long before I wrote the end. When I had done, I fled to Venice, to regain the composure I had lost."

Again, two years later, when from the ocean-depths of thought, a new creation is about to rise, he writes:—

"Vague thoughts of a new book 'are rife within me just now, and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest and finding none."

How completely this description gives one the idea of a man "possessed," spirit-driven—a prophet commissioned to utter the life-giving word to men's souls, and finding no rest until he uttered it. And this is no extravagant expression of the mission of a great writer—one who, like Dickens, reveals to the world how beautiful a thing Humanity may be made, and descends even to the very depths of physical wretchedness to show us that God's impress of divinity on man is universal and eternal. No writer, perhaps, ever softened and strengthened, melted and warmed human nature with such omnipotent

power as Dickens. He can give courage to the soul while tears rain from the eyes, and there is not a work brought forth from the tossings, and heavings, and unrest of that mighty heart of his, that does not fall like a cascade from heaven upon our stony age.

Had we space, we might continue stringing epistolary gems, *ad infinitum*, from the Blessington correspondence. There are letters from that wonderful compound of poetry and politics, D'Israeli, in which can be traced evidence of both these tendencies, along with the sarcastic contempt he seems to cherish for all political parties; and eulogistic letters from the great Wellesley, and friendly ones from the greater Wellington—one of whose wise remarks touching visits of ceremony is worth quoting. He writes: "There is no time so uselessly employed as by a visitor, and him upon whom the visit is inflicted." In fact, the ceremonies of Juggernaut are mild to the sacrifices exacted by social ceremonial. There, the body only is killed—crushed, and killed at once—but in the meaningless morning visitings of ladies, deliberate murder and patient suicide of souls is perpetrated with remorseless punctuality. "Time," says Goethe, "is a great curse to those who believe that they are born only to kill it." When will men and women learn the value of our most precious heritage—the golden sands of life.

Sir William Gell and Jekyll are the two correspondents who pour forth best that clever gossip in the French style of a century ago. The latter tells anecdotes pleasantly; as thus—"We had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of *Frog Morgan*. In the course of an argument, he spoke of our natural enemies, the French; and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate."

"A toady of old Lady Cork, whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment. 'I have,' she said, 'a very long chin, and the barbarous Countess often shakes me by it.' It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor the chin could be shortened."

Jekyll's love for London life was so great, that he said, If he were compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long.

An act of kindness towards the memory of "L. E. L." gives Dr. Madden the opportunity to introduce a vast deal of most inter-

esting matter concerning the last few, fatal months of Mrs. Maclean's life at Cape Coast Castle. Lady Blessington had commissioned the editor to erect, at her expense, a marble slab over the grave of the unhappy poetess, which, up to that time (three years after her death), had remained without a record. Dr. Madden having an official appointment at the time on the west coast of Africa, became a guest of Mr. Maclean, at Cape Coast Castle, for some weeks, and thus had ample means of informing himself as to the kind of person with whom "L. E. L." had unfortunately united herself, and also could judge of the desolate existence for which she had exchanged the brilliancy of a successful London literary career. No European lady resided at the settlement. The castle was nothing better than a lone, dismal fort, near a village of half-caste population. The scenery, "a wilderness of seared verdure, a jungle and a swamp, realizing the very idol of desolation." And the husband of the first lyric poetess of England, the Sappho of the age, is described by Dr. Madden as a person whose only intellectual qualification was a study of barometers and thermometers, and whose only taste was for algebraic calculations. "He spoke contemptuously of literature, and affected scorn, even loathing, for poetry and poets. By long privation of the society of educated women previous to his marriage, he had become selfish, coarse-minded, cynical, a colonial sybarite; who when his bouts of revelry were over, devoted himself to theodolites, sextants and quadrants." Openly he expressed to his wife his contempt for verse-making, and wished to force her to devote her entire time to the performance of the lowest household duties.

Every one knows what led her into this fatal marriage. Unlike Lady Blessington, she had no *prestige* of rank or wealth to enable her to bear up against social opinion, whether slanderous or true; and, to escape the evils of her position, she rashly, in a fit of terrible desperation, resolved to go through with the marriage then offered to her at all hazards, even of her life. Her feelings at the time may be judged of by some verses, almost the last she wrote, and which conclude with these mournful stanzas:—

"Still is the quiet cloister wanted,
For those who look with weary eye
On life, hath long been disenchanted,
Who have one only wish—to die.

"Then were that solemn quiet given,
That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny;

Then might the last prayer rise to heaven,
My God! I prithee let me die!"

The circumstances of her death are also familiar to every one. On the morning of the 15th of October she rose early to write letters to some friends in England, by a ship to sail next day. In about an hour she called for a cup of coffee; and when the attendant brought it to her chamber, "L. E. L." lay stretched a corpse upon the floor—she had drunk poison. That same night she was buried, just four months after her ill-omened marriage.

These events are known, but not the secret misery she had endured during those four months, and which she revealed but to one person. All her other letters, written to friends and acquaintances, are full of fabled accounts of her happiness. And if the poison-cup was lifted to her lips *intentionally*, we cannot wonder, after reading those revelations.

Lady Blessington, in a letter full of startling details, gives the true account of "L. E. L.'s" position, as she had it herself from the one only person to whom the unhappy Mrs. Maclean confided the misery endured in her African bondage. We shall quote the letter entire, as every line has interest:—

"Gore-House, January 29th, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence has subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury throw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor, dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a Captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy, at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterwards became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered [the life of her gifted grandchild anything but] a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. —, who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a Literary Journal, with all the encomiums they

merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. —, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her, and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honor. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those, who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honor, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gaiety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings, even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings, was to buy an annuity for her grandmother; that grandmother, whose acerbity of temper and wearying exigence had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans-Place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attracted in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year, before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she—poor, dear

soul!—informed all her friends, and me amongst the number, of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this, Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months, without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was? when she was to be married? &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her — wrote and demanded an explanation from Mr. Maclean.

"He answered, that fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

"She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humored—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir — remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed: no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

"The marriage was a secret one, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody; for her broken-hearted —, whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said, that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference towards her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and what was worse, discontent, ill-humor, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her —, her nerves became so agitated, that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her —:—'There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bed-room from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening,

when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o'clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.'

"This was the last account Mr. — ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

"It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the Castle as its mistress, until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife, brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one then banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

"Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds, that had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances which he does not explain, easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her —, though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her —, as well as Mr. Maclean's to him. I ought to add, that when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the Castle, to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry, and offended at seeing their country-woman driven from her home.

"Believe me, my dear Madam,

"Your Ladyship's very sincerely,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

This is a mournful tale with which to conclude our notice of this most brilliant addition to our literary history. Did space permit, we might cull details of other celebrities, equally interesting, though none so mournful, from the vast accumulation of biographical matter crowded into the work, which may take permanent rank in the world of letters, not merely as the life of one literary individual, but as a miniature biographical encyclopedia of all the modern celebrities of England.

From the Eclectic Review.

SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE.*

THE education of the people has been the favorite subject of discussion for a long period, and it has engaged the attention of men holding the most opposite opinions. A careful examination of all that has been written or spoken upon this great question will show that one conclusion stands forth from all the controversial points pre-eminently clear. As amidst the boiling of storm-troubled waters, the roar of winds, and the rush of dark and angry clouds, the great Pharos of the British Channel sends forth its cheering radiations to warn and guide the voyager, irrespective of his nation—be he friend or foe—so, from the tempest of words, and the storm of conflicting opinions, beams one truth, recognized by every creed and party—around which, let us hope, all may rally and learn lessons of love and peace in its pure illumination.

SCIENCE every one now admits must form an important part of every system of education which may be adopted. This has lately been seized upon as a newly-recognized truth, and many have dilated upon it as a discovery of their own. It is not new—but it has of late risen into importance amongst us, and hence "Practical Science" and "Popular Science" have become fashionable phrases.

The *Mechanics' Institutions* were organized by Dr. Birkbeck, from a conviction that the artizan class would be improved by knowing the principles of the machines and tools which they were in the habit of using. The *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* was founded to carry out the great

principle of teaching all men science. The *British Association*, with its annual meetings and its itinerating character, had for its main object the diffusion of a taste for scientific inquiry amongst the people. From these efforts has the now fully-recognized truth grown—but it has grown quicker since the year 1851 than it did before, the accelerating cause being the Great Exhibition. In that vast gathering we saw the result of a long series of educational struggles—a remarkable combination of circumstances so singularly happy that they could not be regarded as fortuitous. In that great temple of industry, as men contemplated the results of thought and labor, they saw that those who were most familiar with nature and her laws took the foremost positions, and gained the highest honors. They learned that the laws of mechanics, the elements of physics, and a knowledge of chemical affinities, led to excellencies which could not be arrived at by any amount of uneducated labor. Thus, the value of science, as a branch of popular education, was forced upon all, with the strength of a firm conviction.

This manifested itself in various ways. The "surplus fund" of the Great Exhibition was expended in the purchase of land upon which it was proposed to raise a people's college—a "Solomon's House," in which should be realized the beautiful dream of Bacon's Atlantis—and in aid of this grand scheme the House of Commons, by a most liberal vote, showed the feeling of its members. The government organized the new Department of Science and Art, selecting for its direction two men who had been the most active in the business of the Great Exhibition; and they added a School of Mines to the already existing Museum of Practical Geology, the most popular feature of which has been the courses of evening lectures given by its learned professors to working-men.

The Society of Arts has endeavored to revive the spark in the decaying ashes of the *Mechanics' Institutions*, and to some extent

* *Orr's Circle of the Sciences*. A Series of Treatises on the Principles of Science, with their Application to Practical Pursuits. London: Orr & Co.

The Museum of Science and Art. Edited by Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L. London: Walton & Maberly.

Lectures on Education. Delivered at the Royal Institution by W. Whewell, D. D., F. R. S.; Professor Faraday, F. R. S.; R. G. Latham, M. D., F. R. S.; C. G. Daubeny, M. D., F. R. S.; Professor Tyndale, F. R. S.; J. Paget, F. R. S.; W. B. Hodgson, LL. D. London: John W. Parker & Son.

the effort has been successful. An extensive union of these associations has been formed, and naturally this insures an increase of strength. Recently the same society arranged an Educational Exhibition, during which lectures were delivered, some of which have been published in the volume quoted at the head of this article. When we find the Master of Trinity College, the Dean of Hereford, Cardinal Wiseman, and William Ellis lecturing from the same platform, in the same cause, we have certainly a convincing proof of the popularity of the subject of Practical Education. The Royal Institution, too—usually regarded as the aristocratic temple of science—has had its lectures on the same subject given by able and earnest men. Oxford and Cambridge have been roused from their repose, and compelled to give to Physical Science a place beside the classic throne. In addition to these examples we may add the numerous serials devoted to popular science, from which, however, we have chosen the two which are at the head of this article as being peculiarly illustrative. They are different in their characters. One of them is much more “popular” than the other, but its aim is not so high; they are the best and the cheapest of the scientific serials.

Although such strenuous exertions are now being made to give science its proper place in the schools, we must not fail to remember that the present efforts are but the renewal of equally zealous attempts, dating as far back as the commencement of the present century.

Standing, then, just within the circle of a new year, we can but inquire what are the manifest results of those efforts which have been spread over so large a portion of time and embraced so wide a space.

The reply is not so satisfactory as we could desire. There has been an extensive diffusion of knowledge, but the great mass of the people observe as imperfectly as they ever did, and draw imperfect conclusions from what they do observe. Science has been well said to be *trained and organized common sense*, yet we find common sense as much at fault now as it ever was. Notwithstanding the diffusion of scientific knowledge, the people remain defenceless against the practices of cheats. Surely the test of a correct education is the power which it gives the possessor of examining for himself. Let facts speak—the public will swallow any pill if it be only gilded with electricity. There is no tale too absurd for belief if it be asso-

ciated with magnetism; hence, the masses are constantly the dupes of specious pretenders and plausible charlatans. Facts of every-day occurrence show that the public are as open to the schemes of deceivers, and are as readily worked into a mania in 1855 as they were in the days of Mississippi bubble, or of *The Great Mine Adventure*.

Dr. Lardner has some remarks in his “*Essay on Weather Prognostics*” which are much to the purpose of our position.

“It is astonishing in this age of the diffusion of knowledge how susceptible the public mind is of excitement on any topic the principles of which do not lie absolutely on the surface of the most ordinary course of elementary education. It was only in the year 1832 that a general alarm spread throughout France lest Biela’s comet, in its progress through the solar system, should strike the earth; and the authorities in that country, with a view to tranquillize the public, induced M. Arago, the astronomer royal, to publish an essay on comets, written in a familiar and intelligible style, to show the impossibility of such an event. Several panics in England, connected with physical questions, have occurred within our memory. There prevailed in London a ‘water panic,’ during which the public were persuaded that the water supplied to the metropolis was destructive to health and life. While this lasted, the papers teemed with announcements of patent filtering machines; solar microscope makers displayed to the terrified Londoners troops of thousand-legged animals disporting in their daily beverage; publishers were busy with popular treatises on entomology; and the public was seized with a general hydrophobia. It was in vain that Brande analyzed the water at the London Institution and Faraday attempted to reason London into its senses. Knowledge ceased to be power; philosophy lost its authority. Time was, however, more efficacious than science; and the paroxysm of the disease having passed through the appointed phases, the people were convalescent.”—Vol. i. p. 68.

Still more strongly would similar remarks apply to the lamentable mania for table-turning and table-talking, and to the yet more recent disease connected with the discovery of gold in England. No amount of reasoning could carry conviction in the former case, and absolute ruin was the only argument which brought men to their senses in the latter.

There must be something radically wrong in the systems of education which have been hitherto adopted, otherwise men would, at least, form correct opinions on things which were occurring before their eyes, or, at least, they would be conscious of some fallacy, even if they could not detect it, when an in-

terpretation wide of the truth was volunteered by others for probably interested motives.

Our education has consisted mainly in learning the signs by which ideas are expressed or truths told. Would it not be an improvement to cultivate ideas and teach truths at the same time that a knowledge of the signs is being acquired?

It may be argued by some that this has been done; that the classic studies of our universities tend to awaken in the mind the highest powers of thought; and that mathematics and logic train the possessor in the use of those powers.

Mankind appears to advance in knowledge by one of two methods. The first, a process of abstract thought; the second, a system of inductive observation and deductive reasonings. In the great literatures of Greece and Rome which have descended to us we find principally examples of the former method, and our modern philosophy is an instance of the latter.

In the classic books we find beautiful truths. These truths were the result of psychological efforts, such as we rarely meet with now-a-days. The scholars of Athens or of Rome "saw through a glass darkly," and, aiming for light, they established a process of *thinking out* the truth. This was not exactly what we now signify by the word speculation; it was an inner process, such as we sometimes know to be in action in that state of the mind called *reverie*, when there is produced an exaltation of mental power—a *far-seeingness*. Hence those books are full of beauties which we cannot afford to lose, and they contain truths which every one must profit by who studies them. But let us not forget that

"Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off the crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild."

We must admit, however, that we have rarely risen from the study of a "book of sage antiquity" without feeling that it possessed a power of thought which advanced it above the condition of ordinary human efforts; that it gave indications of the mind's immortality, in the advances which were ever made to that condition of *pravedeo* which so nearly resembles prophetic power. Therefore we are far from desiring that the ancient philosophers or poets should be banished from our schools. We are not of that class which teaches utilities alone; and we believe the

present age is suffering from the miserable *cui bono* cry of the past thirty years. No truth, however abstract it may appear, becomes known to man without lifting him in the scale of intelligence, and it is certain eventually to have its application in purposes of high utility. A few examples of this will demand our attention presently. An eminent naturalist, whom it had pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to remove from the scene of his labors, in the very busiest year of his busy life—a man beloved by all who knew him, and regretted deeply as a real loss to the ranks of science—writes:—

"Far be it from me to disparage the educational value of the glorious literatures of Greece and Rome, or to withhold due honor from the many able and learned men who give dignity to their profession as educators. To them I would appeal for the rectifying of the evils of a one-sided education. I would implore them, in the name of Aristotle, the greatest of naturalists, and most admirable of observers—how great otherwise none knows better than they do—to avail themselves of that science upon which he laid so much stress, and through it to cultivate those tracts of the mind that now lie fallow and unproductive."—*Edward Forbes on the Relations of Natural History to Science and the Arts.*

The same teacher again says, so truly, that we may take the passage for our text on popular science:—

"The earliest efforts of infant intellect are directed towards the observation of natural objects. Animals, plants, minerals, are collected by the schoolboy, who delights to note their shape and qualities, and rudely to compare and classify. But the thirst for natural knowledge thus early and unmistakably manifested is rudely quenched by unpalatable draughts of scholastic lore administered too often by a tasteless pedagogue, who, blind to the indications of a true course of education, thus plainly pointed out by human nature, developing itself according to the laws of its own God-given constitution, prunes and trims, binds and cramps the youthful intellect into traditional and fantastic shapes; even as our gardeners of a past age tortured shrubs and trees into monstrous outlines, vainly fancying to improve their aspect, arresting the growth of the spreading boughs and the budding of the clustering foliage, mistaking an unhealthy formality for beauty."

Education is a term commonly employed with an exceedingly loose signification. One man conceives religious and moral training to be its aim and end; another interprets the term to signify reading, writing, and arithmetic; a third says it is teaching him those things by which he can best get his daily bread; and a fourth argues it is a knowledge

of "common things." Without undervaluing any of these views, we are not disposed to regard either of them as fully expressing our meaning of education, which, we think, should be a process of training, by which the reasoning powers of mankind may be improved, the perceptive faculties exalted, and the religious tendencies cultivated in the highest degree.

We desire to witness the realization of that state which Bacon looked forward to when in his "*Novum Organum*" he wrote—"Only let mankind regain their rights over nature, assigned to them by the gift of God; that power obtained, its exercise will be governed by right reason and true religion."

Man, when placed upon the earth, was instructed to *subdue it*; and it becomes a duty impressed upon the race by every religious and every moral consideration, to improve those powers which the great Creator of all things has given, that he may, indeed, become the subduer of nature, and the controller, in a limited sense, of physical agencies by which all phenomena are effected.

Science is only well-regulated common sense. Many are scared away from scientific studies by the difficulties which appear to stand at their very beginning. The difficulties of hard names and of the systems of classification which have been found necessary, appearing, like new languages, to be acquired only by persevering efforts. The principal cause why the labor of acquiring this preliminary knowledge is so great, may be traced to the defective nature of early education. Artificial instead of natural methods of training are adopted; the modes of thinking are constrained; and reasoning is directed by dogmatic power, along some circumscribed and one-sided path. As Professor Forbes has said, the young plant is cut and trimmed into some grotesque fashion, and all its natural beauties are destroyed.

All that is necessary to form that condition of mind which we desire, is to observe how nature works, and to follow out her indications. It may not be out of the place here to examine the progress of an individual mind in the pursuit of knowledge.

All knowledge is acquired by observation or by memory. We either observe for ourselves, or learn the results of observations made by others. The last method renders us dependent upon the mental powers of others, and induces the habit of thinking upon authority; the first generates an independent system of thought, which depends mainly upon the evidence of our senses. An au-

thority may be good or bad, reliable or otherwise; it is therefore important that we should have the power of examining into this for ourselves, and to do this it is necessary that we shall have improved our powers of observation.

The senses may deceive us; the eye, the ear, the nose, and the hand may lead us astray unless we are on the watch. The tricks of the conjurer and the deceptions of the ventriloquist furnish familiar examples of this, and the sciences of optics and chemistry supply instances of a striking character. Therefore it is necessary to train the organs of sense into correct methods of observation, and to learn to examine their evidences in juxtaposition with the evidences of well-tried authorities; to learn to observe correctly for ourselves, and to test these observations by the recorded views of acknowledged students in science.

An observing child finds a stone which has some striking peculiarity of form or color. He, without knowing, compares it with what he has seen before, or with other stones now spread around him. He has observed a fact, but unaided he can advance no further than this. He now seeks information from some authority, and he learns that his prize is a crystal, or some peculiar mineral. An intelligent mind will desire something more than this. What crystal? What mineral? will be questions on the inquiring lip. The crystal may be a diamond. How is this to be known? The mineral may be an ore of a valuable metal. How is this to be determined?

In whatever direction the fact observed may lie, the progress of inquiry is of the same order; and hence the importance of providing reliable books on popular science, that those who seek may find, and finding have no fear of being deceived.

Orr's "*Circles of the Sciences*" is peculiarly the kind of work we indicate. Men eminent in their respective walks of science are engaged in writing the treatises on the principles of the sciences—men who can speak with authority. Such men as Owen and Latham are conferring a lasting benefit on the popular literature of the day, by employing their pens in diffusing correct knowledge in the cheapest form.

Dr. Lardner's work, "*The Museum of Science and Art*," occupies another position and a most important one. The treatises included are essentially popular, and few men can popularize science so skilfully as Dr. Lardner. His extensive knowledge, the po-

lytechnic character of his mind, enables him to convey a larger amount of knowledge on a greater number of subjects, within given limits, than almost any other man. Therefore, "The Museum of Science and Art" is peculiarly adapted for awakening curiosity on any of the subjects of which it treats, while the "Circle of the Sciences" will, if it be continued as it has been begun, be equally adapted for guiding that curiosity and satisfying it.

A great number of books on popular science have, within a few years, been presented to the public. The amount of error in these books has been so large as to destroy the good effects of the truths which they have disseminated. Lectures on popular science are given at all our Mechanics' and Literary and Philosophical Institutions. These are usually single lectures, or if the lecturer is permitted to deliver two lectures in sequence, he must be in high favor. The class of lecturers on science in these institutions is generally low; there are but some half-dozen men having any reputation in the world of science who undertake lectures in these institutions of the people. Consequently truth and error are sadly blended together; the listeners have not the power of separating one from the other, the desultory system of lecturing leads to the worst possible habits of thought, or rather it destroys the power of thinking at all. Truth and error are amalgamated, and spread with all that assumption of knowledge which is the mask and domino in which ignorance performs its tricks.

Much as we talk of education, of popular science, and cheap scientific literature, we feel warranted in saying, that the spread of correct and useful scientific knowledge is as limited as the extension of pseudo-science has been wide. To improve this state of things, the books we have quoted will do much; we desire to see an extension in this direction, and to have the true philosophers of the age becoming the teachers of the people in their own institutions.

We hear men still inquiring what is the use of scientific knowledge. Let us answer by giving a few examples of the effects which arise from its want.

In the introductory treatise to the "Circle of the Sciences" we find the following:—

"For want of the knowledge of the crystalline form of the diamond, a gentleman in California offered £200 for a small specimen of quartz. The gentleman knew nothing of the substance, except that it was bright, shining mineral, excessively hard, not to be touched by the file, and

which would scratch glass. Presuming that those qualities belonged only to the diamond, he conceived he was offering a fair price for the gem. The offer was declined by the owner, who, had he known that the diamond was never found crystallized in the form of a six-sided prism terminated at each end by a six-sided pyramid, he would have been able to detect the fact, that, that for which he was offered £200 was really not worth more than half-a-crown."—*ib.* p. 19.

Owing to a want of knowledge of the fact that certain geological conditions are essentially necessary to the existence of coal, much money has been wasted in mining for fossil fuel where it could not be, by any possibility, found. It should be taught that over England the period of the coal formation was more recent than that which produced the *old* red sandstone and mountain limestone, and before that of the *new* red sandstones and the lias, all of which are much older than oolites and other tertiary formations. In rocks much older than those on which the coal was formed, the Silurian rocks of Radnorshire, deep pits have been sunk at an enormous cost. In the Wealden formations of Sussex, and the oolites of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, rock formations which are in the very youth of time compared with the antiquity of the true carboniferous period, extensive search has been made; and even within the last year men have seriously discussed the question of the existence of coal beneath our great metropolis. "A little knowledge" is, in such examples as those, proved to be indeed a "dangerous thing."

In mechanical science, mistakes of the most curious character are constantly being made through a want of knowledge of the laws of motion and gravitation. To give an example: A man of much natural intelligence had learned, that the velocity of water flowing from an orifice was determined by the height of the column of water above the point of efflux; and again he had read Newton's law, that action and reaction are always equal, but in contrary directions. These were two truths obtained, and he immediately set to work to apply them, without acquiring the additional knowledge necessary to correct the wanderings of a speculative mind. He proposed to place at the back of a railway carriage a tall tube of water; through a hole at the bottom of the tube this water was to flow out with a force due to the height, and he conceived the *reaction* of the force of the flowing fluid would propel the carriage in a contrary direction. Most elaborate calculations, founded on false data, were made—

considerable money was expended in the construction of a model—and, eventually, a costly journey undertaken with the view of “bringing out” this new motive power. Although a model carriage and much costly apparatus had been made, *an experiment had never been tried*. It was with difficulty, at last, that a man of science convinced this inventor of the fallacies of his schemes, all of which would have been apparent at first if he had sought to make himself acquainted with the laws of fluid pressure. Numerous examples from other departments of science might be given, if such were necessary. The advantages which men derive from a knowledge of science is a more agreeable theme, therefore we quote from the introductory essay to the “Circle of the Sciences” a few passages which show the utility of scientific knowledge under various circumstances:—

“Again, as to the animal kingdom, how large the mine of knowledge it embraces, and that of interest and importance not confined to the naturalist! The merchant, the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the traveller, the sportsman, have all to seek aid, in their several pursuits, from a knowledge of this department of natural history. Look to the value of our fisheries, and judge how available to the commercial world becomes this knowledge of animal nature. Nay more, but for our knowledge of natural history, one of our most important articles of food would in time have entirely disappeared from our waters. We allude to the salmon, the fry of which and the *parr* are now universally acknowledged to be identical—this fish is well known by the transverse dusky bars which mark its sides. Under the name of *parr*, it abounds in all salmon rivers; and until the researches of Mr. Shaw, Sir William Jardine, and others, proclaimed it to be the young of the salmon, it fell in thousands before the strategies of every village boy who possessed a crooked pin and a yard or two of line. Science has now established its value, and invoked regulations for its preservation. . . . A practical illustration of only a slight knowledge of zoology, presents itself in the case of a traveller or emigrant in some unknown country. He has pitched his tent, or raised his hut, and then he finds the locality infested by serpents. He is all anxiety and fear. He knows not what to do, whether to proceed to another spot, or to remain and brave the danger. Some acquaintance with the structure of reptiles would at once have decided his plans; for with the first he killed he could decide whether they were venomous or harmless. The former, and the common viper is one, possesses on either side of the head glands which secrete their venom; and, to conduct it to the wound they inflict upon their prey, they are furnished with two hollow but long, recurved, and sharply-pointed teeth in their upper jaw. The harmless serpents

have no such apparatus; and thus, the two genera are at once distinguished by the absence or presence of a fang. . . . A treatise might be written on the benefits which an acquaintance with the vegetable kingdom is capable of affording. Of how great use is it in strange countries to be able to distinguish plants fit for food from such as are poisonous, and to recognize those which have been employed in medicine, or in any one of the numerous arts to which the vegetable kingdom is subservient. Even an elementary knowledge of botany is of exceeding interest and importance. Travellers in unknown lands know full well that life or death often depends upon their acquaintance with the science—an acquaintance, it may be, not derived from learned treatises, but simply from little more than the ordinary observation of those edible plants with which all persons are familiar. But even this is still a knowledge of botany. An all-wise Providence has so arranged that plants may be associated into families from their external resemblances; and, further, that plants possessing such resemblances to each other have many properties in common. One of the great families of plants is the *crucifera* or turnip tribe, every member of which, marked by very obvious characters, is easily recognized, and scarcely to be mistaken, and all are remarkable for edible and antiscorbutic properties. The crew which accompanied Vancouver in the expedition of 1792 suffered severely from scurvy, and from want of vegetable food. The surgeon advised that they should make the first land; and at Cape Horn he found a plant, resembling spinach, which he directed to be used as food, with the happiest effects. The icosandrous plants, or such as have an indefinite number of stamens attached to the calyx, are remarkable for their fidelity to this law. They are all edibles, and are represented by the apple and the pear tribes, the cherry, the strawberry, &c. There is another great family, the grasses, the members of which exceed those of any other class in number and in their essential importance to the whole animal creation. This family comprehends the grasses, commonly so called—the wheat, oat, barley, rye, &c.—of our temperate climate, and the sugar canes of tropical regions, and all possess the common properties of being nutritious and healthful. During Lord Anson's voyages, on the failure of provisions, the mariners landed and found vegetables, which, although unknown, were recognized as belonging to this great family, and proved to be highly beneficial.” —lb. p. 20.

The worth of knowledge is indeed inestimable, and, to such a community as ours, remarkable for its persevering industry exerted upon nature's raw material, what knowledge can exceed in value a knowledge of science?

We know there are people who still conceive science to be some mysterious thing, curious enough in its way, since they have seen beautiful experiments performed with electricity and in chemistry; but they cannot

see how mankind has been benefited. A few words on this. An old Grecian philosopher noticed that amber (electron) when rubbed, possessed a peculiar attractive power. The curious fact was noted, and nothing more. At length it was discovered that sulphur and glass became attractive or repellant under similar conditions. Hence the first electrical machine—a ball of sulphur fixed on an axis, with a bar of iron as prime conductor, held by silken strings. Curiosity was awakened by the strange phenomena which presented themselves, and powerful electrical machines were soon made. Eventually Benjamin Franklin thought he saw indications that the brilliant spark from the prime conductor of a machine bore some relation to the terrific flash of the thunder-storm. He sent a prepared kite into the air, and realizing the fable of Prometheus, Franklin drew fire from Heaven. This grand experiment soon produced great practical results. Men learned how to protect themselves from the devastating storm. The conductor was made to discharge quietly into the earth the electricity of the over-charged air—to drain the lightning from the cloud—and quietly to restore the equilibrium of power which nature is always seeking to maintain. While in this direction the men of science were investigating the phenomena of frictional electricity, Galvani observed what he considered to be indications of animal electricity in the convulsive motion of frogs when placed in contact with two dissimilar metals. Volta, however, soon corrected this error, and showed that the electricity was due to the chemical action of the moisture on the frog's body on the metal employed. Chemical-voltaic electricity, or galvanism, was thus discovered, and the voltaic battery became, in the hands of Davy, an agent capable of breaking up the most powerful chemical affinities, and of proving to the world that the earths, magnesia and lime, clay, and the alkalies, potash and soda, were metals combined with oxygen. The chemical effects of the electric current being thus determined, Mr. Spencer of Liverpool taught mankind to use it in metallurgy, and hence all the processes of electrotype and electro-plating. Magnetism had long been thought to be a form of electrical force, its attractive and repelling power so much resembled that of an electrified body. Oersted of Copenhagen first proved to the world the real relation of the two forms of force. He showed that a magnet always placed itself at right angles to the direction of an electric

current. Sturgeon—a man to whom too little honor has been done—a self-educated man, who rose from a common soldier to become a teacher of science in England—Sturgeon showed that a bar of soft iron placed at right angles to a current of electricity become a magnet. Great has been the result of these discoveries. Wheatstone saw the useful part which this electric current might play, and to him we owe the electric telegraph, which now, over land and under ocean, carries from one end of Europe to the other man's messages, regardless of time or space.

In "The Museum of Science and Art" will be found by far the most complete account of the Electric Telegraph in all its varieties which has yet been given to the world. The value of this instrument scarcely requires a word from us, it is now so evident to all; but the following experiment, prepared and performed by M. Leverrier, the celebrated astronomer, and Dr. Lardner, will show its powers:—

"Two wires, extending from the room in which we operated to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire extending to Lille and back, making a total distance of 336 miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several coils of wire wrapped with silk were obtained, measuring in their total length 746 miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continuous wire measuring 1082 miles. A message consisting of 282 words was then transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgment in fifty-two seconds—being at the average rate of five words and four-tenths per second! By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of 1000 miles at the rate of 19,500 words per hour."

Appropriately does Dr. Lardner quote the singularly beautiful words of Job—"Canst thou send the lightnings that they may go and say unto Thee, Here we are!" Job xxxviii. 35. The Electric Telegraph Company alone have now organized communications over 4625 miles of country—this involves the use of 25,233 miles of wire. In the six months ending June 30, 1854, they had communicated 235,867 messages, for which they had received £62,435. The telegraphic wires of various companies now reach from Aberdeen in the North to Viterbe and Corsica in the South. From Cork in

the West to Lemberg and New Orsova in the East. They reach from Königsberg in the Baltic to Marseilles and Toulon in the Mediterranean. These wondrous wires are now being laid over the bed of this great inland sea, and will shortly unite Africa and Europe. Reaching Egypt, they will quickly extend still further eastward. In our Indian possessions 3000 miles of telegraph are now in course of construction—these will eventually, without doubt, meet the wires from Egypt—and London may then convey instantaneous message to Bengal or Calcutta.

In the United States of America there were at the commencement of 1854 telegraphs extending over 41,392 miles, and now an electric telegraph is projected to unite the Mississippi with San Francisco, a distance of 2400 miles. Such are the great results which have sprung from the abstract truth observed by Oersted, that a magnet placed itself at right angles to the direction of an electric current.

The extension of our railroad system, too, which has facilitated in so remarkable a manner the means of transit, completely altering indeed the relations of town to town as it regards distance, is entirely due to the original investigations of an instrument maker of Glasgow.

["Many are old enough," says Dr. Lardner, "to remember the time when persons, correspondence, and merchandise were transported from place to place in this country by stage coaches, vans, and wagons. In those days the fast coach, with its team of spanking blood-horses and its bluff driver, with broad-brimmed hat and drab box coat, from which a dozen capes were pendant; who handled the ribbons with such consummate art, could pick a fly from the ear of the off-leader, and turn into the gateway at Charing Cross with the precision of a geometrician, were the topics of the unbounded admiration of the traveller. Certain coaches obtained a special celebrity and favor with the public. We cannot forget how the eye of the traveller glistened when he mentioned the Brighton "Age," the Glasgow "Mail," the Shrewsbury "Wonder," or the Exeter "Defiance." The "Age," which made its trip in five hours—and the "Defiance," which acquired its fame by completing the journey between London and Exeter in less than thirty hours.

"Let us imagine that such a person were to affirm that his contemporaries would live to see a coach like the "Defiance," making its trip between London and Exeter, not in thirty, but in five hours, and drawn, not by two-hundred blood-horses, but by a moderate-sized stove and four bushels of coal!"

Dr. Robison relates that he called on

James Watt and found him with a small tin cylinder between his knees—and that Watt with all the joy of a great discoverer, like Archimedes with his shout of *Eureka*—proclaimed the discovery of a *real steam-engine*, with arrangements for condensation and for preventing loss of heat. Those who constructed engines moved by steam before the time of Watt, took steam as they found it, and when it had done its work of raising the piston it was allowed to escape, and the weight of the atmosphere forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. These men, ingenious and industrious, were precisely in the situation of those who are now endeavoring to apply electricity as a motive power, or as an illuminating agent. They take voltaic power—that is, the batteries,—as they find them, and they attempt to apply the power developed, perfectly ignorant of the physical conditions which regulate the force, unable to follow out the train of research,—in which alone any hope is found,—necessary to the improvement of the means for developing electricity, and of collecting and retaining it when developed. Watt knew what Papin, Savery, Newcomen, and Smeaton had done. He saw that the philosophy of the force was not understood—that the relations of heat and steam were very imperfectly known. He established a set of inductive experiments. Nature disclosed her secrets to the ardent evocator—and Watt secured for the world a source of unlimited power—a magazine of uncountable wealth. Not by electricity and by heat alone has mankind advanced in knowledge and in power—light, the most ethereal of the physical forces, has been compelled to do man's bidding.

The astronomer, by studying the laws of what is, unfortunately, called the polarization of light, has been enabled to determine the physical condition of the sun's surface—the existence of a *photosphere* or a gaseous envelope of *light* has by this means been proved. The maritime surveyor by polarized light is enabled to determine, with great exactness, the depth of water above a coral reef while yet many miles distant from the deceptive shoal, insuring thus the safety of the ship, and avoiding the labor of sounding. The sugar-refiner knows by the use of the polariscope when his syrup is in the proper state for crystallization, and beyond this, where, as in France, sugar is obtained from the beet-root or the parsnip, it enables him to decide, with unerring exactness, the condition of the crop, and thus to secure the largest quantity of saccharine matter. These and

many other valuable applications are derived from the discovery of a French engineer officer that the light of the setting sun reflected from a window open, on its hinges, at a certain angle, differed in some respects from light reflected at any other angle.

Photography, too, affords us numerous examples of the value of every scientific truth, however abstract it may be. An alchemist observed a salt of silver to blacken in the sunshine, and thus we learned the chemical power of the solar rays. By the agency of the sunbeam, we are now in possession of faithful representations of Egypt's wondrous ruins, with all their hieroglyphic records. The Temples of the Assyrian monarchs are no sooner opened to the light of day, than the solar pencil is made to draw them on the prepared papers of the explorer. Our portfolio contains photographic pictures of the Pagodas of Birmah, with portraits of the priests and the people—the classic ruins of Rome, and the Palatial Halls of Venice;—the cathedrals of the continent from Moscow to Madrid, and the fanes of our own land;—portraits, too, of friends lost to us in the flesh for ever; of heroes and philosophers; of beasts, birds, and even of fishes, all taken from the life, and each in its native element.

Photography aids the engineer, becoming his clerk of the works. Mr. Vignolles builds a suspension bridge in Russia, and weekly in London he receives pictures, which cannot tell an untruth, showing every stone that has been laid, every chain that has been hung. Photography comes to our aid, too, in the sad necessities of war. The coasts and fortresses of the Baltic were taken by means of

the camera obscura, with singular fidelity from the deck of a steamer, rolling on a restless sea, and borne onward at the rate of ten knots an hour. These are but a few of the triumphs which are derived from man's having noticed that a peculiar salt of silver—the chloride of silver—blackens in the sunshine.

Surely with such examples as these, and they might be multiplied ten-fold, none can deny the advantages of science as a branch of popular education. Let us, however, guard against the introduction of an inefficient system of instruction; one error perpetuated, does more real mischief than two truths gained can do good. The child should be encouraged to employ his observing faculties, and to examine the things which he observes. The natural system should be followed, and the artificial system avoided. A truth should be impressed on the mind of the child as a "thing of beauty," not for the mere value to be obtained by its practical application. The habit of looking at science as a commercial aid, of weighing truth in the scale of a chapman, is degrading in every way. The discovery of truths by the agency of inductive science is of the most exalting character to the minds employed, and the deductions of the philosopher should lift the student above the earthy world. In teaching truths—in rendering science popular—the object should be to show the bearings of *abstract* discoveries on great natural phenomena, and to advance the young mind from the consideration of nature, to the contemplation of the Almighty Creator, by whom all things have been commanded into being.

THE BRITISH BLIND.—In Great Britain and the Islands of the British Seas there are 21,487 persons—11,273 males and 10,214 females—returned as totally blind. The number in England and Wales is 18,306 of both sexes; in Scotland, 3,010; and in the Islands of the British Seas, 171 persons. These numbers furnish a proportion relatively to the whole population of 1 blind in every 975 persons in Great Britain, 1 in every 979 in England and Wales, 1 in 960 in Scotland, and 1 in 837 in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. These results admit

of favorable comparison with the relative numbers in Ireland, which, according to the Census, are one in every 864 inhabitants. In the level portions of Europe, comprising Belgium, Hanover, parts of Germany, and the plains of Lombardy and Denmark, the proportion is stated to be 1 blind in every 950 inhabitants—but slightly differing from the average of Great Britain. In more elevated regions the proportion is considerably lower; but in Norway it is found to be 1 in every 482 inhabitants.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LONDON STOUT.

ONE of the earliest things to strike the attention of our country cousins is the universal appearance of the names of certain firms, painted in the largest letters upon the most florid backgrounds of the numerous public-house signs of the metropolis. "What does 'Reid's Entire' mean?" asked a fair friend of ours the other day, looking up with her brown eyes as though she had asked something very foolish, and pointing to the puzzling inscription upon a neighboring sign-board. And, no doubt, a similar question continually arises in the minds of more worldly-wise people, and passes out again unanswered. Henceforth then, good people all, know that the word "entire," as a writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* states, arose in the following manner: "Prior to the year 1730, publicans were in the habit of selling ale, beer, and twopenny, and the 'thirsty souls' of that day were accustomed to combine either of these in a drink called half-and-half. From this they proceeded to spin 'three threads' as they called it, or to have their glasses filled from each of the three taps. In the year 1730, however, a certain publican, named Horwood, to save himself the trouble of making this triune mixture, brewed a liquor intended to imitate the taste of the 'three threads,' and to this he applied the term 'entire.' This concoction was approved, and being puffed as good porter's drink, it speedily came to be called porter itself." The universal diffusion of this mild stimulant is indicated by other means, however, than the signs; you cannot go along a quiet street but you either see the potman, with his little rack of quart mugs brimmed with the frothy liquid, or rattling the shiny pots against the rails by their suspending strap; you cannot pass in between the ever-opening doors of the public without seeing the dilated eyes of some "thirsty soul" as he drinks peering over the rim of the nigh-exhausted pewter. Great is the demand thereof; whence comes the supply? From what porterian springs issue these dark and foam-crowned floods?

To find one of these, our attention was the other day directed into that neighborhood of the metropolis where, through the large glazed attic-windows, we see the glowing silks and satins just issuing new-born from the loom. In the very midst of Spitalfields stands the enormous brewery of the Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., which covers nearly six acres of ground, and which, looked at from above, has more the appearance of a town itself than of a private manufacturing establishment. We selected this brewery for inspection for the reason that it stands at the head of the list as far as production goes, by the last returns of 1853; when, according to the statement of the excise, the quantity of malt consumed by the large porter and ale brewers of the metropolis stood thus:

	Quarters.
Truman, Hanbury, & Co.,	140,000
Barclay, Perkins, & Co.,	129,382
Meux & Co.,	66,509
Reid & Co.,	63,450
Elliot, Watney, & Co.,	39,131
Mann, Crossman, & Co.,	34,730
Taylor, Walker, & Co.,	22,110
Goding & Co.,	17,515
Courage & Co.,	16,481
Wood & Co.,	12,484
Tubbs, Wilks, & Cowell,	9,615

Whitbread & Co., Combe & Co., Hoare & Co., Calvert & Co., and Charrington, Head, & Co., did not make any return for 1853, so we cannot give the quantity of malt used by them. However, not one of them comes at all near the two eminent firms which stand at the head of the list.

Let us enter, then, the great establishment of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., and witness the Brobdignagian brew which is perpetually going on there. The first thing that strikes the spectator's attention is the total revolution which takes place in his own mind as regards his own proper dimensions, and those of his kind who are moving about. A stalwart six-foot drayman, with a pair of shoulders worthy of Atlas, shrinks

down in the great brewhouse to the size of a pigmy. All familiar ideas of the relative proportion of things give way at once to a confused sort of thought that the kingdom of Brobdignag is come again, and that the little mites we see about are so many Gullivers. What other feeling can a man entertain who travels round the beer barrels of the establishment by means of iron staircases, and, after an exhausting climb, peeps fearfully into the interior with the same sort of giddy sensation with which he looks down the shaft of the Thames Tunnel? The largest of these vessels are termed the mash-tuns; of these there are two, each containing 800 barrels of the ordinary dimensions. In these the malt and hops are boiled after being mashed up with hot water, the process of mashing being performed by a revolving spindle with huge arms, exactly like a chocolate mill. Steam is of course the great arm which works incessantly the Titanic implements. Steam in fact does everything; it lifts the malt up from the wagons into the lofts by means of a Jacob's ladder, or collection of little boxes working upon an endless gutta percha chain; it removes it from one granary to another by means of an Archimedian screw, working in a long cylinder; it lifts the barrels up an inclined plane; it cleans the dirty ones in a very singular manner, as we shall show by-and-by; it attends to the fires, and thus keeps up its own constitution; it stirs up with a great spoon the malt and the hops, and pumps, day and night, perfect floods of liquor from one part of the brewhouse to the other.

After the process of mashing, the wort is pumped up into a large copper, of which there are five, containing from 300 to 400 barrels each, where the wort is boiled with the hops, of which often two tons are used in a day.* The boiling beer is now pumped up to the coolers. To get a sight of these the visitor has to perform a climbing process similar to that required to get at the upper gallery of St. Paul's, and, when he has reached the highest point ladders are capable of taking him, he finds his nose on a level with a black sea, whose area presents a sur-

face of 32,000 square feet. This large surface is partly open to the air and to the soot, of which, of course, it would receive a large deposit under the ordinary circumstances of factory chimnies pouring out volumes of smoke; but we shall have to explain, by-and-by, how it is that in this brewery at least smoke is not. From the coolers the beer runs down into four enormous vats, each of which contains no less than 50,000 gallons. These four vats are ranged side by side, and towards the upper half an iron gallery runs so as to give the brewer's men access to the apertures by which their interiors are viewed. These apertures are square, and about the size of the port of a man-of-war, having sliding shutters so adjusted that the vat can be filled without leaking. As you walk along this gallery and look into these ports, one after another, it seems as though you were looking into the hold of a hundred and twenty gun ship, except that about halfway down the black porter is seen, with huge floating islands of barm, which revolve round and round, like the foam in some deep, dark pool at the foot of a cataract. The fermenting process is allowed to go on here for two nights and a day, and consequently an immense quantity of carbonic gas is developed, which, however, on account of its density, always keeps as close as possible to the surface of the liquid; the men can detect the height to which it has risen within an inch or two with the bare hand, which immediately becomes sensible of the thick warm feel of this poisonous vapor. When the fermentation has proceeded a sufficient length of time, the beer is drained into what may be called yeast-traps, or into a long double row of smaller vats, called Rounds, the partially-opened lids of which communicate with a wooden trough running down the middle of the row.

As the beer rises to the top of these receptacles it lifts up the yeast, which no sooner reaches the level of the side-shoots running into the central trough than off it goes, and in this manner immense quantities of yeast are speedily cleared away by the force of its own gravity. It has always been a matter of wonder to us how the brewers can keep the yeast under, considering the extraordinary manner in which the parasite multiplies itself under favorable circumstances. However, the world is not deluged with yeast, so, we suppose, our fears are groundless: the distillers, we are given to understand, take all the surplus produced by the brewing process. The beer is now thoroughly concocted, and it only requires storing in order that

* We may observe that, many years ago, one of the brewer's men had the misfortune to fall into one of these tuns, and was of course instantly destroyed. On this occasion, the whole contents of the vessel, to the amount of 800 barrels, was immediately allowed to flow into the gutters, at a loss to the firm of 1000*l.* at least, a fact which does the greatest credit to the good feeling of this princely house.

it may ripen before it is distributed. The time that it is necessary to store it depends on its destination; that which has to go into the country or abroad requiring a longer period of rest than that which is to be consumed immediately.

But the storing vats!—these are sights indeed. The spectator sees vista after vista opening upon him, long drawn aisles of porter vats, a pillared shade of stout. Of these vats, supported upon iron columns, there are no less than 134, and when full they hold the enormous quantity of 3,500,000 gallons of porter. The Messrs. Hanbury & Co. brewed last year no less than 400,000 barrels of ale and porter, or twenty-five million tumblers, more than enough to float a seventy-gun ship. It is generally supposed that the great brewers get their supplies of water from the Thames, and that the very impurities of the king of rivers give that "body" to the liquor, to which its filling properties are attributed. This is a vulgar error; not even the brewers who live upon the stream use its polluted waters, but obtain their supplies from Artesian wells sunk to a very considerable depth; the well at Messrs. Hanbury's is 520 feet deep, and those of other brewers, according to their size, are of a proportionate depth. It might be imagined that the immense supplies drawn from these wells—in the brewery under notice it is more than half a million barrels a-year—must have a very great effect upon the wells of houses and smaller factories. The water beneath London has, in the last twenty-five years, sunk as many feet; and it is stated among the trade that the Artesian streams of the great breweries, situated upon opposite sides of the Thames and more than half a mile apart, at one time so affected each other that they were obliged to obtain their supplies on alternate days. If the fall of water underneath London has been so great, however, it is gratifying to know that it has been serviceably used on the surface in nourishing the bodies and cleansing the skins of such a vast population as we find living in the metropolis.

The Messrs. Hanbury are both porter and ale brewers; some houses, such as Meux & Co., and Reid & Co., brew porter alone. The popular idea seems to be that there is some considerable difference in the method of manufacturing the two liquids, but this is not the case; the dark color of the porter is entirely owing to the malt being charred in the kiln, instead of simply dried.

By Act of Parliament, beer and porter can only be made of malt and hops, the

great council of the nation having omitted all mention of the water, but the brewers, we suppose, may be pardoned for the illegal addition of so necessary an ingredient.

Malt and hops, as might be imagined, constitute an enormous item in the manufacture of the beer of the metropolis. The house of Hanbury & Co. alone paid last year the enormous sum of 400,000*l.* for the malt they consumed, and 1,400,000*l.* for hops. To produce this ingredient in its best condition, great care is taken by all the large brewers. Agents are located in the three eastern counties, which are the principal home of John Barleycorn: these attend the markets, carefully select the best samples, and malt it for their employers, charging a commission for their trouble. The malt is sent up to London as it is required, and stored in the bins of the establishment. These bins are in due proportion to the enormous size of the establishment, each one measuring twenty feet across, and about thirty-five feet deep. The hops employed by the brewers are obtained directly from the hop merchants. As they cannot be adulterated, not so much care is necessary in the agency by which they are obtained.

Having taken a hasty glance of the manner in which ale and porter are produced, let us examine the means by which they are distributed. As soon as the liquid is sufficiently ripe, it is racked off from the enormous store vats, which we have before described, into casks such as ordinary mortals are accustomed to behold. Of these, of course, there is always an enormous number on the establishment of the Messrs. Hanbury; there were no less than 80,000 belonging to the establishment when we visited it; each of these casks, when new, is worth a guinea, so that here alone we have 84,000*l.* worth of property employed. Few of these casks are manufactured on the premises, but they are all repaired and cleaned here, after they have been returned from the publicans. It is a curious sight to see the enormous number of barrels piled in the yard, and the active detachment of coopers, of whom there are sixty-six, hammering and fitting, and walking round and round at their work. Some of the barrels smell so horribly that they are obliged to be broken up; the most charitable idea is, that they must have been used by the publicans as wash tubs or dog kennels. The manner in which the insides of the casks are made sweet is one of the most observable things in the brewery. You see in the distance a multitude of casks, in a

double row, waltzing, and tumbling, and performing a number of gymnastic feats, as though they were practicing for the profession of the acrobat. All this goes on under a clinking of chains, such as a score of Mac-heaths would make dancing in fetters. On a stricter examination, you perceive that steam machinery is here brought into play to supersede human labor. The casks are placed in iron frames, which rotate in every conceivable manner; and whilst these gyrations are going on, you hear a rumbling in the interior of each barrel which testifies to an internal agony of no ordinary kind. On inquiring what caused these dismal moans, the gentleman who kindly showed us round the establishment mildly drew forth from a bung hole about a couple of yards of chain, studded with sharp cones, and explained how religiously these cones went into the corners, and worked about every inch of the interior of the devoted cask. We think it a pity that the ingenious engineer who devised this apparatus had not lived in the dark ages, to have exerted his skill in constructing refined torturing instruments for the benefit of the poor enduring mortals of that period. He is throwing himself away upon barrels, that is clear.

To convey these barrels, when filled, to the publicans, we have the splendid stud of horses fitted to draw such noble liquor, and the army of draymen worthy to drive them:

He who drives fat oxen
Should himself be fat.

The stables of these horses are the most interesting show-places of the establishment, especially to the ladies. There are two of these, containing stallage for 130 horses, the number employed by the firm. Over the rack of each stall, the name of the horse is painted, and here you see Heroes, Dukes, Wellingtons, Milkmaids, Alexanders, Smilers, &c., eating away in profound ignorance of the honorable and pleasant names they bear. These are, however, only show names; each horse, it is true, always goes, when at home, under his label, but the drayman has generally a pet name of his own, to which they affectionately answer. These fine animals come principally from Lincolnshire, and are, we imagine, of Flemish origin; they cost, on an average, 70*l.* each, and last seven years. People imagine that they get so fat on the grains of the brewery, but this is an error; they are fed on the best oats, and work accordingly. The intelligence of these animals must have often been remarked by the reader as he has passed along and ob-

served them pulling the empty barrels out of the publicans' cellars,—which is, by-the-by, tougher work than it looks, and there have been many instances of horses having been dragged into vaults by the weight of some of the heavier casks. These beasts are by nature good-tempered, but many of them become completely soured, by little boys, who steal horse hairs from their long tails, while the draymen are down in the publicans' cellars.

The draymen of this establishment are eighty in number. Perhaps these brewers' laborers are the most powerful body of men in existence. They are taller than the guardsmen, and heavier by a couple of stone. The dress of the drayman is peculiar: he wears a large loose smock frock extending to the knees, and over this a thick leathern kind of tippet, which covers the shoulders, and comes down in front like an apron. The simple line of the costume makes the man appear still taller than he is. The size of these men is not owing to the *unlimited beer* which it is popularly supposed they have at command. They are all picked on account of their inches, and are limited to a certain amount of free stout every day. The extensive stock of horses kept here necessitates a number of stable attendants; of these and farriers there are twenty-one, so that the Messrs. Hanbury & Co. could, if they pleased, furnish a troop of the very *heaviest cavalry* at a moment's notice.

Let us, by way of contrast, pass from the dray-horses and the draymen—which “are of the earth, earthy”—into the painter's shop of the establishment, or rather into the artist's studio, for here is it not only a mere matter of letter-painting we have to contemplate, but the fine arts! The mere painter's shop, it is true, is full of nothing but “Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's Entire,” “Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's Ale,” &c., painted on the brightest of backgrounds; but there is a little sanctum, wherein the fancy work is done. When we entered this, we beheld the artist pleasantly contemplating the picture of a camel-leopard cropping the branches of an overhanging tree, and very well it was done too; and so we told our friend, who, with palette in hand, informed us it was for the sign of the tavern in the immediate vicinity of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The artist no doubt dwelt over the work with the more care, in order that no disparaging remarks might be made by persons who might have had an opportunity of seeing the spotted and tawny original so close at hand. The line taken by Messrs. Hanbu-

ry's painter does not appear to be very clearly defined. We were afraid to ask him how many Red Lions he had painted in his time, or how finished he had become in portraits of the Marquis of Granby. We can answer, however, for his proficiency in the subject of White Harts, and he was putting the last touch of gilt upon a gigantic carved bunch of grapes, with all the artistic sensitiveness of a Lance.

The large brewers of the metropolis always furnish the signs to the publicans who sell their beer and porter. We were informed at the Messrs. Hanbury's that they had sent out last year 400 new ones, and repaired 350 at a cost of 1300*l.*; these sign-boards remain the property of the brewers supplying them. Many people have an idea that the great brewers take and entirely furnish taverns for those that will become agents for the sale of their beer; this is another popular error. The brewers, however, are in the habit of advancing a sum of money upon the publican's lease, but no bargain is entered into, we have been given to understand, by which the publican is compelled, in return, to sell their goods; if, however, the brewer holds the lease, that follows as a matter of course. It is obviously to the advantage of the brewers to obtain trustworthy venders for their ale and porter, as their names stand as guarantees of the goodness of the article sold within, and a dishonest man has it in his power to damage a brewer in the public estimation by adulterating his beer. This may be done in many ways; firstly, by simply sugaring and watering it, the commonest method of all; secondly, by dosing it with salt and tobacco, in order that the toper's "appetite may grow with that it feeds on;" and thirdly, by imbittering it with quassia, in order to give it a hoppy flavor. The idea that ale is sometimes adulterated with strychnine, a little time ago very prevalent, was quite a mistaken one, as that drug is by far too expensive to be used for such a purpose.

To return, however, to our subject. From what we have said, it will be seen that the Messrs. Hanbury are, in fact, to a very great extent, their own tradesmen. Thus there is a cooperage, a farrier's shop, a millwright's shop, a carpenter's shop, a wheelwright's shop, and a painter's shop, and a little artist's studio. The different buildings in which all these trades are carried on surround the central yard or beer-barrel depôt, and they make up, in short, a very respectable village. Here is a list of this little industrial army.

Brewer's men and stokers	35
Mill-loft men	7
Draymen	80
Storehousemen	39
Coopers	66
Stablemen and farriers	21
Millwrights and engine-drivers	17
Carpenters and brickmakers	32
Wheelwrights	4
Painters	18
Bricklayers	40

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This number is exclusive of the higher class of skilled labor employed in the direction of the establishment and in the counter. The heads of the different departments are filled by the partners in the house, of which we have been given to understand there are eight, and that six of these take an active part in the business. A general council decides all matters of importance, but each partner is responsible for some particular department. Thus one manages the publican department. The different houses under his management might be looked upon as his colonies; from them flows in the main part of the revenue of the firm, and in return he assists them in their need. In this office he is assisted by one of the younger partners. The head of this department has also the important duty of purchasing the supplies of hops required by the house—a duty which requires for its proper fulfilment great judgment and experience. Another of the partners presides over the malt department; he looks over all the samples of barley and malt, and to him the different maltsters employed by the firm always appeal. The storehouse also is under his eye, and his is the important duty of seeing that the ale and porter manufactured is sent in good condition to the customers. One of the younger partners acts as his lieutenant in this arduous and responsible post. To the principal partner is entrusted the financial department. Through his hands pass the enormous sums of moneys paid and received, the total amount of which may be guessed from the sum already mentioned as having been expended last year in the purchase of malt and hops alone. Another partner presides over the export trade—a very large and growing department, now that so many English mouths accustomed to wholesome English ale and porter are to be found in America and Australia. Another manages the cooperage, and has control over the eighty thousand barrels subject to the firm, which, if placed together end to end,

would extend forty-five miles in length; in addition to which he manages the country trade, which is very large in the manufacturing towns, where the signs of the firm are almost as well known as in London. After the ministers, or *council of six*, come the clerks; of these there are forty employed. Their stations are various. The most important is a gentleman who looks after the publicans; one is engineer, architect, and surveyor; others are spread among the storehouses, the brewery, and the cooperage; and some collect the moneys of the firm, whilst the remainder act as clerks in the counting-house.

Steam power, as we have shown, is extensively used throughout the brewery. There is one feature, however, connected with the product of the steam to which we wish to call special attention, as it is a matter of the utmost importance to the public in whatever light we look at it.

There are sixteen large furnace-chimneys in connection with the brewery, which of old used to pour forth a cloud of smoke from morning to night. The blacks arising therefrom would have been nuisance enough in any neighborhood, but in the centre of Spitalfields, the seat of the hand-loom weaver, it was destructive in the highest degree; the fine satins and expensive silks manufactured here were always more or less damaged whilst issuing from the loom itself. It became a matter of importance, therefore, to put a stop as far as possible to so serious an evil; and as early as the year 1848, long before the Smoke Consuming Act was passed, the Messrs. Hanbury & Co. made an experiment upon one of the furnaces with Jucke's smoke-consuming apparatus, which entirely succeeded, and they have since successively applied it to all the furnaces. The apparatus is exceedingly simple, and never gets out of order. The principle of action is to supply the fuel to the bottom of the furnace; by so doing all the smoke has to pass through the fire instead of over and away from it, as in the ordinary manner. The way this is accomplished is very simple. An endless-jointed and rather open blanket-chain, the width of the furnace, is made to revolve over two rollers placed at either end of the fire. This chain consequently forms the base or platform upon which the coal rests. One end of this revolving platform extends a couple of feet or so beyond the furnace door, and on this portion a quantity of screened or dust coal is always kept. When a fresh supply of fuel is required, the engineer has only to turn a handle, the chain works on a couple

of feet, and whilst the coal is insinuated under the clinkers at one end, the refuse is worked out of the furnace at the other. In order to test the power of this invention to consume the smoke, we were taken up to the roof of the brewery, which commands a view of the fourteen tall chimneys belonging to it. Not a particle of opaque vapor could be seen emerging from any one of them; in fact, they looked as idle as the "silly buckets on the deck," in the *Ancient Mariner*. These smokeless shafts, however, were a fine prospect, and as we gazed upon them, the atmosphere in the future, like a dissolving process in the views at the Polytechnic, became exquisitely clear, the newly-built columns came out sharp against the sky, the clouds of soot from St. Paul's dropped down like a black veil, and all the city, in our mind's eye, stood before us at mid-day, as clear, bright, and crisp as Paris appears from the Arc de Triomphe. Sooner or later this vision must be a reality; the great factories within the limits of the city must consume their own smoke according to law; and now that Dr. Arnott has applied the same apparatus to the domestic hearth, we may reasonably hope to see every grate consume its own smoke. The best incentive to manufacturers to apply the new apparatus is the fact that the saving in the consumption and prime cost of the fuel used is thereby considerable. The following is an account of the saving effected at Messrs. Hanbury & Co.'s brewery. It will be seen that as furnace after furnace was fitted with the apparatus, its economical operation became more apparent:—

	£	s.	d.
July 1st, 1848	69	4	0
" 1849	631	4	0
" 1850	1606	0	0
" 1851	1925	12	0
" 1852	1906	0	0
" 1853	2200	0	0
	8338	0	0
Deduct from this cost of apparatus	3000	0	0
Casualties and sundries	350	0	0
Total saving during the whole time it has been in operation	4988	0	0

Now every chimney is fitted, it will be seen the annual saving is upwards of 2000*l. per annum*. This saving, we are told, is brought about not by the consumption of a less weight of fuel, but owing to the screenings or dust of coal only being required for the furnaces. But there can be no doubt that the actual consumption of the smoke or volatile coal must have something to do with the above

very satisfactory state of things. We are given to understand that a similar apparatus has been erected in Price & Co.'s Patent Candle factory at Lambeth with the same satisfactory result; and we have not the slightest doubt that the time is very near at hand when the thousands of chaldrons of floating coal in the air which now descend upon our linen and our furniture, to the deterioration in the capital alone of millions a year, will speedily be remembered as an "institution of the dark ages."

A still more interesting question to us, however, is that of the "moral smoke" in connection with the people employed in this brewery, and of the measures taken by the firm to consume it. Some time since, the pages of this Magazine contained an interesting account of the schools and other arrangements established by the managers of the Belmont Patent Candle Factory for the mental and physical benefit of their work-people. We are glad to find that in this great brewery the partners have been also mindful of the moral and intellectual condition of their work-people. A Library containing nearly 2000 volumes has been provided. These books are lent out to read, and however little of the look of the student the burly drayman might have about him, we can assure the reader that very extensive use has been made of this lending library. A short time since a reading-room was added, but this has not turned out so successful. The only time

that the persons employed in the brewery could attend would of course be after the hours of labor, and it is found that, either from the men being too tired to return to the brewery, or from a disinclination to do so, the place is but little used.

The proprietors have had more success with what appears to us the most important institution of the brewery—the Savings Bank. We are informed that the laboring men have already deposited 12,000*l.* in it; and this sum is exclusive of the subscriptions to the benefit club, and of the sum laid by in the same institution by the clerks, which reaches a much larger amount.

The School—a very large one—built for the use of the children of the workmen some years ago, is not in the immediate vicinity of the brewery, as the firm could not obtain a convenient site. It contains a thousand children. It is not exclusively nor even chiefly used by them, but by the children of the neighborhood in which it is situated. The firm is, however, about to establish a school for the elder boys of the men, which is to be of a first-rate character. This mental training-ground is to be made subsidiary to the interests of the firm as well as of the children themselves; that is, the lads who show most talent and industry are to have the first offer of employment in the concern. By this means merit will find its due reward, and the brewery will be fed with that invaluable commodity—intelligent and assiduous labor.

HABITS OF THE LATE CZAR.—The habits of the late Czar are said to have been ostentatiously simple, dramatically soldier-like. The luxuries on his table were not for him. His military form was but upon rare occasions to be seen enclosed within a covered carriage. His industry was as remarkable as his temperance; to inspect fortresses and review army corps he would travel days and nights. He was a devourer of newspapers, not of the few feeble reactionary journals published in free countries—those he despised—but of such newspapers as he well knew represented the independence and intelligence of the communities where they were produced. A list of the newspapers which the Emperor daily scanned might possibly astonish some persons. The Emperor's death was sudden

and unexpected; and such sudden and unexpected fatalities have been too frequent in the line of Romanoff not to suggest grounds of unfavorable suspicion. Four princes have worn the imperial crown of Russia in much less than a century between the death of Peter the Great and the accession of Alexander, viz., between the years 1725 and 1801. The following are their names and respective fates:—

Peter I. deposed in 1727.

Ivan VI. deposed in 1750, murdered in 1762.

Peter III. murdered in 1762.

Paul, murdered in 1801.

Of four Emperors, one was deposed and three were murdered within 76 years.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS AND THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

It is not a revival of one of those expedients which novelists used to employ to account for the autobiographical character of their fictions, but a simple fact which is stated, when the reader is assured that the following pages came into the translator's possession by accident. In the year 1842, he occupied apartments in a house in Jermyn-street, where a short time previously a French actress had resided. One morning the landlady entered his room with a roll of manuscript in her hand. She had found it, she said, under the seat of the sofa in the room which the French lady had occupied. She knew nothing of the language in which it was written, and wished to know if the papers were of any importance. Glancing at them in a cursory manner, they appeared to him to be merely a *brouillon* that had been cast aside in a very imperfect state, as if the writer had become tired of her task, and he satisfied his landlady by the assurance that the papers were not, as she supposed, the French lady's will. Had it even been so there was no clue to her address, nor was her name accurately remembered: the manuscript was consequently left in the translator's hands, nor was it until a few weeks since that they again turned up. Observing then that the name of the present Emperor of Russia appeared in several places, curiosity prompted him to see in what way that august personage had become associated with a French actress. He read the MS. through, and found it to contain matter which represented the Czar in a phase somewhat different from the one that now engages the attention of the world. He believes it will be read with interest: not diminished, perhaps, by the suppression of one important name.

In the year 1837, I obtained a *congé* from the *Gymnase* to go to London, an engagement having been offered me by the manager of the new theatre established in the quarter of the Court for the representation of French comedy, at that time an entire novelty to

the English public. I confess that, although my vanity was gratified in having been selected by the amiable *entrepreneur* as a person calculated to reflect no discredit on the French stage, I undertook the journey to London with anything but pleasurable sensations, in respect to what more particularly concerned myself. I had never before approached the shores of England, the people and the language were alike unfamiliar to me, my reception might be influenced by I knew not what coldness or caprice: in fine, I was adventuring into a new world, with nothing for my guide but my own powers of observation, nothing to sustain me but my own courage.

But it was not long after my arrival that I discovered I had magnified the difficulties of my position. The journals of London gave to my *début* a very favorable *accueil*, the *habitués* of the theatre joined with them in applauding my efforts, and in an agreeable circle of acquaintance I learnt that the *agrémens* of society were not confined to Paris only. Alas, yes! I soon acquired the conviction of something more! My visit to London had an immense influence over my after-life, and at the moment even while I write that influence is more powerful than ever. Ought I to deplore or rejoice at it? That is a question I cannot answer, an alternative in which I am constantly placed. At least it was my fate, during the short period of time of which I speak, to form that attachment which by me can never be forgotten! *He*, too, has said the same—still says so. Ah! could he but convince my heart! Once a single glance sufficed to do so; now I must depend on words alone! But enough of the present: let me speak of the past.

On my return to Paris I resumed my duties at the *Gymnase*, but I no longer found in them my former enjoyment. My thoughts too often reverted to what I had left behind, and it was only by a supreme effort that I could obtain the distraction which was necessary to my repose. In occupying my mind with study, my chief object was to render

less painful the cruel separation I had to endure. In this manner a whole year went by, during which our mutual efforts to meet again were vain, but in 1838, an important position at St. Petersburg being confided to —, I renounced my engagement at the *Gymnase*, and hastened to join him with a rapture which it is impossible to express, and which none can understand but those who have felt it.

My reception by the Russian public was most flattering, and I shall always preserve a strong feeling of gratitude towards them. I can never forget the night of my first appearance. The house presented a superb *coup d'œil* of magnificence and elegance; but the most striking objects, from which I could scarcely withdraw my gaze, were the two boxes, filled with all the members of the Imperial family. It is unnecessary for me to describe the appearance of the Emperor: every one knows how noble are his features, so regular and so replete with majesty, and how justly he is called the handsomest man in Europe—perhaps in the world! He was at that time in the forty-second year of his age, and exhibited in their full splendor all his high physical advantages. It struck me that his daughters, the Grand Duchesses Marie and Olga, bore a strong resemblance to him, and certainly they were *chefs-d'œuvre* of grace and beauty. The hereditary Grand Duke was absent from St. Petersburg at that moment, and it was not till some time afterwards that I first saw him: he, too, had a fine countenance expressive of candor and intelligence. The Empress has been beautiful, but the nervous affection from which she has suffered so dreadfully for many years, causes her no longer to resemble the charming portraits which are to be seen everywhere in St. Petersburg. Every winter gives rise to the most serious anxiety for her health, and even for her life. The Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother, is very unlike him: neither face nor figure have anything in them poetical or chivalrous; on the contrary, he rather reminds one of some of the *grogards* of Napoleon's old guard. He knows this, and the chief object of his coquetry is to assume a rough, military air, which, although not very winning at first, succeeds in conveying an impression that is not altogether disagreeable. On the evening of which I speak, he was seated in his box beside the Grand Duchess Helen, his wife: her age might be about thirty, and she still possesses great personal attractions. She is spoken of as a person of great talent and considerable acquirements, and her knowl-

edge of political affairs is stated to be profound; she is a perfect mistress, too, of scientific subjects, but, unluckily, it is added that the qualities of her heart are not equal to those of her head, and that her temper is so bad it is almost impossible to live with her. The position which I occupied gave me opportunities of knowing many private particulars, both with respect to the Grand Duchess Helen and the Imperial family.

I had not been in St. Petersburg more than two months, before—like every actress who is young and frequently before the public—I could count a great many adorers, a few friends—which is not at all the same thing—and some female acquaintances, very agreeable in appearance, but whom I was soon obliged to drop, for, alas! a theatrical intimacy, and, above all, a feminine one, is full of deceptions; friendship behind the scenes is only a mask for envy, and when we expect to find kindness and devotion, we meet only with bad faith and disloyalty!

I feel tempted to speak of several great personages by whom I was surrounded, but I am impatient to come to the events which form the chief subject of my recollections.

I made my first appearance in St. Petersburg in the month of November, and in the beginning of January the first public masquerades took place. Though my disposition is naturally gay, and amusement is readily welcomed by me, I was in no hurry to go to these balls. — was then “dans les premiers temps d'amour et de transports,” which have so sweet a hold upon life; I was so happy in our prolonged interviews, in the perfect union which subsisted, now more than ever, between us! What cared I for the world and all its noisy pleasures! I was loved by a man whose high position was his least advantage; by one who was adorned with the most captivating qualities. I had never then been *désillusionnée*, no doubt then had ever reached my mind or penetrated to my heart! I lived solely for him and by him! Ah, those happy days, those deceitful hopes! my eyes fill with tears as I recall so much happiness past.

I have said that I felt no eagerness to attend the masquerades, but as they were the Emperor's favorite amusement—(he never missed a single ball)—it was necessary that — should go, at least once, and it was therefore agreed upon between us that I should go too. I took with me one of my theatrical friends name Suzanne —, who at that time professed for me the greatest regard. Fearful of being recognized I would

not converse much with —, and I was beginning to find the ball very dull when I saw the Emperor approaching.

He was alone, and gazing about to see if any domino was desirous of accosting him. I had frequently seen him in the *coulisses*, where he had even addressed a few flattering words to me, as he was in the habit of doing to those artists whom he deigned to honor with some distinction, but this had not sufficed to render me courageous, or to remove from my mind the *prestige* attached to his rank and person. As he proceeded with rapid steps, the immense crowd opened out to leave him a free passage, bowing with respect, in spite of the signs which he made to prevent them. Over his uniform of a general officer he wore a small scarf of black *blonde* lace instead of his usual *grand cordon* of blue: this was all his disguise; indeed, it is the way in which all the officers appear at the masquerades.

The ball had taken place in the saloons which are called "L'Assemblée de Noblesse:" beneath the sparkling lustres with which it was filled, and the light of thousands of tapers, the noble features of the Emperor appeared paler and more beautiful than ever. When he stopped to look round him with a serious air, none in those sumptuous galleries ventured to smile, and he himself resembled a magnificent statue of white marble, the work of some famous artist; but when he appeared gay and joyous all was animation in his presence; he was then the soul, the "Dieu de la Fête!"

These reflections occupied me as I sat upon a sofa following the Emperor's movements. Suddenly he moved hastily towards me, and remained for a few moments leaning against a column with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon me, as much as to say, "What is this domino doing here? Since I am so near her, why does she not speak to me?" For my part, I saw that to remain in such a position was absurd, and at the same time impossible; but my heart beat so fast that I felt quite unable to stir. Luckily for me Prince Dolgorouki came up at that moment, and the Emperor addressing him they fell into conversation. Still, I could not rise to go away. By degrees, however, I began to consider that my conduct had been extremely *gauche*, and that if by accident the Emperor discovered who I was, I should be much vexed. I also recollected that several of my theatrical acquaintances had boasted to me of having frequently intrigued his Majesty at these masquerades, and of having been

always treated very graciously. The result of my reflections was, that I came suddenly to a decision, and, rising from my seat, I walked straight towards the Emperor, and, though my voice trembled a little, I said:

"Sire, will you grant me an audience for a moment?"

He immediately offered me his arm, and gaily saluting the prince:

"Excuse me," said he, "you see this is a matter of business."

I had acted upon impulse in going up to him, and when I found myself leaning upon his arm, and saw him with his large inquisitive eyes closely examining my mask, I felt all my former emotion return, and remained completely silent.

"Eh bien, mon joli domino," said he; "what do you want with me?"

Feeling that I must either pass for a fool, or vanquish my absurd timidity, I made an effort and recovered myself; the excess of danger gave me courage.

"As you just now said, Sire, to Prince Dolgorouki, it is a matter of business. But, in the first place, are there no "*Blues*" near us?"

This is the name that is given at court to the titled spies who swarm in St. Petersburg.

The Emperor tried to look serious.

"'Blues!' " he exclaimed; "what does that mean?"

"Really, Sire," I replied, "if you do not know, it is not for me to inform you; at all events you can ask the Princess Troubeskoi.

This lady was one of the most notorious of the Blues.

"I assure you," returned the Emperor, "that I don't understand you;" though while he said this his accent showed that he perfectly comprehended my meaning.

"Well then, Sire," I resumed, "as you are unwilling to assist me, let us leave the Blues to enjoy the color they delight in, and talk of something else. My affair relates to something altogether remote from politics or the concerns of state. I have a quarrel to pick with you!"

The Emperor's countenance cleared up in a moment.

"Indeed! If that is the case, we must not walk about in the crowd; come into this small saloon here, where there is no one—we can sit down and discuss the subject at leisure. A quarrel! I am quite willing to be scolded for any faults I may have committed, and perfectly disposed to ask pardon for them."

He then conducted me into the saloon, and very gallantly placing a *fauteuil* for me beside his own, prepared to listen to what I had to say with a gay and *michant* air.

I perceived that he took me for one of the ladies of the court, and fancied he was about to be the object of one of the thousand coquetries to which he is everlastingly exposed, but which at the same time seemed to take a *tournure* somewhat *piquante*, for all the Russian ladies, accustomed to think of the Emperor as a superior being, tremble while they speak to him, and are afraid to jest, even with all the liberty given by a masquerade, when they endeavor to attract his attention. They are in the habit, generally, of making long and serious speeches, delivered in a tone of the most profound respect, while they describe the tenderness of their sentiments towards him.

"Now then for the quarrel!" said he, as he took his seat at my side.

"Well then, Sir," I said, "what is the reason why you never dance at any of our balls which you honor with your presence, and why is it that you take that pleasure at the Hermitage only, where we are never invited, and where you are almost *en famille*?"

"Is that all?" he asked.

"How, Sir," I returned, "do you not think it a *mauvaise action* not to dance at our balls? Remember that we know what we have to expect beforehand, and that we go to them ourselves utterly discouraged. If on the other hand you were to dance, we might all hope to share in the flattering distinction; and then a conversation with you would be a pleasure still greater than it is at this moment, for one would not then be obliged to seek you out; it would be owing to yourself alone."

I threw into my accent as I spoke something of reproach and tenderness, and my voice slightly betrayed the emotion from which I had hardly yet recovered.

He looked at me attentively for a moment, and then replied:

"You are a Frenchwoman; you express yourself in such a manner as to leave no doubt about it."

"What!" I answered, "are you of opinion that French is not spoken well at Court? What makes you suppose I am a foreigner, and a Frenchwoman above all others? Is it because I displease you that you thus describe me?"

"But the French do not displease me," he observed; "I only feel that they do not know me, that they have formed of me a false and cruel estimate, by which I am hurt. As

for you, my charming domino, whoever you are, I am most happy in enjoying the favor which you have conferred, and I will show my gratitude by a frank reply to your question. You quarrel with me because I do not dance at your balls, and ask me the reason why? I will tell you. If I were to run the risk of having for a partner a young and pretty person such as you must necessarily be—if, besides, that partner had as much wit as yourself—tell me, what do you think would happen? It is not permitted to me to give myself up to the powerful attractions by which I should then be enthralled. For, however strange it may sound in your ears, I must own to you that I love, that I adore my wife, and that it is for her sake I continually sacrifice these sweet seductions."

"What, then, have you so little courage, and do you not dare to claim a still greater merit—that of resisting temptation? Take care what you say! I shall be disposed to think you speak from cruel experience. Perhaps your sacrifices are expiations!"

"You may not be altogether wrong, *mutinez petit masque*," he returned, "though I can only agree with you up to a certain point. I may sometimes have gone a little too near the fire, but I have burnt my fingers only!"

"What an escape!" I exclaimed; "when once the flame catches, he is fortunate indeed who can stop it,—it spreads so quickly!"

"Ah, you know that, do you?—Stay," he added, "I fancy that I have the pleasure now of knowing who you are. You were yesterday at the *Théâtre Français*."

"That is quite true," said I, laughing, for I had, in fact, played the night before. "But I am astonished you should have seen me."

I had by this time recovered all my assurance, the conversation entertained me extremely, and I also observed with pleasure that it seemed to amuse his Majesty. He saw by my laugh that he had not guessed right, and he took me by both hands that he might open my domino and scan my figure. I wore a very simple dress of white muslin, and my arms were bare: on one of them he observed a rather handsome bracelet of turquoises and diamonds.

"That is a charming trinket," said he. He took it off, and after having looked at it attentively for some time, asked my permission to replace it.

"Do you know, Sir," I remarked, "that

these masquerades confer great privileges ? This present intimacy is so strange, it almost resembles a dream."

"It is a very delightful one, my pretty mask, for without it I should not have had the happiness of touching that beautiful arm—which, unless my memory deceives me, I have already admired——"

"At the Théâtre Français," I interrupted, laughing once more.

"You are making game of me very cruelly for that expression."

"Making game of you !" I exclaimed, earnestly ; "oh, Sire, what you say is shocking, it hurts me ! You have done wrong to tell me so, for it will at once take away from me all the ease I had acquired, and I shall again begin to tremble as I did when first I took your arm."

"It is true," said the Emperor, "you did tremble. I heard your heart beat. Are you, then, afraid of me ?"

"I felt, Sire, an undefinable sentiment which I had never before experienced."

"Let me hope that at present you have no longer any fear left."

"That is impossible after your excessive kindness ; but pray, no more accuse me of *moquerie*. I should not dare to speak again if I thought I were misunderstood."

"Well then, here is a point settled,—we have both of us *carte blanche*, for I desire to enjoy my share of the privilege as well as yourself, and if I rally you in my turn, you will not, I hope, be angry with me ?"

"I swear it, Sire, by my domino !"

"I shall begin, then, by telling you that perhaps I can guess why you laughed when I told you that I had seen you at the *Théâtre Française*. It was there that I saw you, but from the right, while you saw me from the left."

The Emperor's box is an *avant-scène* on the right hand side of the house, looking towards the stage. I perceived that he had a suspicion of who I was, and remained for an instant *un peu interdite*. Reflecting, however, that he might only have guessed that I belonged to the company without being sure of my identity, I assumed the latter supposition, and replied :

"You are then resolved, Sire, not to consider me one of your own devoted subjects."

"How so ?"

"Because the position which you assign to me must of necessity have been on the stage ; and remember, Sire, it is the *Théâtre Français* of which we are speaking."

"I have not forgotten that fact," he replied ; "neither have I forgotten the accents which charmed me so recently. A mask may conceal the face, but the voice, when once its tones are understood, is not so easily disguised."

"I could have comprehended what you say, Sire, more readily, if the impression you describe had been made before you went to the theatre."

"To-night, *par exemple !*" he said, with a meaning smile. "In that case," he continued, "nothing could prevent me from occupying my accustomed place in the Imperial box ; unless, indeed, I were tempted to quit it, as I may have done sometimes, for the *coulisses*."

"It seems, then, that there is no escape for me. Your Majesty is resolved to identify me with those who minister, precariously, to the amusement of the Court."

"Precariously ? no. Besides, amusement is not exactly the word. It may suffice as a general description, but there are exceptions that claim a right to a deeper and more abiding interest."

"It is not possible that I can flatter myself by the supposition of being one of those exceptions."

"And why not ? Surely this present conversation might warrant that belief."

"Recollect, Sire ; you claimed but a few moments since your share of the privilege which a *bal masque* allows."

"Ah, but I am serious now. You challenged the interest which you inspire. Am I to treat that question with *badinage* ?"

"But setting it aside, Sire, for the present : supposing I had not had the courage to address you this evening, I must then have remained completely ignorant of the value your Majesty designs to set upon the efforts of whatever talent may belong to the strangers amongst whom I am classed !"

"That conclusion by no means follows. I may have been lying in wait for such an occasion as the present. He who knows how precious is opportunity, will always be on the watch to profit by it."

"Even, Sire," I said, laughing, "when he is making a plunge in the dark !"

"Which is not my case. I have already shown that I know who you are."

"What I am, would, perhaps, be the better word. I have yet to be persuaded that I am not mistaken for one of my more attractive companions. Were my mask removed, your Majesty might shudder at the consequences. This patch of velvet and lace

is more useful for the old and ugly than for the young and handsome!"

"It would be a mere *banalité* in me, were I to declare to which category you belong; but be assured that beauty never yet concealed itself entirely beneath a mask. It is not confined to one feature, but imparts its peculiar quality to all. Each attribute of a beautiful woman speaks separately for the whole."

"I admit, Sire, that what you say is true, without acknowledging its personal application. And, after all, your theory proves nothing to the purpose. I am still only one amongst a crowd."

"I can single you at once from that crowd. You were chosen for a high *spécialité*. Am I so unobservant as not to have distinguished that which is yours? 'Je fais bien moins pour vous que vous ne méritez.'"

This was a convincing assurance that the Emperor knew me. He had quoted a line from the *Tartufe*, in which I had played the part of *Elmire*, to whom those words are addressed. I feigned, however, not to perceive his meaning.

"Mais, Sire," I exclaimed, "c'est parler en faux dévot!"

"But I am none," he returned quickly, and with an emphasis that seemed to be caused by some very different recollection.

"Listen," he continued, though in a much lower tone: "the bracelet which you permitted me to replace on your arms was not made in Paris."

"It is possible, Sire."

"It is certain. The *ecrin* from whence it was taken stood three days since in the *cabinet* of Simianoff, the court-jeweller, in the Newski-Perspektiv. I saw it there myself. Under other circumstances I might have acquired it, but the *façon* was not exactly what I desired; besides, Simianoff informed me that it was *commandé*; I need scarcely say by whom."

It was only the day before that — had sent me the bracelet, which bore the initials of our Christian names entwined in precious stones.

"But, Sire," I said in confusion, "you know everything."

"Except the heart of woman, and that," he said, with a sigh which threw a momentary shadow over his noble features—"that is a mystery, even to an Emperor."

He rose as he spoke, and perceiving that our *entretien* was at an end, I followed his example. But before he led me from the

saloon he said, with an air that was no longer *triste*:

"People will begin to fear, if I detain you longer, that there is really some *complot* against me, or"—he added, smiling—"against the Empress. But there is no quarrel now between us, and I am forgiven?"

He pressed my hand, earnestly yet gently, but my courage and gaiety of heart were gone: I could only return the pressure, and faintly murmur the single word "*Adieu*."

"But not for ever," he whispered, as I withdrew my arm with a profound reverence, and then hastily mingled with the crowd.

I had need of solitude after a conversation which, towards its close, had assumed a character that I could not well define; and truly the English poet says, "there is no solitude so great as that which exists in a crowd." I took refuge in a remote part of the vast hall, and seated myself beneath the shadow of a lofty pillow, where I gave myself up to reflection. Could this man, or rather this demi-god, whose influence I felt was irresistible—could he intend anything more than a mere *délassement*? Accustomed only to the labored phrases of the Russian ladies, had he not himself been surprised into language more *accentué* than they were in the habit of hearing? And why, if it even were true that I had excited more than a passing interest, why should that affect me? My heart was another's. The Emperor knew that himself. It was known to all but one, whom, though in position more than my rival, I had learnt to esteem, for — was married, and had brought his beautiful wife with him to St. Petersburg. It might even have reached her ears, for when I saw them together at the *Théâtre Français*, while I was playing, it was not difficult for me to discover a settled melancholy on her countenance, which the brilliancy of the scene failed altogether to dispel. Seeing, then, what he had sacrificed, was it not a disloyalty on my part to give a second thought to one of station exalted almost beyond this earth, whose condescension was so liable to be misinterpreted? It was impossible that I could ever regard the Emperor other than as a being apart, like the loftiest pinnacle of the Alps, radiant in brightness, but as cold and unapproachable. And yet to me he had been neither. Was that sigh real when he said he had not learnt to *approfondir* the heart of woman? To whom was it given? Yes. In spite of his sublime position Nicholas was a man. Married also. There, perhaps, was the rock

on which his affections had been wrecked! He might have loved her whom policy had made his bride, and have experienced none in return; his great heart might have yearned for one response that was still denied! And for this cause he had sought others—was still seeking! It was a weakness which I could confess to my own heart *alone*: I wept for him—I, who only just before had lightly replied to his lightest word. Absorbed in these thoughts, I was unconscious that any one observed me. Such, however, was the case, for my reverie was broken by a slight tap on my shoulder. I turned and beheld Suzanne. She shook her fan at me, and said:

"Eh bien, ma chère, je te croyais perdue, et en vérité tu te perds toi-même!"

"How came you then to find me?" I asked, a little vexed at being disturbed.

"Be not angry, ma chère," she replied, in a tone of good-humored railery—"such happy moments cannot last for ever! It was no secret to such a world as this, the moment when the important conference was finished. I promise you many a *dame titrée* in this mixed assemblage would have given titles, jewels, all they have and all they pretend they have, for an interview only half as long as that which you enjoyed. But preserve your incognito with care. If the Muscovite ladies have not yet borrowed the stiletto, they are not ignorant of the virtues of the *aqua tofana*, or something just as potent."

"Excuse me," I said, still a little *de mauvaise humeur*, "your jests, Suzanne, are rather beyond my comprehension."

"Oh, I am serious enough. It is no slight matter, let me tell you, to have excited the envy of a thousand women,—handsome or not, no matter,—who stop at nothing to attract the notice of the Emperor. Every one is dying to know who the *domino* is that has had so much good fortune, but your sudden disappearance, when all eyes were turned towards the great man, has hitherto kept your secret. But you must be quite in the seventh heaven of delight!"

"Suzanne," I said, "you are an *étourdie*, but not the less my friend. Come here and sit beside me."

She obeyed.

"You speak of delight," I continued. "Well, I cannot deny that I have experienced an exquisite pleasure this evening, but it has not been unmixed with pain. He of whom you speak has a heart as noble as his appearance; but he suffers. The world is at his feet, but it is not the world of his choice."

"Ah," interrupted Suzanne, "you know that already! C'est beaucoup."

"Do not suppose that he made me the *confidante* of his sorrows. Je l'ai deviné. Voilà tout!"

"Then it is he who has made progress. The rest will follow. Ah, I begin to pity a certain person."

"No!" I exclaimed—"no, Suzanne. That tie is ever sacred, ever dear. Seulement, les grands malheurs exigent au moins le respect!"

Suzanne remained silent for a while. She, in her turn, was meditating. At last she spoke:

"Is it true, then, what so many say? Tell me, Elise——"

But the question she was about to ask was suspended by a sudden movement in the Assembly: the throng before us began to open out right and left, as if to make way for some one of the highest rank. I felt, and Suzanne saw it was the Emperor.

"Il te cherche, mon amie," she said in a tone that did not seem to overflow with affection.

"I would not see him again to-night for all the world," I hastily observed. "Stand before me, Suzanne. Concealed by this pillar, I shall remain unnoticed."

She rose at my bidding, while I shrank behind her, compressing myself into the smallest possible compass. The Emperor advanced at his usual rapid pace, looking round him in every direction. At one moment I feared he would have discovered me, for he paused close to where I sat; my heart beat fast and rose to my throat; j'étouffais; when suddenly the glance that I thought would have reached me was intercepted. A smile played on his lips—ah, such a smile! He bent his head slightly and then passed on, the crowd closed upon his footsteps, and I saw him no more. When he was gone, Suzanne turned round.

"It is very hot," she said, removing her mask. Her face was flushed, her eyes gleamed with unwonted lustre, and a singular expression of triumph sat on her features. I comprehended what had occurred. Suzanne was exactly my height, her figure resembled mine, and our costumes that evening were identically the same. The Emperor had mistaken her for me.

"At any rate," I said to myself, "he did not see her face. It was not she who played *Elmire*."

The reader will remember it was stated in

the outset that the MS. was imperfect. At this point there appears to have been a considerable *hiatus*: indeed, only another page remained, several lines of which were half effaced. What there was ran as follows:

"It was a long and painful illness, but at last it yielded to the skill of my medical attendants, aided by the tender care of him, whose tenderness now seems like a dream. No matter! Perhaps I have merited this punishment for having in one moment of *exaltation* forgotten that my destiny,—nay, more—my will—had bound me fixedly elsewhere. He, too, has told me that he forgave, but has that forgiveness been of the heart? Poor wife, you are again the object of my pity; for in what at times I experience, I recognize the source of your grief. I shall never more mention *that other name*. Since I began these pages, a strange revulsion of feeling has operated on my mind. I too have a forgiveness to bestow. Had I not been blinded by an inscrutable fate, that be-

trayal had never been! And what has been the gain of her I trusted? It was but the triumph of an hour. Suzanne also has learnt the bitter lesson of indifference, after—no—not love, he never felt *that* for her; hers is a heart that can content itself with the wealth which was given instead. But thoughts of the past shall occupy me no more. The present still is mine, however fleeting. And the future! What will that be? I have promises enough. The latest, only yesterday, assured me I should not return to Paris alone; all should be forsaken to make me happy. Ah, if that promise be faithfully kept, I can then despise the rumors which say that *in his own country* there is one who asserts a claim to which even mine must yield."

* * * * *

There was no more. Were the writer's fears or expectations fulfilled? There is only one person living who can reply.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ESSAYS OF HENRY ROGERS.*

Of the new books which, month by month, and week after week, issue in teeming throngs from the press, a large proportion comprises reprints of contributions to our periodical literature. In years gone by, it was the trade maxim of old John Murray, the great bibliopole of Albemarle Street—a maxim deliberately constructed and steadfastly adhered to—not to reprint favorite essays and popular articles that had made a bit in his *Quarterly Review*, however decided the favoritism, and however extensive the popularity. If people wanted such and such a paper of Southey's, was his argument—this classical lucubration by Milman, or that slashing article by Croker—let them buy the back number of the *Review* which contained it, price six shillings; and so the public would attain its desire, and he, John

Murray, dispose of his remainders. But time, and John Murray the younger and his fellow-publishers, have reversed this protectionist policy; and now-a-days the review and magazine articles of almost every contributor of mark and likelihood, are speedily collected from the scattered numbers of their parent periodical, and given to the world in compact volumes, to stand or fall by their own merits or demerits, as the case or their fate may be.

Thus we have of late been presented with the reprinted essays—to say nothing of scores of minor or lighter republications from the entire gamut of serials, monthly and bi-monthly, weekly and daily—of Jeffrey and Sidney Smith, of Macaulay and Lord Mahon, of Sir James Stephen and Thomas Carlyle, and of Sir Archibald Alison; and among the latest collections of this kind, and already in a second edition and enlarged form, are to be noted the Essays of Henry Rogers,

* *Essays collected from contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Henry Rogers. Second Edition, with Additions. 2 vols. Longman, 1855.

selected from the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. Rogers is best known as the author of a controversial work in the garb of fiction, wherein the rival *Quarterly* has just (No. CXG.) been forward to hail the presence of "great power of logic," and "unusual liveliness of illustration, seasoned with a plentiful admixture of sarcastic humor;" and observes of its dialogue pages, that the "Socratic weapons" have never, "since the time of Plato, been wielded with more grace and spirit." The author's Essays are not, by the nature of them, destined to the same popularity; but they are highly worthy of notice as the productions of a clear-thinking, clear-writing man, shrewd and sagacious, careful in what he propounds, calm in judgment, precise in definition, methodical in statement, and often vivacious, if not very original, in garnishing his theme. The subjects he treats are various; sufficiently so to make his volumes, like a number of the *Review* whence they proceed, a repertory of topics to suit all tastes, or all but the most frivolous and flippant, for whose "pay on demand" applications, it must be owned, he has no "effects." For healthier palates he has catered liberally by a supply of papers political, biographical, philosophical, philological, theological, and critical. From a disquisition on the Suffrage, the reader may turn to a Memoir of Luther; from a treatise on the Structure of the English language, to a Monograph on Andrew Marvell; from an article on "Reason and Faith," to a meditation on the "Vanity and Glory of Literature;" from an essay on Plato, to a critique on the British Pulpit; from fine old Thomas Fuller, to Descartes; and from Descartes to Pascal; and from Pascal to Leibnitz. One special merit of Mr. Rogers is, that he is an *informing* writer; that he does not deal in rhetorical amplifications, and vague flights of imposing diction, taking for granted the reader's acquaintance with the essayist's subject in hand; but on the contrary, condenses into his articles as much information and instructive matter as their nature will allow, and always avoids the slip-slop drivel of diffuse and desultory scribes, who put such an unconscionable deal of platitudes into their paragraphs, and of water into their ink.

As a favorable specimen of his dealings in this respect, may be mentioned his dissertation on the *Structure of the English Language*, which gives in brief space much that is interesting and instructive on what might be thought a dry topic, and which is neither too

shallow or superficial to repel the learned, nor too abstruse or taking-too-much-for-granted to repel those who are "no scholars," but adapted to please if not to profit the one, and to both profit and please the other. He shows that the bulk of the English language, which consists of about 23,000 words, is derived from Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, and French; and that of these words, about 23,000, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. Were we, however, to found our calculations upon the passages which Sharon Turner has cited from some of our most popular authors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and in which he has marked out by italics the words of Anglo-Saxon origin, we should infer, says Mr. Rogers, a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. The passages alluded to are taken from our translation of the Scriptures, from Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thomson, Addison, Locke, Swift, Pope, Young, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Johnson. Mr. Rogers is at the pains to do in full what Sir James Mackintosh once did in part—namely, analyze this series of passages, so as to assign in each case the exact proportion of Anglo-Saxon words it contains. The result is worth detailing. Accordingly, we find that in five verses out of Genesis, comprising 130 words, there are only 5 *not* Saxon. In as many words out of the Gospel of St. John, comprising 74 words, there are only 2 *not* Saxon. The extract from Shakspeare contains 81 words, and all but 13 are Saxon; that from Spenser contains 72, all Saxon but 14; that from Milton, 90, all Saxon but 16; that from Cowley, 76, all Saxon but 10; that from Thomson, 78, all Saxon but 14; that from Addison, 79, all Saxon but 15; that from Locke, 94, all Saxon but 20; that from Pope, 84, of which 28 are *not* Saxon; that from Young, 96, all Saxon but 21; that from Swift, 87, in which 9 only are *not* Saxon; that from Robertson, 114, all Saxon but 34; that from Hume, 101, 38 being *not* Saxon; that from Gibbon, 80, of which the *not* Saxon are 31—nearly half; and that from Johnson, 87, of which all are Saxon but 21. In all, there are here 1492 words, of which only 296 are *not* Saxon. If, therefore, we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would make up about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths, or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. It is allowed, however, that the criterion is by no means a fair one, if we are considering the

mere number of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon as compared with those derived from other sources; for there are of course many words—such as *a, the, he, she, it, with, and, &c.*, which must necessarily occur much oftener than others, and are, therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. But Mr. Rogers goes on to show, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently, it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times gives us an exaggerated estimate of the number of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

His general conclusion is, that these calculations afford, on the whole, a fair criterion of the proportion in which the different elements of our language are found in the writings of our best authors; “and perhaps it may be stated as a general truth, that in our most idiomatic writers there is about one-tenth of the words *not* Anglo-Saxon—in our least, about one-third.”

In proceeding with his subject, he shows how English grammar is almost exclusively occupied with what is of Anglo-Saxon origin; that the terms which occur most frequently in discourse, or which recall the most vivid conceptions, are Anglo-Saxon; that from this language we derive the words which are expressive of the earliest and dearest connections, and the strongest and most powerful feelings of our nature—such household words as *hearth, roof, fireside*—such heartfelt words as *love, fear, hope, sorrow, shame*; that to a like origin belong the words which have been *earliest* used, and are therefore invested with the strongest associations—the words that carry back the mind to the home of childhood and the sports of youth; that many of those objects about which the practical reason of man is employed in common life also receive their names from the Anglo-Saxon—which is the language, for the most part, of business—of the counting-house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm; that nearly all our national proverbs, in which it is *truly* said so much of a nation's practical wisdom resides, are almost wholly Anglo-Saxon; that so is a very large proportion (and that always the strongest) of the language of invective, humor, satire, and colloquial pleasantry; and once more, that while our most abstract and

general terms are derived from the Latin, those which denote special varieties, those which express nice shades and distinctions, are derived from the Anglo-Saxon: if *color*, for instance, is Latin, *white, black, green, yellow, blue, red, brown*, are Anglo-Saxon; if *animal* is Latin, *man, cow, sheep, calf, cat*, are Anglo-Saxon; if *number* is immediately French, remotely Latin, *one, two, three, four, &c.*, are Anglo-Saxon.

In summing up the characteristics and claims of our language, after due pains spent on what we may call his “comparative anatomy” of its form and structure, Mr. Rogers comes to very much the same conclusion as did old Camden ages ago, in words so graphic and still so pertinent to the subject, that we cannot forbear quoting them, only modernizing the spelling. “Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water; the French, delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish, majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the devil in a play; the Dutch, manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fulness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetness?”

One of the most generally entertaining of Mr. Rogers' biographical and critical papers, is that on the life and writings of Thomas Fuller, the quaint old author of *The Worthies of England* and *The Church History of Britain*—a man of whom Coleridge went so far as to say: “Next to Shakspeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous—the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind as to give one's admiration the flavor and quality of wonder.” Fuller is certainly one of the most original, as well as eccentric, of our literary worthies. He wrote, as Mr.

Rogers observes, like Jeremy Taylor, and Isaac Barrow, and Sir Thomas Browne, with a vigor and freshness, with a fertility of thought and imagery, and a general felicity of style, which, considering the quantity of his compositions and the haste with which he produced them, impress us with wonder at his untiring activity and preternatural fecundity. His quips, and quirks, and wanton wiles—his jests, puns, *jeux d'esprit*, and sallies of playful banter—form a perpetual fund of amusement to all readers with a wit to be exercised, and a diaphragm to be tickled. Fuller is one of those *bonâ fide* humorists, almost, if not quite peculiar, to British literature, in whom depth of thought and feeling underlies a surging tide of fun and frolic. Mr. Rogers regales himself with the fancy of watching the countenance of any intelligent man while perusing Fuller, affirming that few other writers could produce more rapid variations of expression. "We should see the face in succession mantling with a smile, distended into a broad grin, breaking out into loud laughter, now arching the eyebrows to an expression of sudden wonder and pleased surprise, now clouded with a momentary shade of vexation over some wanton spoiling of a fine thought, now quieted again into placidity by the presentation of something truly wise or striking, and anon chuckling afresh over some outrageous pun or oddity. The same expression could not be maintained for any three paragraphs; perfect gravity scarcely for three sentences." The exuberance of Fuller's wit has even been the means, in Coleridge's opinion, of defrauding him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of his thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped his matter. Irrepressible, too, as was his habit of jesting, Fuller had in him little of the satirist; he set down nought in malice. His was a cheery temperament, blithe and boyish, free-spoken but frank-hearted. With such a temperament, added to unfeigned piety and unfeigned benevolence, with a heart open to all innocent pleasures, and purged from the "leaven of malice and uncharitableness," it was as natural that he should be full of mirth, as it is for the grasshopper to chirp, or the bee to hum, or the birds to warble, in the spring breeze and the bright sunshine." His very physiognomy is justly noted as an index to his natural character; he had light flaxen hair, clear blue and laughing eyes, a kindly and open visage. If he was apt to make, so was he ready to take a joke, and doubtless

laughed with zest at the famous, though questioned, retort courteous of that Mr. Sparrowhawk, whom he once glibly asked what was the difference between a *sparrowhawk* and an owl; and who forthwith made answer, that "an owl was *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* in the face, and *fuller* all over." Mr. Rogers does not omit to notice the prodigies related of Fuller's memory: how he could repeat 500 strange words after once hearing them, and could make use of a sermon, word for word, under the same circumstances; how he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell at his return every sign—each shop then having its sign—as it stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards, and how he kept his word. We are told, too, that his method of composition was of the following preposterous, if not incredible kind:—he would write the first words of every line near the margin down to the foot of the paper, and then beginning again, would fill up the blanks exactly, without leaving spaces, interlineations, or contractions of any sort; and would so connect the ends and beginnings, that the sense would appear as complete as if it had been written in a continued series in the usual way! Possibly he did this once and again, as a feat for the entertainment of his friends; but we are assured that it was not his *habit*. Such a habit, one surmises, must have soon worn out; it could only have been for gala-day, summer wear.

The essay on Andrew Marvell—Milton's patriot friend, the incorruptible member for Hull—is lively and interesting; but hardly so lively or interesting as the memoir by Hartley Coleridge, which opens so worthily his course of *Northern Worthies*. Marvell was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his day—true to the polar-star of an "unconquered will," stern, serene, and self-possessed. His satirical powers are still highly relished, and by some—Leigh Hunt, for instance—praised in the very highest degree; as where he girds at Holland, then at war with us, as a country that

— scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the offscouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;

going on to declare, of the poor dike-defended Dutch, that

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor, fished the land to shore;

And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as it had been of ambergrease :
though, in spite of all their efforts,
Still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played ;
and in one most ludicrous couplet the satirist
adds—

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meal, but as a guest.

Hartley Coleridge properly suggests, that the same causes which retarded the poetic fame of Milton went nigh to extinguish that of Andrew Marvell ; for the classical Republicans were few and inefficient, while the Puritans would not read poetry, nor the High Church bigots anything but what emanated from their own party ; the commonplace

roistering Royalists again, being seldom sober enough to read at all, and the mob-fanatics not so much as knowing their letters.

Mr. Rogers' review of the career of Luther is a favorite one—an admiring and earnest resumé of the characteristics and actions of

The solitary monk who shook the world.

He deals ably, too, with the philosophers—with Plato, with Leibnitz, with Descartes ; and his account of the life and works, and stand-point of Blaise Pascal, is probably the best criticism in our language, on a man whose genius in itself, and whose influence on the mind of Christendom in general, as well as France in particular, are deeply worthy of diligent and meditative inquiry.

From the North British Review.

DIET AND DRESS.*

If books find readers in proportion to the interest which their subject matter awakens in the universal heart of society, these volumes must soon make their way into general circulation. We think nothing so much as of our food and clothing, and the means of obtaining them. With a vast majority of men the necessity of providing food and clothing for themselves and their dependents is the great origin of human action. For food and clothing the laborer toils, the artisan drudges, the soldier dies, the author writes, the divine preaches, the lawyer argues, the physician cures. They are, indeed, the Alpha and Omega of humanity. In other words, they are the marks of the beast. They separate the human from the divine, and remind us almost every hour of our lives what miserable finite creatures we are.

This is a very obvious commonplace, but

* *Table Traits, and Something on them.* By Dr. DORAN. Second Edition. London, 1854.

Habits and Men ; with Remnants of Records touching the Makers of both. By Dr. DORAN, Author of "Table Traits," &c. London, 1854.

it is one of which, to speak paradoxically, we are only insensibly sensible. We are continually feeling the truth of it in detail, but we seldom recognize it broadly as a whole. To the very poor—the many condemned to endure day by day the misery of absolute cold and hunger—who do not ask what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed, but how they shall eat, and drink, and clothe themselves at all—this great matter of food and clothing is necessarily omnipresent, both in its integrity and its details. But, addressing ourselves to those who eat and drink and are sufficiently clothed, as a matter of course—who know neither the agony of famine, nor the intense enjoyment of a full meal after a protracted fast—to the classes, indeed, to which the readers of this Journal mainly belong, we would ask whether it has ever occurred to them at the end of a day to consider how large a portion of their thoughts has been devoted to, and in how large a degree both the pains and pleasures of the day have resulted from, the various complications of the great question of Food and Clothing.

We speak now of the direct and immediate relations of cause and effect, without pressing into our service those lengthened chains or concatenations of accident, by following which we may often trace to some point of diet or costume a link-line of circumstances more or less affecting the happiness or misery of thousands. It has been said, that an indigestion lost to Napoleon the Great the battle of Leipzig. We have little doubt in our own minds that the sanguinary contest which is now filling with fear and trembling so many homes in the three greatest countries of Europe, has its origin, humanly speaking, in some error of diet or costume—most probably of both—affecting the august person of the Czar Nicholas. But it is not, we say, of the remote and conjectural which we are now speaking, but of things much nearer and more demonstrable. Many a day's comfort and happiness have been destroyed by the loss of a button. A tight boot has turned joy into sorrow, thrown a pall over the beauties and benignities of Nature, and made the fresh cool air of heaven little better than a parching sirocco. A glass of wine and a biscuit have changed the whole aspect of the future, and given the fainting heart new courage to fight the battle of life, and to win it by brave exertions. Can we answer for the equanimity of any man who finds that his dinner and his wife are both badly dressed?

The same verb is of common application to both cases. Cookery, indeed, is but the art of costume appealing to the palate, instead of to the eye; or rather to the palate as well as to the eye. There is a sort of confusion, or joint-action as it were, of the senses, at times, which it is easy to understand, but difficult to explain. When the old Greek wrote *κῦπρον δέδορκα*, (I saw the sound,) he used, doubtless, a bold figure; but it was an expressive one. The modern poet has no misgivings when he writes of the visible "music breathing from the face" of a young beauty. When Mr. Fudge, of the famous family of that name, speaks of the "eatable" little grisettes whom he saw in Paris, we by no means set him down as a cannibal. It is common to speak of a dish *looking* nice or savory; and we may often know by the look of it how it will taste. This is partly the effect of experience and association. But there is some intuition in it nevertheless.

And yet, on the other hand, it is certain that many articles of food which we know to be savory to the taste, have a very forbidding appearance to the eye. Indeed, the

marvel is in such cases how we ever came to eat them. We wonder that Dr. Doran has not given us a chapter on "the origin of certain dishes." There would be room in it for little fact, but for a world of pleasant speculation and conjecture. We need hardly recall any reader's recollection to Charles Lamb's essay on the Origin of Roast Pig. It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day *περί θίνα πολυφοίβοιο θαλάσσης*, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them to their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay having burnt *his* finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious,—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

Whether this story be a fact or a fable, it would be highly satisfactory if we could account half as well for the origin of other popular articles of diet. It is a mystery to us how the eatableness of many things was first discovered. And equally mysterious, though their origin be less remote, are some of those strange combinations in which our palates do unaccountably rejoice. Who first ate currant jelly with venison, hare, and roast-mutton? One would answer that so discordant a mixture could have originated in nothing more dignified than the indiscriminate gluttony of a school-boy. Why is apple-sauce eaten with roast-geese. Was the combination first brought about by accident at some Michaelmas dinner, when plates were scarce, and apple-pudding eaten amidst the fragments of the bird that saved the Capitol? Who invented—a brave invention—the use of oyster sauce with beef-steaks?

On the other hand, there are some combinations rendered so natural to us by long habit, that we wonder, not how they first originated, but how the world ever existed without them. It is certain that for a great many centuries oysters were eaten before beer was drunk. Yet it is impossible now to help associating oysters (*au naturel*) with beer. Wine does not consort with them,—port, indeed, is said to turn them to stone,—and water is not to be mentioned. Who first ate sugar with brawn? Who discovered the peculiar suitability of brown bread and butter to white-bait? Tastes may differ about some of these appliances, but no one ever doubts the excellence of the last. Doubtless, there are yet more discoveries to be made, more combinations to be effected. To eat the materials of tartlets with roast-mutton is a great stretch of civilization; but who knows that our children may not appreciate the advantages of eating treacle with roast-beef, or surmount the reported impossibility of oysters and brown sugar?

We could have wished that Dr. Doran had given us, in his pleasant manner, more about the discovery and discoverers of the various unlikely articles of diet, which we now take for granted and incontinently consume without a thought of the origin of the practice. One story he has given us relating to the origin of bottled beer, and we quote it in the Doctor's own words:—

"I think it is of Dean Nowell it is said that he grew strong by drinking ale. He was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly-drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him touching the peril his life was in under Mary, which made him fly, after flinging away his rod, and thrusting his bottle of ale under the grass. When he could again safely resort to the same spot, he looked for his bottle, which, on being disturbed, drove out the cork like a pellet from a gun, and contained so creamy a fluid, that the Dean, noting the fact, and rejoicing therein, took care to be well provided with the same thenceforward."

We are thankful for this anecdote, affording as it does the traditionary origin of a very popular and deserving beverage; but it renders us doubly anxious for more in the same strain. There is nothing, indeed, of which we know so little as the origin of the different varieties of human food. Even our common vegetable esculents have, many of them, a repellent rather than an attractive appearance; and it would be curious to know how it was first discovered, whether the parts below the earth or the parts above were in-

tended to be eaten. In Afghanistan, a country abounding in legends, there is one to the effect that Satan entered into a compact with the people, to teach them to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits; the produce to be divided between them. The bargain being made, and the soil prepared by the labor of the people, Satan produced his seeds, which in due course came up, as carrots, turnips, parsnips, and other vegetables, the value of which lies beneath the ground. When the division took place, the people in their ignorance took that which was above the surface. In time they discovered their mistake and loudly complained of their loss. Upon which Satan, with a bland smile told them that it should be different next year. And so it was. The people were to take all the produce that was beneath the soil. But this time the Devil had sown wheat, and barley, and other grain, whose fruit is above the surface. So the people, twice tricked, got nothing but the useless roots. Experience thus made them wiser, and they came in time to know how to use the fruits of the earth. The tradition, at all events, suggests the very difficulty to which we have alluded. We know now that certain things, animal and vegetable, are good to be eaten in a certain way. It would be a great thing to ascertain how we first came to know it. The eye alone can never guide us to the truth. Grapes and peaches look as though they were meant to be eaten. But an ear of corn appears as though its property were only to choke.

After brief chapters devoted to the "Legend of Amphitryon," to "Diet and Digestion," and "Water," the author proceeds at once to business and seats us at the breakfast-table. A few pages being given to breakfast generally, Dr. Doran treats of its materials—of milk, of corn, of tea, of coffee, and other components of the morning meal. One of Leigh Hunt's pleasant genial papers in the "Indicator," is quoted to show what these components ought to be. "Here it is," (breakfast), says the Essayist, "ready laid. *Imprimis*, tea and coffee; *secondly*, dry toast; *thirdly*, butter; *fourthly*, eggs; *fifthly*, ham; *sixthly*, something potted; *seventhly*, bread, salt, mustard, knives, forks, &c." The bill-of-fare is a commonplace, but not a bad one; a little too suggestive of hotel diet. It is a noticeable circumstance, that go where one may in England, and inquire what one can have for breakfast, the waiter is sure to suggest "broiled 'am." For our own parts, we like it better in the cold state; and not the less for that it seldom fails to remind us of

two delicious lines which we chanced upon many years ago in one of the above-mentioned Mr. Hunt's volumes—the supposed speaker being a jovial monk of old—

"Mysterious and prophetic truths, I never could unfold 'em,
Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold ham."

The rhyme is unique and worth anything in itself; and there is an *abandon* about the couplet generally which is perfectly delicious. It illustrates, however, rather the mid-day than the morning meal, (we conclude that it refers to an ecclesiastical luncheon,) and we are now only at breakfast; among the other materials of which Mr. Hunt has properly set down "something potted." The something, in our estimation, should be *char*, of which every visitor to Windermere will do well to carry off as much as he can accommodate in his portmanteau. It may be procured in perfection at the "Crown," and we doubt not at other hotels in Bowness. Eggs, lacking a poultry-yard immediately available of one's own—Mr. Hunt ever writes as a Londoner—are always debateable materials; for although boiled eggs are popularly held to be the only articles of diet by which we cannot be poisoned, we are more frequently poisoned by them than by anything else, and a miscarriage in this direction is fatal to any meal.

Fish is an esteemed article of breakfast diet, more common in the North than in the South, where it is a high-priced luxury beyond the reach, for ordinary home-consumption, of the majority of house-keepers. Its lightness seems especially to adapt it to our use in the early part of the day, when commonly our digestive organs are not in their fullest vigor. A mixture of fish and rice, with a lightly broiled egg to moisten the latter, and green chilis as a condiment—the ordinary breakfast of Englishmen in India—is a highly recommendable repast. It may be improved by the addition of fried prawns. At the sea-side a plate of fresh shrimps may stand in lieu of everything else: but it is a repast of difficult attainment. The world is full of shrimps. A stranger visiting this county from one of the plural worlds, would incontinently believe that their natural element is the streets of London, and that they grow there ready boiled. Of the thousands in the Great Metropolis who every day devour whole shoals of these little shell-fish, it would be curious to learn how many have

ever seen one alive, or have the least idea where they come from. Even the venders of them are for the most part in a happy state of ignorance upon these points. In London the supply of shrimps very rarely fails—but those which are not used for sauce, are principally consumed at the tea-tables of the lower orders. Many people think that at the sea-side it is their inalienable right to eat fresh shrimps for breakfast. If they insist on having shrimps they may have them—in all probability from London. But you must get up very early in the morning, literally as well as figuratively, if you are to purchase them alive.*

There is great deal more to be said about the materials of breakfast, but we have neither time nor space for the saying of it. Something, however, ought to be said about tea. In England only the poorest of breakfast-eaters deny themselves this refreshing beverage. We have often been astonished at the consistency—or the obstinacy—with which very poor people, in spite of its high cost, cling to their tea. We have sometimes endeavored to persuade them that cocoa is much cheaper and more nutritious; and we have practically enforced our argument by sending them packets of the prepared nut. But we have been convinced that if they ever used it at all, (of which we have sometimes been very doubtful,) it was out of sheer complaisance. "I misses my tea," is generally the final declaration; and every day a weak concoction of sloe-leaves, coarse brown sugar, skim-milk and water, washes down the morning and evening meal. We are forced, therefore, to believe that there must be some virtue in it. At all events, it is impossible to persuade a poor woman that there is *not*.

We may lament to see so large a portion of the scanty earnings of the very poor

* Some years ago at Brighton, we were greatly puzzled by the circumstance, that although boiled shrimps were abundant everywhere, in the fish-mongers' shops and in the hawker's baskets, un-boiled shrimps were seldom to be obtained. At last we determined to solve the mystery by catechising an itinerant vender of "fine large shrimps," boiled hard rigid and brown. Having stated the difficulty that perplexed us, we ventured to suggest to the woman that the shrimps were probably alive before they were boiled. She seemed at first inclined to combat the suggestion—but afterwards compromised the matter by saying, that they were never alive whilst she had anything to do with them, for they all came from London. Many eat these London-bought shrimps at the sea-side, who would not touch them, though necessarily fresher, in London, for the world.

habitually spent on a high-priced, and by no means nutritive drug, but we cannot bring ourselves to think it a deleterious one. Eighty years ago, however, many people believed that it was undermining the health of the people, and that in time it would break down the stamina of the nation. Even in the House of Commons it was denounced. Sir George Savile in the course of the inquiry into Lord Clive's case, declared that he objected to the whole Indian system, and hated the name of India, for that the East India Company were carrying on a destructive trade—by many of their importations, especially that of tea, ruining the health of the country. The stamina of the English—or, as our French allies designate it, *their* solidity—has not, however, been destroyed. We can fight as well as when we drank beer for breakfast, and can do many other things much better.*

There may be high authority in favor of breakfast as a social meal; but we cannot help thinking that, more properly, it is a sulky one. Mrs. Stowe relates how she breakfasted at Sir Charles Trevelyan's; and how Mr. Macaulay amused her by descanting on the specialties of breakfast-parties:—

"Looking around the table, and seeing how everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to Macaulay, that these breakfast parties were a novelty to me; that we never had them in America, but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life.

"He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier—to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of breakfast parties as compared with all other parties. He said dinner parties are mere formalities. You invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him; because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him. You may be sure if you are invited to breakfast, there is something agreeable about you. This idea struck me as very sensible; and we all, generally having the fact before our eyes that *we* were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment.

"'Yes,' said Macaulay, 'depend upon it; if a man is a bore he never gets an invitation to breakfast.'

"'Rather hard on the poor bores,' said a lady.

"'Particularly,' said Macaulay, laughing, 'as

* Dr. Doran, in his very pleasant chapter on Tea, quotes the two well-known Latin puns, "*Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te*"—"Te veniente die, te decedente notamus." Better than either, however, is the inscription written on the lid of a tea-chest, "*Tu doces*,"—which our lady-readers may translate, "Thou teachest."

bore is usually the most irreproachable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenceless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honor and integrity."

Now, all this may be very true as far as it goes; but there is something to be said on the other side. An accomplished breakfast-out is a man *per se*. There are very few who possess the faculty of being brilliant at ten o'clock in the morning. With the majority of men it is almost as difficult to talk without the excitement of wine and candle-light, as to dance without music. But every man can enjoy his arm-chair and his newspaper. The newspaper is, indeed, the best breakfast company in the world.* Breakfast is the time for newspaper reading. There are thousands, ourselves included, who, except in a railway carriage, never read a newspaper at any other time. We contend that it is an Englishman's privilege to be sulky and unsocial at breakfast. It is intended to be an easy, lounging, self-indulgent, *deshabille* meal,—all taking and no giving. To call upon a man to sit up company and make himself agreeable before he has well rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, is to tax his social powers to an unreasonable extent. If he can answer the call, he is to be envied; but it is noticeable that whilst at the dinner table most men have something to say—at the breakfast table a large majority are silent. Sometimes, perhaps, Mrs. Stowe's informant does all the talking himself. And it may be added, as a further proof that the morning meal is not intended to be a social one, that the conversation which it elicits is seldom of a generous character. We have heard more bitter things said, more sarcasms uttered, more petty scandal talked at one breakfast party, than at all the dinners we have attended throughout a London season.

We repeat that it is an Englishman's privilege to be sulky at breakfast—and it is better to be sulky than to be spiteful. At dinner he is bound to be social. He has got

* Mrs. Ellis, in her "*Wives of England*," a book which contains a good deal of shrewd common sense, propounds the truth that there is one rival to which every married woman must make up her mind to submit and the more complacently she does it the better. That universal rival is the newspaper. It is generally triumphant at breakfast time, but not always submitted to, in spite of Mrs. Ellis's exhortations, with the best possible grace.

over the serious business of the day,—he has done his work,—he may put care behind him,—he is free from impertinent intrusions,—he has a right to make himself comfortable and enjoy himself. "Man goeth forth to his work," it is said, "until the evening." The evening comes, and he may give himself to society. After society there is nothing but bed. The sensation of coming out into the common work-day world, after one of those brilliant breakfasts of which Mrs. Stowe writes, is akin to that which we experience on coming out into the broad daylight from a morning performance by gas-light in a theatre or other exhibition room. To us it is always a melancholy and depressing one; but after the excitement of evening conviviality, there is no waking reaction. Fitly, then, comes the refreshment of sleep.

This is not one of the questions investigated by Dr. Doran; nor is it rightly, perhaps, one of the "traits" of which we have undertaken to discourse. It is time that we should return to the volume before us, and bethink ourselves of the "Materials for Dining," which necessarily furnish one of its most important chapters. Luncheon is hardly a recognized meal. It is one, however, that ought not to be neglected. Long fasting is destructive of the digestive powers, and therefore of the general health. Dr. Doran well observes, "It is said that the idle man is the devil's man; and it may also be said of the stomach, that if it has nothing to do, it will be doing mischief." Early breakfasts and late dinners are, to a vast number of people engaged in active business, the rule and practice of life. Many make a boast that they "never take luncheon," and forswear even that mild mid-day refection, a glass of wine and a biscuit. This, perhaps, accounts for the many bad tempers that are carried home every evening to dinner, and which generally clear up into serenity after the first glass of wine, and break out into cheerfulness with the second. The change results from the application of a sudden stimulus to a stomach weakened and collapsed by long fasting; and pleasant as the social effect may be, it is physically a very injurious one. We doubt whether this system of long fasting can be maintained for any length of time without permanent injury to the digestive organs. We have heard an adverse theory maintained, but never with good success.

We were once almost staggered by the *argumentum ad hominem* insisted upon by a certain ex-chancellor, who endeavored to con-

fute what we said about the evils of long fasting, by declaring that he had been condemned, during a life of unceasing activity in the law-courts, to fast, almost habitually, from morning to night; and was he, he asked, a bad specimen of a man at seventy-two? But before the conversation was at an end it transpired that in the vigor of his years there was not an Insurance office in London that would grant him a policy on his life. Some men, it is true, take a deal of killing. Napoleon said that he had twice beaten the English at Waterloo, but that those bêtes Anglaises did not know when they were beaten. There are some men who do not know when they are killed.

A light luncheon—it should be a very light one—is essential to the full and salutary enjoyment of a hearty dinner. That the prologue of such a dinner should be a plate of soup is an established rule in English society. Dr. Doran says, that "a small portion of soup is a good preparative to excite the digestive powers generally for what is to follow." This is one of the few exceptional sentences in Dr. Doran's book. All we can say is, that "doctors differ." The excitement, if there be any, is not a healthy excitement. As a general rule, it may be said that warm fluids at the commencement of dinner only weaken the gastric juices and diminish "the digestive powers generally for what is to follow."* If we are not mistaken, this may be found emphatically asserted in that very book which Dr. Doran says, of all the hundreds of works on this prolific subject, "Paris on Diet" is the best. We question whether the author of "Table Traits" would have penned the above sentences in praise of soup, if he had written M.D. instead of LL.D. after his name.

We do not mean that there is not a great deal to be written in favor of soup. Indeed, we are inclined to question whether the art of soup-making is sufficiently understood by the people of England. Large quantities of materials for soup are every day thrown away, from absolute ignorance of their value. The difficulty does not lie in deciding what will make soup, but what will not. It would be hard to say how many gallons of excellent soup—both palatable and nutritious—might be made every week out of the ingre-

* In illustration of this truth, we may note, that Christopher North has somewhere said, that no man, knowing how to breakfast, will begin to drink his tea until he has nearly finished the solid portion of his meal. The fluids should be an after consideration.

dients of our wash-tubs. Every householder, who, in his intelligent charity, has gone to the rescue, determined that his pigs shall not be fed before his neighbors, knows the value of these sweepings of his kitchen. There is an excellent little book called "*Cottage Cookery*," from which many valuable hints may be gathered. Soup-making for the poor is not popular in the kitchens of the rich. It gives trouble, and it diminishes perquisites. It requires some firmness and perseverance on the part of masters and mistresses to reduce it to a system; but once established it well repays all the trouble bestowed upon it. It is an immense boon to the poor. We were lately reading of a commentary made by a poor woman upon the death of the rector of an English parish, who had spent his life in doing good, and his substance in charity, and was greatly beloved for his kindness of heart. "You must miss Mr. — very much," said a lady to one of her poor neighbors. "Yes, ma'am," was the answer, "we miss him very much *for his soup*." This was cited, but we think very unjustly, as an instance of the selfishness and ingratitude of the poor. The *soup* was, in the poor woman's mind, the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of the good man's charity. He was missed for his charity, (and what is any one missed for but his good qualities and their manifestations?) and of this charity the soup was the most appreciable token. Gratitude of this kind is acquired with no great difficulty. During "a hard winter," the refuse matter of our kitchens, now in too many cases utterly wasted, will gladden the hearts of thousands, reproduced in the shape of soup. Soup, indeed, properly manufactured, is a meal in itself, and an excellent one. But the rationale of this is very different from the dilution of our gastric juices with thin warm fluids at the commencement of a varied meal.

Soup naturally suggests wine, by a glass of which it is invariably followed. Round goes the butler with the proffered "Sherry or Madeira, Sir?" There are not many tables at which the old practice of taking wine with one another is preserved inviolate: but we honor the man who clings, in spite of modern conventionalities, to this good old custom, and asks his guests to take a glass of champagne or sherry with him, according to the capabilities of his cellar or his purse. We do not mean that the present system has not some advantages of its own. Assuming that the wine is carried round with sufficient

briskness, (and under no other supposition is the system to be tolerated,) it insures to every guest a sufficiency of the stimulating fluid. It saves some trouble—occasionally, perhaps, some awkwardness and perplexity. It levels all invidious distinctions, and prevents any guest from thinking himself neglected. But these advantages are rather of a negative than a positive character. In the old custom there were many great uses and great privileges. An invitation to take wine has e'er now turned a dinner-party, that threatened to be embarrassingly dull to a little known guest, into cheerfulness and delight. Nothing sets a guest, in a strange house, more at his ease than such an invitation from the host, at a early period of dinner. It has, too, a further advantage;—it will sometimes happen that a man finds himself placed, or rather misplaced at dinner, beside an entire stranger—perhaps between two strangers. The quick eye of an experienced host will soon ascertain whether his guests are at their ease or not—whether conversation is passing freely at all parts of the table. Englishmen are proverbially reserved; and even if the majority of us were not slow to enter into conversation with men of whose names even we are ignorant, there is an awkwardness in such ignorance which may sometimes lead to embarrassing results. There are few men who have not in the course of their lives made some grievous mistakes in society, not by saying the wrong thing, but the right thing, perhaps, to the wrong person. Now, if the custom of taking wine one with another at dinner had no other advantage, it frequently enabled men to ascertain who were their neighbors, and thus conversation was promoted, which otherwise would have drearily flagged. An experienced and kindly host would often adopt this means of indicating to a guest the name, and perhaps by some happy remark or suggestive question more than the name, of his immediate neighbor. Nor was the genial influence of this wine-taking confined to the relations subsisting between the host and his guests. It extended through all the varied relations of the latter. A glass of wine often became, what Mr. Dickens said of something much less palatable, a "conversational aperient." From great men to their inferiors the invitation was a mark of recognition—an act of kindly condescension, often greatly appreciated and sometimes requited by good service. Public men knew the use of this kind of tactics. It cost nothing; and often made friends and adherents without the smallest sacrifice of dignity or honor. There are

always mean minds enough to be flattered and cajoled by such compliments. On such "Table Traits," however, it is not pleasant to dwell; and these last uses of wine-taking must be set down among its most doubtful advantages. Still, we can never bring ourselves to regard its desuetude without regret, so long as we can remember the smiling faces and overflowing *bon hommie* of two or three hosts, whose names would be sufficient guarantee for any social observance, and whose kindness and courtesy ever graced and illustrated the one of which we are now writing.

Among the "Materials for Dining," of which Dr. Doran so learnedly discourses, fish occupies a distinguished place. We wish that it could be made more generally to occupy a distinguished place at the tables of the people of England. The resources of the ocean are inexhaustible, if we could only adequately develop them.* Except upon rare occasions, when the seaboard counties are deluged with sprats, fish is an expensive luxury in England, obtainable only by the few. In good condition, it is seldom or never cheaper than butcher's meat.† The profits of the retail fishmongers are large—the extremely perishable character of the supplies seeming to justify, under the present system of distribution, the high prices which are put upon them. For the "dishes of fish," especially the large turbot which grace our London dinner-tables, astonishing sums are given. To secure a fine fish it is necessary to make application to the fishmonger in the early part of the day. Prices fall towards the dinner-hour; and we have known men expert in catering of this kind, who have made surprising bargains both in fish and game just at the critical hour when deterioration is about to commence, and the dealer recognizes the wisdom of obtaining a small price rather than none. But it requires no small amount both of nerve and experience to venture on traffic of this kind; and it is only within the reach of idle men, with a natural taste

for such recreation. We knew a clergyman of the Church of England with a surprising genius for bargains of this kind, who not only supplied his own table, but often enabled his friends to dine sumptuously at less than the cost of a leg of mutton.

It is to be regretted that so genial a writer as Dr. Doran, whilst treating of the subject of fish, has not devoted a page or two to white-bait dinners. They are the only institutions of the kind of which Englishmen have any reason to be proud. Unfortunately, however, they are of so local and accidental a character, that it is only under certain favoring circumstances that we can demonstrate to a foreigner the existence of this one green spot in the great desert of culinary insignificance. A white-bait dinner at Greenwich or Blackwall, is an oasis in the dreary life of an ill-fed Londoner; and for the credit of the nation, where opportunity offers, we should endeavor to make foreigners acquainted with that which alone, speaking gastronomically, redeems us from utter contempt. Opinions may differ about the white-bait itself, (which some irreverently liken to pancakes,) but we do not remember in the course of our experience to have heard a depreciatory verdict recorded against the *tout-ensemble* of the fish-dinners produced at Lovegrove's, the Trafalgar, or the Crown and Sceptre. Anglo-Indians speak with immense enthusiasm of the "mango-fish," which, like white-bait, enjoys a brief summer popularity, and is obtainable only in the neighborhood of the metropolis. It is a small delicate fish, somewhat resembling the smelt, but with a large and delicious roe. During the season, no dinner-table in Calcutta, or the neighborhood, is considered to be furnished without them; and they are eaten also at breakfast and luncheon. Many stories are told illustrative of the extreme affection with which they are regarded. Among others it is related that a certain Calcutta gourmand having been challenged to fight a duel, peremptorily declined to accept the invitation "till after the mango-season," when he would be entirely at the service of his opponent. He was willing to incur the risk of losing his life, but he could not think of losing his mango-fish.*

* In the Channel Islands the conger-eel is a common article of diet among the lower orders, and is not rejected by the higher. It is consumed in a variety of forms. It makes excellent and highly nutritious soup; and is very eatable, fried in slices. In Great Britain the conger is not a recognized article of diet; but we have heard that it supplies the "stock" of the greater portion of the turtle and other strong viscid soups in London.

† Perhaps an exception should be made of those times when there is a general dread of cholera throughout the country. At such seasons fine salmon in good condition has found few purchasers at sevenpence a pound.

* The fish are called Mangos after the fruit, being in season at the same time of year. The natives call them *Tuboa*. Before quitting this subject of fish altogether, we would refer approvingly to a recently published volume, entitled "Prose Hallucinations, or Ancient and Modern Fish-tattle. It is the work of the Rev. C. D. Badham, M. D.,—and is as full of instruction as it is provocative of amusement. It contains a very encyclopædia of fishy learning.

There is one general remark to be made on the subject of Meat,—that Englishmen consume it *au naturel* to an extent almost incredible to the people of some neighboring countries. Whether the “solidity” so remarkable in war, and the stolidity so peculiar in peace, be the results of this excessive addiction to solid animal food, we can only conjecture. Certain, however, it is, that one of the most noticeable of our “table traits,” is this excessive love for solid flesh in a state as near to that which it presents, before it is detached from the carcass, as is compatible with any cooking at all. We seem to rejoice in toughness for its own sake. It is not merely that the greater number of people refuse to cook their meat into a state of tenderness, but that they will not, on any account, allow it to become tender before it is cooked. The *pièce de résistance* is a national institution, and the resistance to mastication and digestion is generally complete. We esteem it a virtue to live upon “plain roast and boiled;” and believe that this simple fare is conducive to good health. And it might be, under certain conditions; the first of which is, that the meat should *hang* a sufficient time before it is cooked. There is nothing in our household economy so much neglected as this. We may venture to say, that in a large majority of establishments our meat appears at table on the very day on which it leaves the butcher’s shop. There is, we believe, in the minds of many housewives an obscure idea, that this is good thrift. The larder is religiously kept empty; as though it were more wasteful to eat Monday’s joint on Saturday, than to consume it almost quivering from the shambles. Samuel Johnson’s famous description of the leg of mutton which he ate somewhere on the Oxford road—that it was ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, ill-dressed, and ill-served—is of general rather than particular application. A leg of mutton, not meriting the greater number of these epithets, is a rare exception to a general rule.

If we were to say that men sometimes hang themselves, because their cooks will not hang their mutton, we might be accused of sacrificing truth to an epigram. But it is not very far from truth. It is hard to say how often those horrible indigestions, to which Englishmen are so liable, and which sometimes drive their victims to the commission, and frequently to the contemplation of suicide, are inflicted upon them by the hard sinewy masses of teeth-defying meat, which they every day do not eat, but swallow.

Such solid food as joints of meat, roast, and boiled chops, and steaks, is probably, under certain conditions, nourishing—but the first condition is, that it should be digestible. Digestion is primarily necessary to nutrition. There may be more nourishment in an ounce of well-digested, than in a pound of ill-digested food. We may gorge beef-steaks by the pound, and not derive as much nourishment from them as from a smelt or an ortolan.

It is hard to say whether our national addiction to animal flesh *au naturel*, is the result of choice, or necessity. In all probability there is a mixture of both. There is a sort of sturdy prejudice in all this beef-eating, very characteristic of John Bull. He professes an unflinching hatred of “kick-shaws,” and is not satisfied if his fork will not stand upright in his dinner, as it would in a deal-table. He considers the stew-pan a vile cheat, and protests against having all the substance and succulence of his meat simmered away upon a slow fire. He hates all disguises, and vows that he likes to see what he is eating. But in the great majority of cases he cannot help himself. Amongst ourselves the science of Cookery is in the lowest possible state. Our cooks are mere scullions,—utterly without either genius or education. They are equal to little more than the dressing of a joint of meat, and that they do badly. Consider the Frenchman’s triumphs over the natural difficulties of veal. There is a story, illustrative of this, which we had purposed to introduce in another place. We had noted it down with the intention of capping Dr. Doran’s gastronomic anecdote, which he has entitled “A Dinner for Two.” It is, emphatically, “a dinner for one;” but scarcely less to the point, as illustrating the capacities of a Frenchman’s stomach, than as exhibiting the powers of the Frenchman’s cuisine.

It is related that a French officer undertook for a wager to produce a soldier in his company who would eat a calf of a certain age. The bet was accepted. The soldier, without any reluctance, undertook to do his best, and the day and hour were fixed for the trial. The carcass of the calf was handed over to an artist, with instructions to do his best with it, but religiously to serve up the whole. At the appointed time it appeared on table in a variety of costumes, all more or less inviting. With a light heart and a lively countenance, the soldier addressed himself to his task. Dish after dish disappeared before him, as he commended their flavor and talked gaily

of the affairs of the day. The commencement was a prosperous one, and delighted his backer. In this easy trifling manner, more than half the table was cleared, when, to the dismay of his captain, the soldier pause and laid down his knife and fork. It was a moment of terrible suspense. The opposite party who had been losing heart during these earlier operations, now began to glow with new hope. But the triumph was short-lived. "Mon Capitaine," said the soldier, with all imaginable vivacity, neither his voice nor his countenance indicating anything like repulsion; "these *entremets* are really very seductive; but if I eat any more of them, I shall spoil my appetite for the calf." The result need not be declared. In England, the unfortunate man would have sat down to loins and filets, and would have either broken down before these mountains of solid flesh, or died of an indigestion.

In the present state of the culinary art in England, the consumption of these unyielding masses of solid flesh is more or less a necessity; but the necessity would seem to have been induced by the choice, or rather the habits or the prejudices of Englishmen. For it is not to be denied, that we carry these habits or prejudices with us even to countries in which cookery is better understood. Every writer on the manners and customs of the English in India, tells the same unvarying story of the gigantic saddles and sirloins which are served up at the dinner-tables of our Indian Presidencies. And that, too, it must be remembered, in a climate fatal to the preservation of masses of meat, and in a country where the servants will not touch the food prepared for ourselves. As the Indian cooks are among the best in the world, this addiction to the solidities, even in the tropics, can only be accounted for by a reference to the constitutional prejudices of our countrymen. Go where we will, we yearn after the substantial, and carry our *atra cura* and *atra bilis* with us.

On the subject of Game and Poultry, much might be written, but we are necessitated to pass lightly over it. We are indebted to the feathered race, of all sorts and sizes, from the Turkey to the Ortolan,* for many inestima-

ble articles of diet. An eminent experimentalist asserted, that he found mind and body both in the highest state of vigor when he had banqueted on roast goose. As a set-off to this it may be mentioned, that a painter of an enthusiastic temperament and a fervid genius informed us, that when employed on any great work to which he desired to devote all the energies of his mind, he lived, not upon roast goose, but on roasted apples. These may almost be regarded as the two extremes of diet—the one being as heating and stimulating as the other is mild and inactive. The inference to be drawn from the two "traits," is one corroborative of the old proverb, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." We should ourselves be very sorry to be condemned to write a book, or even an article, on roasted apples. Of game generally it may be said that it mingles largely the *utile* with the *dulce*. It is as wholesome as it is pleasant, as an occasional article of diet. Dr. Doran says truly, "It would be well for weak stomachs to remember that wild birds are more nutritious than their domesticated cousins, and more digestible. But the white breast or wing of a chicken is less heating than the flesh of winged game." Whether the latter can be eaten continually not as a relish, but as a meal, may perhaps be doubted. We know, at least, that a gentleman undertook for a wager to eat a woodcock and a sixpenny mince-pie for his dinner every day for a fortnight, and that he failed. This is one of those feats which, as Lord Lyndhurst said of newspaper-leader-writing, appear to be so uncommonly easy, until they are tried.

The mention of mince-pies brings us in due course to the subject of Pastry; but it is one into which we have no inclination to enter with any minuteness. We have never been able to sympathize with Mr. Disraeli's celebrated hero, Mr. Vivian Grey, who had, or pretended to have no better notion of a dinner than to declare, that he was well content to come in for "the guava and the liqueurs." At this stage, we hold that a man ought to have completed his meal. A woman or a boy may give in to the foolery of tarts. And, *a propos* of this, we may cite here one of Dr. Doran's anecdotes. It is a "table trait" which to us, at least, recommends itself by its novelty:—

"The lad's answer was as much food for mirth

Engaged (but there's no trusting him) to slice me
Polenta with a knife that has cut up
An Ortolan."

* Ortolans are held in esteem, and deservedly, as the highest possible luxury in many countries, both in the East and in the West. Mr. Browning hardly exaggerates when in his beautiful dramatic poem of "Pippa Passes," he puts the following words into the mouth of an Italian girl:—

"Do you pretend you ever tasted Lampreys
Or Ortolans! Giovita of the palace,

at *Sans-souci* as was that of the Eton boy who was invited by Queen Adelaide to dine at Windsor Castle, and who was honored with a seat at her Majesty's side. The boy was bashful—the queen encouraging; and when the sweets were on the table, she kindly asked him what he would like to take. The Etonian's eyes glanced hurriedly and nervously from dish to dish, pointing to one of which he, in some agitation exclaimed, 'One of these twopenny tarts.' His lynx eye had recognized the favorite 'tuck' he was in the habit of indulging in at the shop at Eton, and he asked for it according to the local phrase in fashion."

With all our faith in Dr. Doran, we are sorry to say that we do not believe this story. At all events, if true, it is marred in the telling. No Eton boy ever talks, or thinks about "tuck." There is no such word in the Etonian vocabulary. And there are so many "sock" shops in Eton and Windsor, and so many kinds of pastry devoured by Eton boys, that it is questionable whether he was likely to have identified, under the phrase mentioned, the pastry at the Castle with any particular article of school-boy consumption. Add to this, that there are few Eton boys who do not know better than to point at anything, or to commit themselves by the puerile gaucherie which Dr. Doran describes. If the boy was invited to the palace on account of his position in the school, say as captain at Montem, or any other time, he would have been too old to make such a blunder—if on account of his connections, he would have been too well-bred. There are not many Eton boys whose "young eyes" are not so familiarized during the holidays to the sight of all kinds of entrées, savory or sweet, as to be sufficiently well able to describe them in other than "local phrase." The matter is of little consequence, any farther than that it is a pity all the anecdotes of so accurate a narrator as Dr. Doran should not bear dissection, and this certainly is at least apocryphal.

Ben Jonson, upon whose "*Leges Convivales*," by the way, Dr. Doran might have founded a most amusing and instructive chapter, speaks in one of his epigrams, inviting a friend to supper, of "digestive cheese." And there is an old saying, to the effect, that it digests everything but itself. Toasted, in that formidable condition in which it is known by the name of a Welsh rabbit, or *rate bit*, it may defy the digestion of an ostrich, and is only recommendable when a man desires to dream Fuselian horrors. In its natural uncooked state, it is innoxious and perhaps "digestive." Scraped Parmesan at the end of dinner is especially to be commended.

Dr. Doran, we are pleased to observe, gives his verdict in favor of beer, which he declares to be favorable to digestion. The conjunction of cheese and malt liquor is one which comes naturally to Englishmen, but it was once anathematized by Brummel, whose climax of vulgar horrors closed with the celebrated words, "he ate cheese and malted." The general use however, of "bitterale," within the last few years, and its general recommendation by the Faculty, has somewhat familiarized the minds even of the most fastidious to this excellent beverage. That it has strong tonic properties is undeniable; and in some cases chamomile or gentian be substituted for the hop, the fraud is a comparatively harmless one.* There was once a vulgar belief that the use of beer made men heavy and stolid. "Drink beer, think beer," became a proverb; but it is now well-nigh exploded. It is true that a man may muddle himself with beer, as he may with wine or spirits. But taken in moderation, it is cheering and invigorating; and if a man has got anything in him, it will not keep it from coming out.

It need scarcely be said that some considerable portion of Dr. Doran's "*Table Traits*" is appropriated to the subject of Wine and its consumers. There are many strange facts and racy anecdotes brought together in this part of the work. If there be one thing on which the present generation congratulates itself more than another, it is that gentlemen do not get drunk after dinner—or before it. Drinking, gaming, swearing, and that style of conversation which the elder Walpole declared he always talked after dinner, because everybody understood it, have all gone out together. We read now, with something of wonder, of Charles Fox and the Prince of Wales getting drunk *tête-à-tête* in St. James' Street, and of Pitt and Dundas riding home in the same happy state from Addiscombe, bilking the turnpikes, and being fired at for highwaymen. Imagine the effect of modernizing such "*Table Traits*" as these,—Lord Palmerston and Prince Albert intoxicating themselves *en petit comité*, or Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert riding frantically home to the terror of toll-keepers, after dining with Lord John Russell at Richmond. Sixty or seventy years ago, it was not supposed that a man made a worse Minister of State for going to

* Consumers of bitter beer were considerably alarmed a short time ago by a report, that strychnine was extensively used in its preparation, but it was shown to be a mere fable.

bed night after night in a helpless state of intoxication. Whether he did or not, is a question which may be raised, but it is hardly worthy of consideration. We may have had great Statesmen in a profligate age, and small in a decorous one. But the great men would have been greater, and the small smaller, if the case had been reversed. There is nothing sadder in the study of all history than the thought of what Charles Fox might have been, and what he might have done in a less corrupt state of society.

Scarcely less noticeable than the "traits" of inebriate statesmen to which Dr. Doran alludes, are his references to the vicious excesses of authors. Whether in this direction the social improvement is as marked as in the other, may possibly be disputed. One thing, however, in connection with this matter may, we think, be asserted without any misgivings. Authors do not in these days write to one another about the quantity of wine which they drink. They are generally silent on the subject of their potations. Less than a century ago there was, as it were, a bacchanalian stamp upon the literature and conversation of the age. Men were continually talking and writing in some manner or other about wine, and measuring each other according to the standard of their capacity of absorption. Now an evil notoriety only is to be gained by an accomplishment of which our grandfathers were extravagantly proud. The ambition to be described as a "four-bottle man," is, it may be presumed, utterly extinct.

It has been said that if, in these days, we drink less wine after dinner, we drink considerably more *at* it. Even admitting this, the gross consumption per head, at an ordinary dinner-party, is now comparatively small. No gentleman, on rising from his seat at the dinner-table, is in an unfit state to "join the ladies" in the drawing-room. Half a century ago the man who, after dinner, *was* fit to "join the ladies" was a noticeable exception—a white swan among the black. The after-dinner sederunts of these days are growing shorter and shorter. At the present rate of abridgment, coffee will soon be brought in before the cloth is removed;* but the encroachments of the drawing-room upon

the dining-room may be carried a little too far. Many an interesting conversation which may never be renewed, is broken in upon by the rising of the host. In London, and in some large provincial towns, it is a common thing to combine with a dinner entertainment a small evening party. The advantages of this arrangement to the entertainers are obvious. The saving of money and trouble is great—the same lighting up of the house—the same hiring of extra waiters, and to a considerable extent, the same viands, will serve for both occasions. The convenience and economy of the thing are not to be doubted; but the advantages to the entertained are questionable. The dinner-guest finds himself surprised into a rout, and is detained an hour or two longer than he expected; and the "few friends" who are invited to the evening party are offended because they were not asked to dinner.

To those who eschew breakfast parties, and all who cannot afford to be kept from their business till the afternoon, must eschew them, the after-dinner sitting is the only opportunity afforded for social converse. There is less of this sort of thing allowed to us every year. At public entertainments, at which men only are the guests, the time is occupied with speech-making. Dr. Doran tells us that Lord Nelson was only afraid once in his life, and that was when he was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor. We know more than one brave man whom the necessity of this after-dinner speech-making keeps in a continual state of disquiet throughout the whole of the preceding entertainment. Except on really great occasions, when there is something more than the formality of stock-toasts, the continual cry of "Silence, gentlemen—chair," is a nuisance and an aggravation. We soon weary of being told that the Queen is the best of Queens—the Prince-Consort the best of Prince-Consorts—the Army and Navy the bravest of Armies and Navies—the Clergy the most immaculate Clergy—the Judges the wisest and justest of Judges—and her Majesty's Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, the best Ministers that ever ruled the State. This evil of much speech-making has increased and is increasing; and sometimes even breaks out on occasions sufficiently private to be left to the insignificance of ordinary after-dinner talk. Many dinners which would otherwise be very pleasant, are spoiled by this oratorical fever. Good talkers are often bad speakers. The art of thinking aloud on one's legs is so rarely acquired in such a manner as to give

* This must be taken rather figuratively than literally—for in these days it is the fashion not to remove the cloth—a loss, certainly, in those good old houses where the well-polished mahogany, on the removal of the damask, flashed back our faces, like a mirror, to the pride and delight of the butler and his master.

pleasure to one's hearers, that except upon really great public occasions, it would be well for us to keep our seats.

It is time that we should pass on to Dr. Doran's second volume, but before leaving altogether the "Table Traits," which have detained us so long, we must thank the author for his chapter on "Strange Banquets," which contains many interesting illustrations. Among others, is a spirited translation of Uhland's poem of the Castellan de Coucy, based upon the old legend of the jealous knight, who served up to his unsuspecting wife a dish composed of her lover's heart. As Dr. Doran says, the story is "extant, and written in very choice Italian," by the at once seductive and repulsive Boccaccio. "It is," he adds, "one of the least filthy of a set of stories, told with a beauty of style, a choice of language, a lightness, and a grace, which make you forget the matter, and risk your morals for the sake of improving your Italian. In Boccaccio's narrative, the lady is of course very guilty, and the husband also of course murders the lover in as brutal and unknighly a fashion as can well be imagined. Nothing else could be expected from that unequalled story-teller, (unequalled as much for the charm of his manner as for the general uncleanness of his details,) who but seldom has a good word to say for woman, or an honest testimony to give of man." Unhappily this is just criticism in the main; but how happens it that Dr. Doran's well-stored memory here plays the traitor in so signal and disappointing a manner? In this chapter on "Strange Banquets," reference, as we have seen, being made to the Decameron, we expected to come upon that story of the knight who, with beautiful chivalry and devotion, served up to the lady of his love, that which next to her he most cherished in the world—the trusty falcon which had so long been the one companion of his poverty. This was surely a "strange banquet," and the story is one in which Boccaccio had "a good word to say for woman and an honest testimony to give of man." It refutes the doctor's assertion, that "human nature presented nothing beautiful or estimable to him." The story is a favorite with our English poets, who have versified it again and again—loving it on account of the beautiful and the estimable which flush it with the mellow light of the tenderest romance, and almost atone for the dark shadows of the other stories. Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, and among our younger poets, Coventry Patmore, have found

matter for good verse in it; but in none of their versions is the story so effective as in the simple narrative of the Italian.

In subsequent editions of Dr. Doran's book this "strange banquet" might be considered not unworthy of mention by the erudite author. It might further be remarked of this story, as of the less-pleasing "table trait" of the lady who ate her lover's heart, that "there are few nations whose story-tellers do not celebrate it" in some shape or other—the same, perhaps, "with a difference." Like the majority of good stories which have furnished themes to the poets and dramatists of the West, it seems originally to have come out of the legendary East. It is probably of Arabian origin. At all events, it was related to Captain Abbott, when on his famous journey to Khiva, in this wise: Dr. Doran may thank us for the reference:—

"Hautim was an Arab chief, in the days of Nowshirwan. He possessed a horse, marvellous for its beauty and speed, the wonder and pride of Arabia. The king, who had heard of this horse, sent a nobleman of his court to purchase it. The emissary arrived at Hautim's tent, when every item of household stores, his camels, sheep, goats, and even horses, had been consumed in hospitality. The beautiful Arab horse alone remained. Hautim's heart bled for his steed, as, without hesitation, he slew him to feed his guest. The next day the emissary opened his mission, by stating that he was sent by the king to purchase, at any price, Hautim's steed. "I deeply regret," answered Hautim, "that you did not at once intimate your purpose; you ate the flesh of my horse last night. It was the last animal left me, and my guest had a right to it."

The rest of the story is worth telling;—but this is sufficient for our purpose. It is a "table trait" worth noticing under the head of "Strange Banquets."

We should lay aside Dr. Doran's first work with regret, if its successor were not on the table before us. The volume denominated "Habits and Men" contains as much pleasant gossip on the subject Clothing, as "Table Traits" on the subject of Food. It is written in the same genial strain, and indicates an equal measure of varied erudition; but it may perhaps be questioned whether the theme is so generally popular. The doubt, however, requires some qualification. It is certain that men think more about their diet than their dress. But the latter subject is more attractive to that sex which, if it does not care more about dress, may be fairly assumed to care less about diet.

To the present generation, indeed, of Englishmen, dress is a mere matter of course. It is a necessity to be clothed; but to a large number of "men" the nature and description of their "habits" is a matter of sovereign indifference. The indispensable condition of not being conspicuous once fulfilled, all the rest may be left to chance or one's tailor. Few men, in these days, are known or are describable by their costume. Dress is the greatest leveller of the age. Between my Lord and his Butler—between the Cabinet Minister and one of the junior clerks in his office, there is no other difference, than that the latter are, in all probability, spruicer and better brushed than their masters. In the morning we bundle ourselves into our clothes in a sleepy mechanical manner; and in the evening we change them with no greater bestowal of serious thought upon the occupation. They who "give their minds" to a waistcoat or a neck-tie are deemed fit subjects for the satirical pencil of Mr. Leech or Mr. Doyle. It is now, indeed, considered almost a disgrace to a man to spend much time or much thought upon the adornment of his person. What it has now become the fashion to call "a swell" is sneered at by men, and held in no great estimation by women. As long as a man is externally distinguished by anything like a *made-up* appearance—as long as there is any trace of art or study, any symptom of consciousness about him—he is altogether in the wrong. The characteristic of modern refinement is ease. In this respect we have gained in one direction if we have lost in another. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers made themselves up to attract and to fascinate, spent hours at their toilets, and were turned out at last elaborate fine gentlemen, stately and starched. Now-a-days, the wherewithal we shall be clothed enters little into our calculations. No man of sense now ever thinks of dressing at a woman. Let him do what he may, he cannot beat in mere costume the un liveried waiters who stand behind his chair at dinner. Mr. Dickens shows a keen appreciation of the distinctive characteristics of the fine gentleman of the present as contrasted with him of the last century, when he sketches in his recent story of "Hard Times," the "Easy Swell," Mr. James Hart-house. "He don't," says young Gradgrind, "seem to care about his dress, and yet how capitally he does it. What an easy swell he is!" Hang up beside this the portrait of Mr. Chester in "Barnaby Rudge," and the contrast is complete.

That in one respect at least the gain to the present generation is considerable we have incidentally admitted. But the picturesqueness of our manly costume is gone, and seemingly for ever. In these days a coat is a coat, and a prince of the blood cannot get a better one than his valet. There are no longer any social gradations in this matter of costume—no longer any room either for display of taste or prodigality of expenditure. We have by degrees fallen into a style of dress so inornate and so uncouth, that it is attainable by men of all classes above the very poor. The distinction between gentle and simple is to be looked for in carriage, in mien, in gesture—in a word, what Mr. Turveydrop, senior, called generally "deportment," and which is as distinctive and unmistakable as is the difference between velvet and sackcloth. There may, we repeat, be advantages in all this. The costume of the present day is not provocative of foppery or extravagance—it encourages neither a waste of time nor a waste of money; and so far it fulfils two important conditions. But a question will suggest itself as to whether it might not fulfil these and other important conditions, and yet be less unpicturesque and unbecoming than it is.

"Since the beginning of the present century," says Dr. Doran, "the laws of fashion have been stringent; those of taste ever execrable. Taste, in its true sense, and as applied to costume, has never of late been—

'The admiration

Of this short-coated population—
This sewed-up race, this buttoned nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty;
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.'

Even George the Fourth, and his favorites, could not bless or curse the nation with a taste for dress." George the Fourth, the "first gentleman in Europe," who is said to have caused the wrinkles to be snipped out of his royal inexpressible and fine-drawn, whilst on his august person—a process which, but for certain painful considerations, he would gladly have had performed on his face—encouraged that tightness of apparel from which we are now gradually emancipating ourselves. Lord Petersham, whose pantaloons the wits of the day compared to the two French towns *Toulon* and *Toulouse*, endeavored to set a fashion of a different kind; but looseness of apparel was then considered extravagant and ridiculous, and his commo-

dious garments only raised a laugh at his expense. In this respect, however, we have greatly advanced. A gentleman is not now-a-days compelled to ring for a servant to pick up his pocket handkerchief. The curse of buttons, however, still sits heavily upon us. Within the last few years we have to a great extent rid ourselves of straps at one end of our trowsers, but we are still strapped at the other; and we are buttoned in all directions from our heads to our heels—from our shirt-collars down to our shoes. We are emphatically, indeed, “a buttoned nation.” If to be “close-buttoned to the chin” be a characteristic of an “honest man,” we are certainly the honestest people in the world.

The connection of Buttons and Honesty is not very apparent; but they are brought into curious antagonism in the following passage, which we cite from Dr. Doran's book. We suspect that the information which it contains, will be new to great number of our readers.

“Touching buttons, I may observe that there is a curious law extant with regard to them. It is by Acts of Parliament passed in three reigns—William III., Anne, and George I.,—perfectly illegal for tailors to make, or mortal man to wear, clothes with any other buttons appended thereto, but buttons of brass. This law is in force for the benefit of the Birmingham makers; and it further enacts not only that he who makes or sells garments with any other than brass buttons thereto affixed, shall pay a penalty of forty shillings for every dozen, but that he shall not be able to recover the price he claims, if the wearer thinks proper to resist payment. Nor is the act a dead letter. It is not many weeks since that honest Mr. Shirley sued plain Mr. King for nine pounds sterling, due for a suit of clothes. King pleaded non-liability on the ground of an illegal transaction, the buttons on the garment supplied being made of cloth, or bone covered with cloth, instead of gray and glittering brass, as the law directs. The judge allowed the plea; and the defendant having thus gained a double suit without cost, immediately proceeded against the defendant to recover his share of the forty shillings for every dozen buttons which the poor tailor had unwittingly supplied. A remarkable feature in this case was, that the judge who admitted the plea, the barrister who set up, and the client who profited by it, were themselves all buttoned contrary to law.”

We wish that Dr. Doran had mentioned the court in which, and the judge before whom this curious case was tried—a case in which, as our author insinuates, the plaintiff gained his suit in more senses than one, and of which it might be further observed, that he

had so much natural brass about him, that he did not need any on his coat.

We do not know whether it was, in anywise, in connection with this subject of buttons, that Sir Harry Smith, at the Cape of Good Hope, conceived the idea of weaning the Kaffir chiefs from the predatory habits, which had occasioned and were occasioning so much border-warfare, by encouraging them to indue tail-coats. But he unquestionably regarded broad cloth as a powerful agent of civilization, and, in order to give it full effect, proclaimed that he would receive at the durbars, or levees, which he held on the frontier, only those savages who appeared decently attired in tail-coats. The result we are assured was curious. Cape Town and Graham's Town were largely indented upon for these symbols of civilized life; and the warriors of South Africa might have been seen scrambling to and from the camp of the English chief with their naked bodies thrust into swallow-tailed coats, and their naked limbs dangling down beneath the produce of the European sloop-shop.

In the East, however, it is not the tail-coat, but the round hat that is regarded as the emblem of Christian civilization. A topi-wallah or hat-wearer is only another name for a Christian. Dr. Doran asks his readers if they know why beaver was originally the favorite material for a hat. And, anticipating their ignorance, he answers that “Dr. Marcus was told by a Jew physician of Ulm, that by wearing a cap of beaver's fur, anointing the head once a month with oil of castor, and taking two or three ounces of it in a year, a man's memory may be so strengthened that he will remember everything that he reads.” “I would eschew,” adds the Doctor, “French velvet, and stick to beaver, if I thought that.” Whether he would be equally willing to take the required quantity of castor oil internally, he does not think it necessary to indicate.

The subject of *Hats* is a melancholy one. Dr. Doran says, with exceeding truth, that “the ugliest article that ever could be devised for the purpose, seems to be planted upon our unwilling brows forever.” The ugliest—the most inconvenient—and the most uncomfortable. We do not know one single appreciable condition which the Englishman's round hat fulfils. And yet from the constancy with which it is maintained from year's end to year's end, it might be presumed that we had discovered the great τὸ καλὸν in this class of apparel, and that the art of man could not possibly improve it.

Everybody complains of it—but everybody wears it. In spite of the universal acknowledgment, that the hard ungainly cylinder with which we afflict ourselves, is, in every sense, an abomination, we have not the courage to adopt anything more pleasant to wear, and more comely to look upon. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, one or two London hatters, encouraged by the notion that the congeries of all nations, which, it was believed, would be huddled together in the metropolis during that remarkable summer, would present a motley variety of costumes; and that, therefore, any departure from the conventional style of dress would be less noticeable than at other times, took advantage of the occasion, and endeavored to introduce a new and improved form of manly head-gear. Many varieties of hats figured in the shop-windows. There were lowerings of the crown, and widenings of the brim; and, here and there, a suggestion of feathers. The idea of feathers was of course preposterous, being utterly out of keeping with stand-up collars, stiff neckcloths, tail-coats, and long trousers; but there were other more moderate innovations not unworthy of general recognition. The attempted reform was a laudable one; but it failed. Whilst the metropolis was full of strangers, a small number of these improved beavers were sold, and one or two sanguine tradesmen began to think that an improved hat, presenting fewer of the features of the old chimney-pot, would really come to be adopted. But the Exhibition was closed; the men of "All Nations" dispersed; and the adventurous gentlemen, who had donned the new-style hats, lost heart, and fell back upon the old conventionality.

It would be wrong, however, to say that of late years the hat-movement has been entirely resultless. The extensive use of those light, limp, low-crowned, broad-brimmed head-pieces, known as "wide-awakes," is an indication of the good sense of the people. They are very comfortable, very cheap, and very becoming. At the sea-side, in rural districts, in the railway carriage, on the steamboat, they are worn without reserve or compunction. There are few men, be their status or their dignity what it may, who have not invested half-a-crown in a wide-awake. But the good sense of the people seems to stop short of the towns. The wide-awake is as yet only regarded as a type of semi-civilization. It is still an eccentricity—an excess; a thing rather tolerated than accepted, and therefore of limited social appli-

cation. We shall rejoice when it surmounts all prejudice, and silences all misgivings. Perhaps that good time coming is not very remote.

From hats, by a natural and easy transition, we pass on to the consideration of wigs; and thence to beards, and their wearers. In illustration of this last subject, he tells us that the Dutch philosophers confidently assert that Adam was created without a beard, but that this mark of the beast was inflicted on him when he fell from his high estate. "Van Helmont," he adds, "in support of this theory, asks us if we ever saw a good angel with a beard." This we might readily answer by asking him, if he ever saw a good angel without one. Southey, however, as quoted by Dr. Doran, refers, in like spirit, to painted angels, saying, "Take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed or engraver copied, put on him a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will cademonize the Eudæmon." That angels are painted without beards is true. Otway explains this pleasantly enough, when he says, apostrophizing woman,—

"Angels are painted fair to look like you."

That they were painted beardless is a necessary corollary. It is not quite so obvious that the beard is incompatible with the maintenance of the celestial character. The Saviour is commonly painted with a beard. That which purports to be an authentic portrait of the Incarnate Godhead is rendered with a long flowing beard. We know, indeed, on the best authority, that he wore one. What then becomes of Van Helmont's assertion, that men who wear beards are guilty of profanity? His conclusions, indeed, are directly at variance with his premises; for if the beard was inflicted on Adam as a punishment, it is surely the duty of his sons to bear it. If there be any profanity it is in shaving, which, in this view of the case, must be "flying in the face of providence." Dr. Doran, however, questions the premises, saying, "If this be fact, one may wonder why Eve and her daughters generally escaped this badge of opprobrium." Why? because they have a badge of their own, of which badge the daily misery of the razor has been declared to be the proper masculine equivalent:—

"Condemned to child-birth, as men for their sins
Have shaving, too, entailed upon their chins."

The extent to which hair may be decorously worn upon the face has recently furnished much food for exciting discussion; and the argument has taken a decidedly practical turn. In other words, there has been what is called a "movement," and beards and moustaches have appeared largely where they had never appeared before. We cannot help thinking, on a review of all that is commonly said on both sides of the question, that the advocates of the razor have the worst of the argument. Long beards are, we admit, entirely out of harmony with our present style of dress. They cannot co-exist with stiff neckcloths. But the unsparing use of the razor is unnecessary, inconvenient, often painful. It causes a large expenditure of time and of patience. It is distressing to see the gashes which appear on the faces of elderly gentlemen who are their own barbers. The modern style of clean-shaving cannot be conducive to health. On the other hand, there are many conditions in which the retention of the moustache and beard would (demonstrably) promote health and prolong life. Both have, and doubtless were intended to have, a protective power, and were given to us (for wise uses) to be worn. Indeed, it is above all things difficult to believe that all this hair, which, at a certain period of life, grows about our faces, was designed by the Almighty only to be cut off, by a process of an afflictive kind. *Ceteris paribus*, the loss of time would decide the question against the razor;—but it is reasonable that we should now quit the theme of masculine adornment, and turn to the more important division of this branch of our subject.

A French author has recently written a book on "The Duty of a Pretty Woman to look pretty." Such a work, doubtless, has its uses; but it is of limited application. We should have rejoiced in a title of more extended significance, with contents corresponding to the title. The subject should have been, in effect—word it as you may—The Duty of every Woman to look as pretty as she can. Some women are unfortunately not pretty; but there are few women who cannot impart something of comeliness even to an ill-favored face and a misshapen figure, if they will only take the trouble.

We speak very gravely when we say that there are few relations in life, or rather that there are few relationless conditions, in which this is not a duty. That cleanliness is a virtue is seldom denied. Dr. Doran tells us of a saintess who lustrated her internal self so effectually that she had no need to resort

to any external ablutions. But although cleanliness be not before godliness, we have good authority for believing that it is next to it. It is not, however, to mere personal cleanliness that we now allude. A pretty woman, doubtless, looks prettier when clean, and an ugly one uglier when dirty. And there are duties beyond personal cleanliness. Neatness, tidiness, follows close upon it. But something more may still be needed; and this something more, clearly seen and properly described—cut down the middle, as it were, like a pomegranate—is the least possible spice of coquetry.

We have all heard that "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most;" but like many popular sayings, in prose and verse, which have attained proverbial currency, it is only partially true. A yew-tree is, doubtless, a more beautiful object, left to its natural exuberance, than when cut into the shape of a peacock; and a box-hedge gains no real improvement from the shears. A forest is more beautiful than a gentleman's park; and there is nothing even at Chatsworth to compare with a country lane, moss-banked and studded with wild flowers. But the rule seldom holds good in its application to human beauty. We do not write theoretically, but experimentally—or, it may be, conventionally on the subject—as civilized Englishmen, in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is not our province to analyze the sources of the beautiful. We are not pleased or disturbed by things themselves, but by the ideas we entertain of those things—ὅν τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δόγματα—and we have come to entertain an idea that, in civilized Europe, women should be well dressed. We are all, indeed, converts to Mr. Philosopher Square's celebrated doctrine of "the fitness of things." It seems fitting to us that a statue should be little draped or not at all.* We are contented that a Hindoo woman should wrap a sheet about her body, and throw the ends of it over her head. We think that she would be spoilt by stays and a bonnet. But stays and bonnets become white women; and the most

* And it is not fitting that a statue should look like life. A figure carved in white marble is more beautiful, according to our notions, than one of equal symmetry, moulded in wax. Tinted marble, in which we read that an experiment has recently been made, under very respectable auspices, is not likely to enchant the world. There are things, or ideas of things, proper to statuary; and others proper to real life.

beautiful woman almost ceases to be beautiful, if she be badly dressed.

And the converse of this is generally true. A well-dressed woman, however little she may be favored by nature, ceases to be plain. It is difficult, indeed, to limit the extent to which a woman, by due attention to dress, may improve her natural attractions, or obviate the disadvantages with which she was born. And that it is her duty to do this, whether she be well or ill-favored, is something more than a maxim of mere worldliness. To endeavor to the utmost to please those with whom we live is unquestionably a duty. Such habitual efforts to please constitute benevolence, and not of the lowest order. If we do not love—and that of which we are now speaking is the practical expression of love—those who are nearest to us, those whom we see every day, how shall we love, how shall we seek to please Him whom we have never seen?

Benevolence of this, as of every other kind, may run into excess. Our vices tread closely on the heels of our virtues. Indeed there are few vices which are not virtues in excess. It is no argument against the practice of any domestic or social amenity that it is liable to abuse. We admit at once, in the present instance, that it is only good in moderation. Over-dressing in any sense—whether with reference to an undue amount of time, or of money expended upon it—is so obviously wrong, that it is mere waste of time to enunciate the commonplace. We need not to be told that dress is a snare. It has lured women ere now to destruction. But many a household wreck has been occasioned by the rocks which lie out in the opposite direction. Many a home has been made miserable—many a domestic tie has been broken by an habitual disregard of “trifles.” We use the word of common acceptance with people who are pleased to take what they call high ground, and to walk with their heads in *nubibus*, crushing earth’s fairest flowers under foot. But it is hard to say what, in the daily and hourly intercourse of domestic life, is a trifle. The proverb—one of the best and truest ever coined—which sayeth, “Take care of your pence and your pounds will take care of themselves,” has an application beyond the regions of finance. Take care of these “trifles,” these pence, these minute fragments of domestic charity, and the great sum-total of love and happiness will take care of itself.

There are women, severely virtuous, who argue that the love, which is in any way de-

pendent upon such accidents as the handiwork of the dressmaker, the milliner, and the shoemaker, is of very little worth. They know that there are better things than dress, and qualities more estimable than skill in attiring and adorning one’s self. They are conscious of being virtuous wives, excellent mothers, good economists—perhaps, pious sisters and charitable neighbors. And they argue, that these are the essentials for which they ought to be appreciated by their husbands. It may appear very shocking to say so, but we *do* say, that the woman who takes this “high ground” is lost. Her domestic happiness is sure to be wrecked. A man is not necessarily a trifler who thinks that his wife’s virtues are none the worse for a setting of comely apparel. The greatest of our philosophic poets speaks of “delight in little things” with feelings the very reverse of contempt. We cannot be always on the stilts. Men are of a mixed nature. They are not all good or all bad, all great or all little. It does not follow that they are incapable of lofty aspirations, because they have appetences and inclinations to which austere virtue may apply another epithet.

We may, perhaps, be accused of taking a very low view of domestic obligations and matrimonial duties, when we say that it is one of a wife’s first duties to appear attractive in the eyes of her husband. But rightly considered, this obligation lies at the very root of the connubial contract. We believe that we underrate the case when we say that—setting apart those unhappy connections which are formed from mere mercenary motives—in nine instances out of ten a man chooses a wife on account of something that is, in his estimation, or that at the time of choosing he fancies to be, personally attractive in the object of his choice. It may not be apparent to others, but it pleases *him*. He marries, indeed, for the sake of the “*domus et placens uxor*.” He does not take a woman to his hearth because she is a philosopher, or an arithmetician, but because, in homely language, there is “something nice about her.” It was, doubtless, the design of the Almighty in giving man a helpmate, that she should satisfy his natural craving after the beautiful, the graceful, and the gentle. For this was woman formed—

“For softness she and sweet attractive grace.”

The woman who forgets this ignores one of the great objects of her creation. The wife who forgets this violates one of the primal conditions of the connubial contract.

That some women are naturally more beautiful and graceful than others, is a fact which makes not against, but for our argument. Dress is common to all. It is a consolation to those not naturally gifted, that there is a point at which nature yields to art, and the work of men's hands is potent to supply the adornment not vouchsafed by Providence. It is surprising what a very little way mere personal beauty goes. Without precisely adopting the views of the Sybarite Italian in Dean Milman's tragedy, who thus enounced his allegiance to the divinity of dress—

———"I'm not one of the gallants,
That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,
Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.
But, my lord, a fair-ordered head-dress makes me
As love-sick as a dove at mating-time:
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight:
Oh! I adore a robe that drops and floats
As it were lighter than the air around it;
I doat upon a stomacher to distraction,
When the gay jewels, tastefully disposed,
Make it a zone of stars; and then a fan,
The elegant motion of a fan is murder,
Positive murder, to my poor weak senses:"*

—without, we say, precisely going to such a length as this, we may confidently appeal to the experience of men of the world in support of the assertion, that the efforts of art are often more pleasing and attractive than the gifts of nature—in other words, that well-dressed women are more admired than merely beautiful ones. Accident is beaten by effort in the great Olympics of Society.

It may be argued that taste in dress is scarcely less a natural gift than personal beauty. And to some extent, at least, the fact must be admitted. One woman has naturally an eye for color and form, whilst another has neither the one nor the other. But there are few women who have not, or cannot acquire, a sufficient knowledge of the becoming in costume for all domestic purposes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the plea of incompetency is ever set up. The real secret of inattention to dress is carelessness—indifference—idleness. "It is not worth the trouble." Women do not always consider that what it is worth their while to gain, it is worth their while to keep. It is no uncommon thing for women to become slatternly *after* marriage. They say that they have other things to attend to, and dress is habitually neglected—except, perhaps, on great occasions, when there is a display of

finery and bad taste abroad, to be followed by greater negligence at home. Great respect is shown to what is called "company;" but apart from this there is a sort of *cui bono* abandonment, and the compliment which is paid to strangers is withheld from those who have best right to claim, and are most likely to appreciate it. This is a fatal, but too common error. When a woman, with reference to the question of personal adornment, begins to say to herself, "It is only my husband," she must prepare herself for consequences which, perhaps, she may rue to the latest day of her life.

The effect, indeed, of attention or inattention to Dress—and we include in the one little word whatever contributes to personal comeliness and attractiveness—upon the domestic happiness, especially of the lower and middle classes, cannot easily be overstated. The *placens uxor*, as we have said, is no small part of the totality of home. If a man finds that he has not secured what he believed he had married, he has a right to feel disappointed. We do not say that he has a right to retaliate. The obligations of the connubial contract are not conditional but absolute. Negligence on the one side does not excuse negligence on the other; but it will very surely induce it. When there is nothing attractive at home, a man, however inexcusable such conduct may be, will seek it abroad, whether at the ale-house, the club, the theatre, the gaming-table, or only in what is commonly called "society." We do not mean to say that dress alone is the agency by which the erratic propensities of husbands are to be restrained, but that it is a highly important part of it. Indeed, it may be asserted that the absence of attention to this matter pre-supposes the absence of almost all other gentle, kindly, and attractive qualities. The woman who will not take the trouble to render herself personally attractive in her husband's eyes, has in all probability little or no desire to please him by any means. It may be said that there are some men who do not care for these things. There may be some, but there are very few so indifferent; and of these few it may be said, that they are not fit to have wives at all.

We are not unconscious that the didactic sobriety of these remarks is somewhat foreign to the lively, anecdotal character of Dr. Doran's book. And, indeed, we had intended to speak, only in an incidental sentence, of the moral importance of the subject. We must return now to the light details of which these amusing volumes are composed.

* Fazio, Act II. Scene I.

In the first page of "Habits and Men," the author puts forth a cautionary sentence, informing the reader, that "when he says 'Men,' he would imply *Man* in its general sense—a sense in which 'Woman' has the better and more perfect half." But although she may have the better and more perfect half of the generality *Man*, she has not the better and more perfect half of Dr. Doran's book. Indeed, what appears to us somewhat more than a due share of the volume is devoted to the habiliments of man in the especial masculine sense of the word; to such manly appendages as swords and beards; and to sketches of noted beaux and illustrious tailors. We should have liked a little more of the feminine stamp upon these pleasant pages. We have, for example, a capital chapter on Hats, we should have welcomed one also on Bonnets, especially if the doctor had availed himself of the opportunity to censure the recent preposterous fashion of wearing these head-coverings at the back of the neck. What if men were to pin their hats on to the collars of their coats? That excellent humorist Mr. Leech, who catches folly as it flies with unerring aim, does not exaggerate greatly, when he sketches a tall footman holding a lady's bonnet pompously in his hands, whilst she carries her head a little way before it. The protective uses of the bonnet are thus almost disregarded. Although the present style in which the hair is worn is auxiliary to this fashion, we do not apprehend that it will be of very long continuance. If we did, we should tremble for the complexions of our women. The parasol is an insufficient substitute in any weather; in some weathers it is no substitute at all. In connection with this, it may be observed that the complexions of English women of the humbler classes are superior to those of women of the same station in France, owing to the simple fact of the latter going so much into the open air with no other head-covering than a cap. Very pretty and piquant these light head-gears are; and their wearers look marvellously well at a little distance. But great often is the disappointment on a nearer approach, when it is seen how sun and wind have done their unerring work—the best complexions being unfortunately those which are most readily destroyed by such exposure.

It is the tendency of all fashion to run into extremes. It is not strange, therefore, that coincidental with this practice of wearing the bonnet at the back of the neck, broad-brimmed hats have come into vogue for summer and autumn wearing in the country and

at the sea-side. There is nothing more rational than this. These broad-brimmed hats are pleasant to wear and pleasant to look upon; and if they are sometimes worn by those who can lay no claim to juvenility, we may readily pardon the offence for the sake of the many pretty young faces, which look still prettier under them—or hand over the delinquents to no sterner executioner than our genial friend John Leech.

Among the subjects prominently treated in that excellent humorist's collection of "Sketches of English Character"—the choicest cream of *Punch*—lately published as a Christmas book, (and what could be more welcome?) is the now traditional freak of Bloomerism. Dr. Doran incidentally, with reference to other matters, shows that something akin to this fancy flourished nearly two hundred years ago. In the chapter on Wigs and their Wearers, Mr. Pepys is quoted, to show that women in his time aped the costume of men. Writing in June 1668, the journalist says, "walking in the galleries of Whitehall, I find the ladies of honor dressed in their riding-habits, with coats and doublets, with deep shirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts, with periwigs and hats. So that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, no one could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and one that did not please me." Bloomerism, however, repudiates the "long petticoats, dragging," doubtless, in the mud. This, indeed, is the strong point of the system, and goes far to redeem it from contempt. There may be worse things even than Bloomerism. There was, to our thinking, a substratum of good sense at the bottom of the scheme; and we were really heretical enough to hope that it might, in a modified shape, make some progress amongst us.

We hoped, at all events, that the exhibition of one extreme would rouse us to a sense of the folly of another. We might abridge the robes of our ladies without cutting them off at the knees. The garments of our women are on the whole graceful and becoming; but they are certainly unfavorable to the free use of the limbs. The length of the gown, as now worn, was surely never intended to promote pedestrian exercise. It is inconvenient and often unseemly. Even the plea of modesty fails; for women are compelled to hold up their gowns, and do so often with a liberality of exposure, which would be quite unnecessary if the

dressmaker cut them a little shorter. But it is not a question of modesty at all. We never could understand the immodesty of a woman showing her feet. The lady who, being rebuked upon this score by another who was *décolletée* after the fashion of Kneller's pictures, answered, that she thought modesty would not suffer, if her friend pulled up her own dress a little, or cut a piece off the bottom to fasten on the top, laid bare by one of the most absurd of modern conventionalities. Modesty assuredly does not require that our women should sweep the floors, or play the scavenger in the streets, with the bottoms of their gowns.

So far at least it is clear to us that Bloomerism, which would abridge the length of our female garments, has the best of the argument. But our women still go on *dragging*, from year's end to year's end, and a lamentable spectacle they present in dirty weather, which in England is the rule and not the exception. Our female modesty seems to begin at the toes. What the code of decency is—by what considerations it is regulated, it is impossible to determine. It is said that an uneasy sense of certain imperfections in the lower extremities of English women is at the bottom of the matter. If it be, it may be doubted whether more rational proportions will be obtained even in our winter costumes. It is certainly a fact that small and well-formed feet are in this country much rarer than pretty faces, and that the two are very seldom found together. The majority, therefore, there is little doubt, will continue to array themselves in favor of the scavenger costume.

Many women who spend much time and much money in adorning their bodies, utterly neglect their feet. But no one is well-dressed who is not *bien chaussée*. Even a man well-gloved and well-booted may carry off a seedy suit of clothes. With women it is essential to anything like success in costume, that they should pay attention to the decoration of their hands and feet. The latter may be little seen; but they are seen. As to the extremities themselves, the real state of the case may generally be gathered from inference and association. It seldom happens that a woman with large, mis-shapen, or flat feet, moves gracefully and well. In Sir John Suckling's famous description of the bride in his *Ballad on a Wedding Day*, as a piece of light sparkling writing unexcelled in the English language, there is, among other charming bits of temptation, a stanza

which gives the grace of perfect finish to the whole:—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light;
But ah! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

The poet had before told us that,

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on that they did bring;

and from the descriptions of the young maiden's hands and feet, we are left to gather—as, indeed, we may completely—a just conception not only of her entire figure, but of the grace with which she tripped down stairs. The true artist knows when he has said enough. Thus, Mr. Thackeray, when he desires to tell us how the inimitable Becky fascinated Lord Steyne, enters into no very elaborate description of her person, but contents himself with showing, both with pen and pencil, how from beneath the rustling folds of her gown, there peeped out “the prettiest little foot in the prettiest little sandal in the finest silk stocking in the world.” This Becky is, indeed, altogether a case in point of what dress can do. She dressed her way to the hearts of men of all kinds. Without half the beauty, and with none of the goodness of Amelia, she captivated George Osborne even in the honey-moon; and even to the last, painting, drinking, gambling—a mere Jezebel—fascinated young Englishmen and old Indians, and had German students thundering for admission at her door. When Mr. Thackeray admits us to my lady's chamber, he shows us the brandy bottle and the rouge-pot; but by a fine stroke of art, he places upon the dressing-table a neat little pair of bronze boots. Maintaining the prestige of his heroine's fascinations, he suffered her to subside into divers unseemly habits, but he knew better than ever to suffer her to become *slip shod*.

We have said that women with large or mis-shapen feet seldom or never move gracefully. They can neither walk nor dance well. And running is an impossibility. To real grace of movement, it would seem almost essential that the foot should be *arched*. This is coming to be better understood among us. Flat feet are too common in England—but dress, as we have before said, is a great leveller; and high-heeled boots, now so gene-

rally used, give an artificial hollow to the foot. The frightful habit of turning up the toes in walking is thus almost entirely destroyed. Indeed, nothing is more observable than the improvement which, in this respect, has taken place in England during the last two or three years. Our women walk better than they did, and are better shod than they were. How it happened that we were so long in discovering that kid-topped boots are far more sightly than those made of cloth or cashmere, we do not pretend to know; but certainly the discovery is one of the best that has been made of late years in the regions of costume. High heels came in simultaneously, and may almost be regarded as part and parcel of this becoming innovation. Our streets are consequently far less disfigured than they were by the spectacle of shoals of women all showing the soles of their feet to people meeting them from their front. These high or "military heels" necessarily force down the toes, and compel the proper movement in walking—the proper exercise of the right muscles. The tendency of this elevation of the heel is to throw the calf of the leg out of the ankle, where, under bad treatment, it is too apt to settle. It is said, that, in this respect, the conformation of French women is better than that of our own, because the absence of *trottoirs*, or side pavements, from so many of their thoroughfares, and a very common use, in the large towns, of thin shoes, compels them to pick their way on their toes. We think that it is Dr. Arnott, who, in his *Elements of Physics*, illustrates the effect both of wearing thin shoes and standing on one's toes, by comparing the legs of two men, *cæteris paribus*, taken from the same station of life, the one to become a farm-laborer and the other a London footman. The thin shoes of the latter, and the habit of standing on his toes behind her ladyship's carriage, develop the calves and refine the ankles of Thomas, whilst the heavy hob-nailed boots of Hodge have an opposite effect, and reduce his legs to a perfect cylinder.*

* It must not be supposed that we are uttering a word in favor of an injudicious use of thin shoes, which may be fatal to the health of the wearer. The ladies of the United States are said to victimize themselves wholesale by the indiscriminate wearing of light slippers in all weathers. They have, as a class, much better feet than the ladies of England; and the women of South America have the best in the world. The extreme smallness and symmetry of the feet of the ladies of Lima, and the equestrian use which they make of them, have been descanted upon by more than one writer of travels. Some Lima ladies, being asked what they thought

It may, perhaps, be thought that we have devoted too much consideration to this matter of the *chaussure*; but we look upon it as the very keystone of the architecture of dress, and that any inattention to it will loosen and destroy the entire fabric. How common is it to see, in this country, the becomingness of a whole toilet entirely nullified by a mistake of this kind, and, in spite of bonnet, shawl, and gown of the best character, the vulgarian betrayed by the boots. It is essential that the *chaussure* should be in keeping with the rest of the apparel; but the spectacle of really, in other respects, well-dressed women with heavy black boots, under dresses of light color and fabric, is one of the commonest in the world. Women so attired look like men in disguise.

We have little space to say more in conclusion. As there is no such thing as good health unless all parts of the system are in order, so there is no such thing as good dressing unless every component of the entire costume is well ordered and in good keeping. It is not in a bonnet, a shawl, or a gown; or in all together, though each be excellent in itself, that good dressing is to be found; but in the "full force and joint result of all." Above all things, it is desirable that there should be nothing conspicuous—that nothing should catch the eye. The best-dressed people are those of whom we have no other impression, after we have seen them, than that they were well dressed. We can give no account of the color or the shape of their garments; but we know that there was a certain harmony and completeness about them which has left an agreeable impression on the mind.*

Another essential is, that the costume,

of a very beautiful Englishwoman, then moving in their society, said that she was all very well, but that she had a foot like a *canoe*.

* We had purposed to have gone into detail respecting some other articles of feminine apparel, but the length to which this article has already extended renders it essential that we should bring it to a close. The accomplished author of "*Helionde*"—a work in which are apparent the learning of the schools and the acuteness of philosophy, combined with the graces of light literature and poetic fancy—says, that the ladies in the sun "laughed immoderately when they were made to comprehend that our women wear certain additions to their dress which shall be nameless;" and when the sun-traveller "explained the previous fashion of hoops, he feared they thought he was a sort of Bruce imposing upon their credulity." As to the "appendages," we are not sure that something is not to be said in their favor when they are discreetly managed. For a good deal of pleasant gossip on the subject of Hoops, we must refer our readers to Dr. Doran's agreeable volume.

whatever it may be, shall befit the age and condition of the wearer. There is a style of dress suited to the young, to the middle-aged, and to the old. We do not attempt to define the precise period at which these different stages commence; the good sense of every one ought to suggest the limits. Dress, we reiterate, is a great leveller; but it ought not to be suffered to level all distinctions of age and condition. Goldsmith tells us, in one of his pleasant essays in the *Bee*, how he gave chase, in the Park, to an airily dressed damsel, "in all the gaiety of fifteen," who proved to be his cousin Hannah, four years older than himself, and he at the ripe age of sixty-two.* It was the complaint of his time, that "ladies not only of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner." "A lady of no quality," he adds, "can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her grand-daughter." In the present day, this reproach is happily applicable to the few, not to the many. The Mrs. Skewtons, who attire their skeleton frames in

gauze, hang their death-beds with curtains of *coulour de rose*, and with their dying breath exhort Betty to give their cheeks a little red, are rare blots on the surface of society.

We lay down Dr. Doran's amusing volumes with regret. They are full of pleasant facts and racy anecdotes, charmingly told; and we know not whether to be better pleased with his illustrations of what concerns the inner or the outer man—with the volume on Diet or the volume on Dress. They are written much in the style of, and were, perhaps, suggested by the elder Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*; but we like Dr. Doran better as a narrator—there is more geniality about him. It is easy to fill a commonplace book with such illustrations as form the staple of these volumes, just as it is easy to fill a larder with food, or cover a shopboard with cloth; but it requires the hand of an artist like Dr. Doran to mould them into readable books; just as it requires the hand of another kind of artist to educe from the raw materials of the market or the loom anything that is worthy of being called by the name of Cookery or Costume.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BARON LARREY, THE SOLDIER-SURGEON.

WE have sometimes wondered that no literary *Cockletope* has found a field for curious investigation in the illustration, by modern instances, of that wise saw of Solomon, which teaches that the march of human knowledge is ever in a circle. The subject is one that could scarcely fail to be amusing; we would even say instructive, if the theory

* As a set-off to this incident may be cited one which we remember to have read in some book descriptive of Anglo-Indian society. An English gentleman driving through one of the most crowded thoroughfares near Calcutta, saw a native woman right in his way, and called out lustily, "Heigh! boorea; heigh!" (Heigh! old woman; heigh!) Upon which the female so addressed, suddenly standing still at the risk of being run over, turned upon the Englishman a lovely young face of sixteen, and with an expression partly of merriment, partly of resentment, in her large lustrous eyes, asked, "Toomera boorea kōn?" (Who is your old woman?)

itself did not forbid the entertainment of a hope that mankind can ever be taught by experience, and if history did not establish the theory beyond the reach of cavil. But even though the exhibition should be only "curious, curious," it would be, at least, as entertaining as any other pantomime; and if it did not make men absolutely wise, it would do the next best thing—it would make them merry. Taking counsel with lancelet Gobbo, "they would be of good cheer, truly thinking they would be damned" to the same end of their schemes and hopes, as were their ancestors, who schemed and hoped in precisely the same fashion centuries before. Men would surely have laughed, in the Crystal Palace year, at the exultations over the "material guarantees for the peace of the world then given, had a view of the last great cycle of material development and its sequence been presented in a sun-picture

before their eyes. Haply they might have wept could they have looked forward, but a span of four short years, into the future. Some three hundred years ago, the most notable material guarantees for peace that we know of in the world's history—the invention, or, at all events, the re-invention of printing, of gunpowder, and of the mariner's compass—were but the heralds of that great stirring of opinion which ripened into the outbreak of the religious wars of the seventeenth century. In comparison with those wonderful inventions (whether we consider them in relation to their own nature or to their effects upon society), the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and the railway, are but as the toys of children. Yet Mr. Cobden and Mr. Sturge, and other perhaps wiser and better men, rejoiced in the temple of human vanity they had builded in 1851, forgetting that Luther followed Guttenberg, and brought not peace, but a sword. Do they see more clearly into the fragile nature of material guarantees, now that, in 1854, they have to thank the autocrat of all the Russias for a lucid construing of the phrase? We fear they do not; and further, that there are others who, in another sense, putting their faith in material guarantees, have taken small account of those influences, in the absence of whose inspiration all physical power is brutish and inert, to be magnified only that it may, with the more certainty and the heavier crash, fall into ruin. For a year and more, we have heard little but boastings of the enormous extent and invincible power of the material resources of England. Led by the Government and the Opposition, the whole nation congratulated itself upon having the largest ships, and greatest guns, and most unlimited stores of ammunition, and heaviest purse of any State in the world. Nay, the whole party seems to have fallen into the ridiculous mistake, that there were actually no other unwieldy three-deckers or great ordnance, that there was no cash or credit—except whatever trifle of any of these commodities our allies, the French, might have—to be found in Europe, outside of Britain. We need not stop to point out how completely the lamentable results of the Crimean campaign have exposed the absurdity of these notions. Our object now is rather to enforce the truth, that three or four pounds of brain within a single cranium is of more worth, even in war, than any amount of material appliances—as much more as is the potter greater than the pot he fashioneth. Lancaster guns, thirteen-inch

shells, that amazing heap of gunpowder, the bulk of which Lord Granville shrunk from specifying, the thirty-six acres of lint, the rolls of sticking-plaster, long enough to girdle the earth; nay, even some fifty thousand strong and brave men are all, indeed, but so much dead matter, if there dwell not in some one pineal gland in the mass an overruling spirit, whose length, breadth, or thickness no man can measure. Nor can the master-spirit work without attendant ministers of like quality. To educe and develop these is one of the main functions of the master, and, with their aid, his power over mere matter becomes all but creative. Out of the scattered rustics of the North-American provinces Washington evoked a conquering army. Napoleon and Wellington both made the soldiers whom they led confidently to victory. In the course of the operation, one and the other drew out from the crowd the lesser chiefs, whose zeal and energy, recruited, fed, healed, armed, and disciplined their battalions. We do not doubt that the abstract proposition thus put will be admitted; nevertheless, the greater worth of mind than of matter, as a munition of war, has certainly not been practically acknowledged in the equipment of our Eastern expedition. And we venture to hope that an illustration of the truth may be amusing, even though we should agree with Solomon, that the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be, and that the records of the experience of the last century will affect but little the actions of the present. We choose our instance from among lesser rather than greater chiefs; and we select a department with the character of which neither our statesmen nor generals have shown themselves to be well acquainted, and whose importance in war has not been recognized before the most lamentable calamities disclosed the consequences of its neglect. Our readers need not fear, however, that we are about to shock their sensibilities, by introducing them within the dismal penetralia of a camp hospital. We desire merely to show them what manner of man a chief of the medical staff of an army ought to be and was—Consule Planco. Such of them as have not read Baron Larrey's memoirs of his campaigns will, we hope, find the means of whiling away an hour in the sketch we propose to give of the career of that distinguished soldier-surgeon.

In his own narrative of his exploits, the Baron is always lively and agreeable; and if here and there the national vanity creeps out, it but completes and verifies the por-

trait. There is mingled with it, in large proportion, the simplicity, generosity, and gallantry that invest the character of a good and true Frenchman with so many charms. Five-and-twenty years of campaigning, and the innumerable, unimaginable horrors of the retreat from Moscow, seem to have passed over Larrey without either hardening or withering his heart. In 1812, with the weight of nearly fifty years upon him, he tells, with simple tenderness, of his affliction when his first night at sea forced upon his spirit a sense of the pain that his embarkation upon the great ocean of life would occasion to "une mère tendre, veuve depuis long temps. Je ne pus retenir mes larmes (he continues), et je regrettai vivement le sol que je venais de quitter." The same lapse of time had not effaced from his memory the astonishing beauty of the ladies of St. John's, Newfoundland; "presque toutes d'une taille avantageuse, bien faites, ayant de belles formes, une belle chevelure, une coupe de figure agréable, de beaux yeux et des dents d'une blancheur éclatante." Nor had he forgotten the jolly night he then and there spent on board H.M.S. Salisbury, with poor Captain Riou; the grand reception given to himself and his comrades by the English officers; nor the fact that they sat down to table at noon, and at midnight were *encore réunis*, when their own Captain, returning from dinner with the Governor, recalled them unwillingly from refreshment to labor. From first to last, his kind word of sympathy or commendation seems never to have been withheld from the mishaps or merits of comrades or subordinates.

Larrey first entered the public service as a medical officer of the French royal navy, having won his appointment at a *concours* held in Paris in the year 1787, when he was one-and-twenty years old. The season being favorable, he says, and, perhaps he might have added, money being scarce, he made the journey to Brest on foot, accompanied by another officer. His superiors overwhelmed him with kindness, and having subjected him to a second examination in competition with his fellows, they appointed him surgeon-major in the navy, in which capacity he shortly afterwards embarked in the corvette *Vigilante*, and in May, 1788, sailed upon a cruise to Newfoundland. As surgeon-major, it was his duty to attend to the provision of medicines and medical and surgical appliances, to examine the stores of medical comforts, and to have everything belonging to his department in the ship conveniently arranged and

stowed. In the manner in which he speaks of his proceedings at the commencement of his service, he affords abundant evidence that the stuff was in him, out of which was developed the able administrator and organizer he became in after life. The moment he was made aware of the object of the cruise, which was to protect the French cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, he set himself to acquire from books, and the conversation of experienced persons, all available information respecting the navigation, natural history, and geography of the seas and lands he was about to visit. Having attended to the supply and arrangement of his stores "with particular care, persuaded that the surgeon-major of a ship ought to attach the greatest importance to such matters," he found that he had some days to pass on board before the anchor was weighed. "These," he says, "I devoted to the study of the vessel, especially in reference to the rigging, tackle, stowage, and the quantity and quality of provisions required for a specified voyage; I informed myself also as to the discipline of the seaman, the nature of his labors, their duration, and the rest that ought to follow them." At last the *Vigilante* put to sea, and for a few days all went smoothly and pleasantly, until they encountered a heavy gale, when the surgeon-major's studies and reflections were interrupted by a horrible sea-sickness, the nature and management of which he proceeded to investigate the moment a lull came. We cannot say we think M. Larrey's speculations upon this subject are likely to afford much comfort to the

"Luxurious slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave."

But it were a pity to withhold his graphic description of the symptoms of the malady, the pathos of which, though lost upon us islanders, whose business is in great waters, is calculated to melt the heart of the stoutest Frenchman:—"The first effect is sadness and a panic terror which seizes upon the sufferer; paleness overspreads his countenance, his eyes are bathed in tears; he conceives a disgust for all food; he is silent, seeks solitude and repose; he staggers like a drunken man, experiences vertigo, ringing in the ears, and an oppressive weight on his head." And then follow the consequences which it is unnecessary to specify. "The strength fails; the limbs can no longer support the weight of the body, the equilibrium is lost, and the patient falls; he cowers into the first corner;

he remains there motionless ; and at last, far from dreading death, as at the beginning of the attack, most sufferers desire, and many even seek it."

The surgeon-major, however, lived through the gale, and seems to have enjoyed himself much in America, where he made many excursions, and stored his mind with many observations upon men and things, and from whence he returned to France in October of the same year. Another storm, encountered on the homeward voyage, seems to have disgusted Larrey with a sea life, and having solicited, and with difficulty obtained his discharge, he betook himself to Paris in time to profit by the surgical practice provided for the schools by the first storms of the revolution. "Our intestine divisions," he remarks, "led to two or three combats ; such as those of the Garden of the Tuileries, of the Bastille, and of the Champ-de-Mars, which produced wounds of all kinds." Upon these he tested practically the precepts of his teachers, Desault, Sabatier, and Billard. In a short time, however, war was declared, and having been appointed by the minister, surgeon-major of hospitals, he joined the headquarters of Marshal Luckner, at Strasburg, on the 1st of April, 1792, and was soon after placed in surgical charge of Kellerman's division. The first weeks were devoted to preparations for the campaign ; dressings for the wounded were made ready ; and a society for the discussion of all points of military surgery was formed in the camp behind the lines of Weissenburg. The assault of Spires by General Custine, who had succeeded to the command of the army, produced a list of wounded amounting to 360, and then Larrey first became sensible of the inconveniences attending the position of the field-hospitals, which was fixed by the military regulations at a league from the army. Under that arrangement, the wounded lay upon the field until they could be collected into some convenient spot after the battle. This seldom could be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, often not for thirty-six hours or more, and consequently the greater number of the wounded perished for want of assistance. "At Spires," he says, "I was grieved by seeing many die victims of this inconvenience." Spires was taken on the 29th of September, 1792 ; and in sixty years afterwards, nearly from day to day, a similar inconvenience was suffered by the wounded soldiers of the British army at the Heights of the Alma. There was, however, a marked difference in the consequences of the occur-

rences. The sufferings of some 360 wounded men suggested to Larrey the idea of organizing field hospitals, which should afford present help in the very trouble of the battle. The heart-rending miseries of nearly 2000 British soldiers suggested no idea to the British medical officers that has produced anything practical. The duplication of these miseries at Inkermann has led only to a commission for the preparation of a blue-book, and, in all human probability, will lead to nothing better. Where are we to seek for the cause of this lamentable contrast ? It will be found, we conceive, as we proceed, to lie in the truer appreciation of the value of the moral element in war, which then prevailed in the French army, and which opened to it the unparalleled career of success upon which it was entering. If a soldier's inventive faculties were equal to the conception of plans for the improvement of his personal condition, or of a particular branch of the service, he was not restrained from carrying them out by bands of red-tape ; and the freedom tended to call such faculties into active exercise. Larrey does not seem to have found his genius impeded by official routine, nor was he in the least subject to that fear of exciting the vengeance of his departmental superiors by stepping a little beyond the line of their comprehension, which has worked such woe to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Balaklava and Scutari. When his notion that the wounded soldiers should receive surgical aid upon the field of battle, was confirmed by the circumstance of a sudden movement of the army having obliged him to abandon those who fell at Limburg to the mercy of the enemy, he at once propounded his idea to the general-in-chief, and to the commissary-general, Villemanz ; and by them it was at once accepted. A rudimentary field-hospital, or *ambulance volante*, was accordingly organized, and the "institution made a great sensation among the soldiers ; they were all already persuaded that they would be assisted at the moment when they should be wounded, and that they would be carried at once off the field." Assuredly they behaved none the worse for that persuasion, and it was shortly confirmed in their minds by the success which attended the first trial of the new system, upon the occasion of a rapid movement of the advanced guard, under General Houchard, through a defile in the mountains near Königstein, and in the midst of snow. "Many of our companions were slain," says Larrey, "and we had some thirty wounded, whom we carried

with us, after being dressed, then for the first time, on the field of battle." Then, for the first time, he was himself under fire, and he frankly admits that the circumstance made a lively impression upon him. But the internal enjoyment he experienced from the idea of the eminent service his new institution rendered to the wounded, "soon," he adds, "chased away the sentiments which affected me, and from that moment I have always surveyed with calmness the combats and battles in which I have assisted."

It is to be remarked that Larrey was not head of the department, or principal medical officer, when he was permitted to introduce this great innovation; a slight account of which we may, perhaps, be excused for introducing here, although the institution was not brought to perfection until some years later. The *ambulance volante*, as it was organized in the army of Italy, in 1797, formed a legion containing about 340 officers, sub-officers and men, distributed into three divisions. Each division had a surgeon-major commanding, two assistant-surgeon-majors, twelve sub-assistant-surgeon-majors (two of whom acted as apothecaries), a lieutenant-providore of the division, a sub-lieutenant, a *marechal des logis en chef* (equivalent to serjeant-major of cavalry), two brigadiers (equivalent to corporals of cavalry), a trumpeter (bearer of the surgical instruments), twelve mounted hospital men, including a farrier, boot-maker and saddler, a serjeant-major, two fourriers, three corporals, a drummer (*garçon d'appareils de chirurgie*), twenty-five infantry hospital men. To each division were attached twelve light and four heavy carriages, manned by a *marechal des logis en chef*, a *marechal des logis sous chef*, two brigadiers, one being a farrier, a trumpeter, and twenty drivers. It will be seen that each of these divisions was, in fact, a corps complete within itself. The medical officers were mounted, and all, officers and men, were suitably dressed and armed with light swords. The holsters and portmanteaus of the officers were furnished with the most necessary surgical appliances; and the men, mounted and dismounted, carried knapsacks containing reserve supplies of surgical munitions. The legion was under the orders of the surgeon-in-chief of the army: its administration was conducted by a board composed of the medical and administrative officers of the three divisions; and its discipline and manœuvres were regulated by a special code of instructions. Its duty was to take up the wounded from the field, after having given

them immediate surgical assistance, and to carry them to the hospitals of the first line. The sub-lieutenants of the ambulance and the infantry hospital men were also charged with the duty of burying the dead; and the former were authorized to require such levies of the inhabitants as might be necessary for that purpose. The carriages were two-wheeled or four-wheeled, and by their form and weight they were adapted to varieties of country. They could follow the most rapid movements of the advanced guard, and divide when requisite; so that a single medical officer, with an orderly carrying all necessities, and attended by a carriage, could repair to any spot where assistance was required. There can be no doubt that this field-hospital-train conferred the most essential benefits upon the army into which it was introduced; but it would be a very grave mistake to attempt the introduction of a servile copy of it into our own service. What gave life and energy to the French institution was the soldierly spirit, intelligence and zeal of Larrey: and these qualities are not the products of mere material arrangements. The organization of the *ambulance volante* became easy when the medical officer, feeling his responsibility, and animated with the military love of distinction, put forth the powers of his will. Nor was he ever content with using a mere machine, even when he had brought it to a state which he considered perfect. When he found himself engaged among mountains of difficult access, but-horses or mules with panniers were substituted for carriages. In the Egyptian campaign the difficulties of the desert were met and overcome by the employment of camels, bearing cradles for the wounded slung across their backs. In an unforeseen emergency, the vitality of the system proved itself in the manner shown in an incident of the battle of Eylau, when, upon the occasion of a panic created by a sudden movement of the enemy in the direction of the *ambulance*, Larrey, having hastened the amputation of a leg with which he was engaged, "expressed, with force, his resolution not to abandon his post; and all his juniors, rallying around him, swore they would never quit him. In this difficult conjuncture," he continues, "Mr. Pelchet, *officier directeur* of the ambulance, knew how to display the resources of his character, his ardent zeal, and his rare intelligence." The surgeon-in-chief, in truth, knew how to draw out, and to foster those qualities, which, after all, are common enough among men; and his own superiors knew

the value of his abilities for such work, and at what price—no very exorbitant one in the end—they could secure the use of them for the public service. The market of intelligence, zeal and ingenuity, is not worse provided nor dearer in Britain than in France. We, too, should soon find the wants of our army in all departments amply supplied, could we but take heart to cast loose the bonds of official routine, and to set the energy, talents, and love of distinction of our men and officers free to work in their natural channels. A main point in the moral of our tale is the contrast between the French and British military policy in this respect, which will appear plainly enough as we proceed.

During the remainder of the campaign of the Rhine, many bloody occasions offered for testing the value of the *ambulance volante*. Victory was occasionally "unfaithful," and, in the midst of disastrous events and frightful calamities, Larrey was himself wounded in the leg. Under the vigorous hands of Hoche, Pichegru and Desaix, affairs were, however, again put to rights, and the surgeons of the army were inspired with renewed ardor by receiving, for the first time, authentic evidences of satisfaction from the generals in chief and the government. It was through the hands of General Beauharnois that this tribute was offered, after a general and bloody battle fought with the design of raising the blockade of Mayence: "Amongst the brave men (wrote the general in his report to the Convention) whose intelligence and activity brilliantly served the republic on this day, I must not leave unmentioned Adjutant-General Bailly, Abbatouchi of the light artillery, and Surgeon-Major Larrey, with his comrades of the *ambulance volante*, whose indefatigable attentions to the wounded have diminished the afflictions humanity must suffer in such a day, and have served humanity itself by contributing to the preservation of the brave defenders of the country."

A junior medical officer in the British army on service "is worse treated (says Mr. Guthrie) than any costermonger's donkey in Westminster or Shoreditch;" and "of the senior branches of the medical department, I will only say, they are worse treated than the juniors." Can we, then, reasonably feel surprised at the painful contrast between the efficiency of the medical service in the armies of France and England; or can we refuse our assent to Mr. Guthrie's conclusions:—

"If the country cannot give sufficient pay and allowances for good and able men, it is not the

fault of the doctors. If they will not reward them when they do their duty well, who is to blame? If they are refused the same indulgences, the same rewards, the same promotion as the rest of the army, how can the public expect them to be highly efficient?"*

In the course of the campaign of the Rhine, Larrey remarks—

"We had few internal maladies: the good constitutions and energies of the soldiers, the good food and management, the severe discipline kept up in the army, and the constant activity in which Custine kept his troops, without doubt preserved them in health. Good diet, and, above all, exercise, are the best antidotes to disease."

No sooner, however, had the army gone into cantonments, than a low fever broke out among them, which made no great progress, "because we knew how to attack the principal causes." We caused the cantonments to be extended so as to relieve overcrowding, and we had huts built for the advanced guard. The bread of the soldiers was improved, and we caused potatoes, vinegar, brandy and beer to be served out daily."

Before the commencement of the next campaign, Larrey was sent to Paris to complete the organization of his *ambulance volante*, and he took the opportunity, *accomplir des vœux formés depuis long temps*, by marrying Mlle. Charlotte Elizabeth, one of the daughters of M. Laville-Leroux, minister of finances under Louis XVI. Scarcely was this important step taken, when he received the commission of surgeon-in-chief of the army of Corsica, and was ordered to repair immediately to Toulon, where he presented himself to the chiefs of the army, among whom was General Bonaparte, commandant of the artillery. The surgeon-in-chief promptly set himself to work to organize his department, and soon had every article necessary for the surgical service embarked. The English cruisers, however, intervened to cause delay, and Larrey accompanied the inspector of hospitals to the head-quarters of the army of the Maritime Alps, then at Nice, where he held an examination of the young medical officers for promotion, and as he tells us, distinguished le jeune Gouraud, who subsequently justified his judgment by attaining to the first rank. At Nice a remarkable feature of Larrey's system was developed into great activity by the position in which he found himself among able colleagues and zealous pupils—his juniors he always calls his pupils—advan-

* Guthrie's Miscellaneous Lectures, 1838.

tageously placed for the observation of the note worthy phenomena offered by a great number of internal and external ailments. He opened school, as he always did, at every moment of leisure, and gave lessons in pathological anatomy, producing, among other results, a special memoir on drowning. This course of life was prolonged for some time by the audacity of the English cruisers. And Britannia still continuing to rule the waves of the Gulf of Jouan, Larrey was invited by the representatives of the people with the army of eastern Spain, to take the direction of the surgical service of that army. He accordingly joined the head-quarters of General Dugommier before the lines of Figueras, where he arrived on the 25th Brumaire, an. III. (1794), two days before a general assault was delivered upon the Spanish fortified position. "Stimulated by the evidences of the confidence placed in him by that illustrious general," Larrey employed the interval in preparing apparatus of all kinds necessary for his service, and he had abundant occasion for them. The Spaniards fought like furies, and two redoubts, which they blew up at the moment when they were entered by the French soldiers, produced a *tableau* than which it was impossible to imagine anything more frightful and more horrible. The general was struck by a shell, which caused him to share the lot of the brave who gloriously terminated their career on that day. There were seven hundred men wounded, a third of them very severely. They were all operated upon and dressed within the first twelve hours. Subsequent events were more fortunate for the French arms, and the fortress of Figueras, a *chef d'œuvre* of Vauban, fell. The provisions *de guerre et de bouche* found in the magazines were immense. "I never saw," says Larrey, "such beautiful hospital stores: the bandages were like batiste, and the lint was as fine as *byssus*, the silk of which the mantles of the Roman emperors were formerly made. It was made up in little packets, tied with favors of different colors, by the Queen of Spain and the ladies of her court."

The whole of the winter of 1795-6 was occupied in the siege of Rosas, in the course of which the troops suffered very severely from cold; many sentinels, both French and Spanish, being frozen to death on their posts. It was a sort of prototype of Sebastopol; but at length, when the town was reduced to a heap of ashes, and the ditch filled with the dead, the garrison evacuated the place in the night, and, with the exception of a hundred

men, escaped by sea. Peace was soon after concluded, and Larrey returned to Paris, to re-establish his broken health, and to see his family; but no rest awaited him there. He was charged with the direction of the hospital train attached to the troops employed in restoring order in the Fauxbourg Saint Antoine, and when that was over, a new order sent him, for the third time, to Toulon. There he forthwith opened school, at the request of a large number of military and naval surgeons, and with the aid of his pupil Gouraud, set energetically to work, lecturing, experimenting, and studying disease, until, at the request of the general-in-chief, and the Commissary-General Villemanzy, he was ordered by the minister of war to turn all his attention promptly to the organization of *ambulances volantes* for the army of Italy. He repaired accordingly to Milan, where the head-quarters were, and on his arrival found that the preliminaries of peace had been signed, and that the troops had retired into military positions in the Venetian states and Lombardy. This state of matters, nevertheless, did not diminish Bonaparte's determination to be prepared for a change, and Larrey was ordered to proceed with his work. While the hospital carriages were in course of being made, he and his faithful ally, the Commissary-General Villemanzy, made a tour of inspection throughout all the stations of the army, organizing general and field hospitals, examining the young medical officers, and "taking all the measures he thought expedient for the improvement of the service." The narrative of this tour is in a high degree interesting and instructive, showing as it does the care and foresight with which the military system of Bonaparte was conducted, and how thoroughly the mass of his material strength was pervaded and informed by an enlightened intelligence. The two functionaries proceeded from post to post, and established or re-formed in the course of their progress, twelve or thirteen hospitals. In the great hospital of Padua, which Larrey pronounces to be a perfect model, he established a school of surgery for his officers, to which he shortly afterwards added three others, in Milan, Cremona, and Udine. He also organized at Venice the medical department of the expedition to Corfu, furnishing the surgeon-majors with copious instructions for the sanatory management of the troops, and himself supervising the provisions, and taking special care that a large store of light aliments and suitable liquors should be embarked. During the tour many causes of insalubrity were in-

vestigated, and measures taken for their removal. At its conclusion M. Villemazy, as *ordonnateur en chef*, formed a board of health of the chief medical officers of the army, at which, under his own presidency, the reports of Larrey were considered. The result was "*une suite de dispositions sages et utiles*," amongst which was the formation of a school of anatomy and military surgery in every principal town of Italy, where there were French troops and hospitals. In order to carry these wise designs into execution, Larrey proceeded to the head-quarters of the advanced guard, commanded by Bernadotte, inspecting, as he went, the hospitals of the first and second lines, examining the regimental medical officers, and investigating the cause of an epidemic disease of cattle, which had devastated the plains of Venetian Friuli. Upon this plague he wrote a memoir, for which he received with infinite sensibility, the thanks of the government of Udine—all that had been left them to give, as they significantly assured their benefactor.

The peace of Campo Formio having been signed, Larrey and his illustrious friend Desaix made a tour of pleasure *incognito*—"sous les habits de simples particuliers"—to Trieste, in the course of which they met with some amusing adventures, and the Doctor introduced the great captain to the sea, which he had never before laid eyes upon. On their return to Udine, the General-in-chief celebrated the conclusion of peace by a grand inspection of the whole army, in the course of which he reviewed the first division of the *legion d'ambulance volante*, and "appeared satisfied with the form of the spring carriages, with the manœuvres which the legion executed before him, and with the military organization of the individuals who composed it."

After a short interval, passed in the performance of his duties as professor in the military hospital of Val de Grace, Larrey set sail from Toulon, on the 19th of May, 1798, on board the ship *L'Orient*, commanded by Admiral Bruix, in company with the General-in-Chief Bonaparte, and the *etat-major* of the army, including the physician and surgeon-in-chief. All the vessels of the squadron and convoy defiled with majesty before the flagship, to the sound of martial music, and in the midst of the most lively acclamations, expressive of the general satisfaction at the commencement of an expedition the object of which—the invasion of Egypt—was carefully concealed. The manner in which this armament was prepared, embarked, and carried to its destination, conveys a lesson of

reproof and instruction *appropos* to our own time and undertakings. We have been lately asked to believe that the despatch of some seven-and-twenty thousand men from the ports of England, and their concentration on the shores of the Crimea, by a movement of four distinct stages, occupying a period of seven months, was a military operation unequalled in the annals of the world. The vastness of the enterprise, and its monstrous difficulty, have been subsequently pleaded in excuse for a want of organization in every department of the expedition, which brought about those horrible and heart-rending results that have induced the deepest despondency, as a fit and natural sequence to the outburst of childish and ignorant vanity wherewith every judicious Englishman was made to grieve during the past year. Larrey says the army which embarked at Toulon, on the 19th of May, 1798, consisted of thirty thousand picked soldiers. On his way, Bonaparte captured Malta, occupying eight days in the siege, and he disembarked at Alexandria, on the 30th of June, thus completing the operation of transit in six weeks. We had the greatest naval arsenals and the largest steam fleet in the world, the most extensive and various repertory of mechanical power to draw upon. Bonaparte had to contend with imperfect means of transport, and a national inaptitude for maritime enterprise; but in his case, any deficiency of material strength was more than compensated by the energy of a ruling mind. How this worked in reference to the medical department, Larrey explains in a few words. He knew no more than that the expedition was an important one, and that its chief, *si justement celebre*, held it to be so. That was knowledge enough for the heads of departments; the conduct of the details of preparation was left with confidence and safety to their care. "A decree of the commission of armament was issued, authorizing the medical officers in chief to procure assistants, and all the means necessary for their respective services." Larrey and his colleague Desgenottes, the physician-in-chief, acted promptly and completely in its execution. "I wrote (says the former) to the schools of medicine of Montpellier and Toulouse to request them to send me, with the least possible delay, a certain number of surgeons, well instructed, courageous, and capable of bearing painful and tedious campaigns. Scarcely was my invitation known in the schools when the honor of sharing in our perils and our glory became an object of warm contention, and shortly a hundred and eight surgeons

(exclusive of the regimental medical officers) were united under my orders. I employed (he continues) those who were at Toulon, during our short stay there, in preparing thirty chests of dressing materials, fit to be carried on the backs of animals in the rear of the divisions. The surgeons, at the same time, were exercised in the practice of their art, in the military hospital of instruction of the place. I had a complete collection made of instruments and utensils of surgery, and a sufficient number of flexible litters easy to be carried into all sorts of places. Desgenettes directed the preparation and reception of medicines; the other branches of the medical service were equally provided for by the administrators in chief of the army." We are not informed as to how many acres of lint, gallons of balsam of capaiba, or tons of sticking plaster were embarked; but we are assured that everything necessary or likely to be useful was provided, and that the medical stores were separated and distributed among the ships ready for use in case of an action at sea, or at the moment of disembarkation. Doubtless they were not packed by hundreds-weight in bales, at some wholesale drug warehouse, and shot from wagons into the hold of a transport, there to be buried under a cairn of shot and shell. The surgeons were also disposed of among the transports, and so distributed that no vessel of above a hundred men was unprovided with a medical officer.

After leaving Malta, Larrey began to suspect where he was going, and he accordingly prepared from such materials of information as were within his reach, a *notice instructive et réglementaire*, which he addressed to his colleagues, surgeons of the first class, relative to their respective services, to the influences of the climate of Egypt on the health of Europeans newly arrived, and to the pestilential carbuncle. The assault of Alexandria, immediately after the landing of the army, tested the value of all these preparations. The dey gave the doctors about two hundred and fifty patients, among whom were Kleber, Menou, and the Adjutant-General Lescaze. These were all accommodated in the Capuchin convent, which, we are told, finally became a very great establishment. On the 6th of July, Bonaparte began his march upon Cairo, and Larrey and Desgenettes followed his columns, having employed the few days they remained at Alexandria in organizing stationary hospitals, in attaching an ambulance to each of the five divisions of the army, and in forming a corps de reserve of surgeons, making a sixth ambulance, to re-

main with the surgeon-in-chief at head quarters. The passage of the desert for the first time seems to have made a very lively impression upon Larrey.

It was not until the fifth day, that they arrived at Damanhour, the first spot offering them any resource; and never did army experience so great vicissitudes, and so painful privations, as during the march. Struck with the rays of a burning sun, marching all on foot over a sand more burning still, traversing immense plains frightfully arid, where they barely found a few ditches of muddy water, almost solid, the most vigorous soldiers, devoured by thirst and overcome by heat, sank under the weight of their arms. The manner in which death approached these sufferers was strange. "They perished as if by extinction. This death," says Larrey, "appeared to me sweet and calm, for one of them said to me at the last moment of his life, that he found himself in a state of comfort inexpressible." They were also continually harassed by swarms of Arabs, among the first of whose victims was a surgeon of the ambulance. Amidst these troubles, Bonaparte was kicked by an Arab horse, receiving a very severe contusion on his right leg, which threatened mischief, but the case was soon brought to a happy conclusion by the cares of Larrey, notwithstanding the painful march and the natural activity of the patient, which forbade repose. Arrived at Cairo, Larrey lost no time in organizing a sort of head-quarters for his department. He formed a school of practical surgery for the instruction of the young surgeons of the army, and addressed to his colleagues, surgeons of the first class, a memoir on the epidemic ophthalmia, which began to show itself in a formidable manner among the troops. The climate and the sabres of the Mamelukes provided patients in abundance, many of whom had limbs cut clean off by those terrible weapons. The repose, too, they were beginning to enjoy after the first storm had passed over, was disturbed by what the Frenchman calls a revolt of the people of Cairo, in the course of which he had himself a narrow escape, when passing through "a horde of assassins," in a vain attempt to assist General Dupuy, who was mortally wounded by a lance. On returning to his duty, what was his astonishment to find the bleeding corpses of two worthy comrades, Ronsael and Mongin, surgeons of the first class, stretched on the threshold of the hospital, where they fell fighting with many other brave soldiers. "They caused the

asylum of the sick to be respected, but it was at the cost of their lives."

Larrey accompanied Bonaparte throughout the campaign of Syria, and took his part in all the important transactions of that disastrous expedition. In foreseeing and preparing to meet the new forms of danger, and the unprecedented difficulties of this warfare, he showed his accustomed penetration, and the fertility of his mind. His ambulance carriages, for example, were no longer available, and he therefore procured a hundred wicker-work cradles, which he had suspended, by pairs, by means of elastic straps, one on either side of the humps of fifty camels. In each of these baskets a wounded man could lie at full length. The means of transport were, he says, the first object of his attention. He himself mounted a dromedary, and rode hither and thither over the desert, to whatever spot was most encumbered with the sick or wounded. In the course of this service, the want of materials for broth for his patients taught Larrey the use of a dead camel, which he found to be very superior to horse-flesh, being nourishing, and very agreeable to the taste. Before St. Jean d'Acre the plague showed itself among the troops with frightful violence, and there was great difficulty experienced in the establishment of hospitals. Scarcely any spot could be found safe from the sorties of the besieged; the only beds procurable for the sick were the leaves of reeds, of which there was but a scanty supply. Wine, vinegar, and medicines were wanting. There was great misery in every form experienced by the whole army. During the siege, Larrey never enjoyed a moment of calm, and of perfect repose. The wounded amounted to about two thousand, among whom were many officers of rank. Caffarelli, who had honored Larrey with his esteem and friendship, and who had even conceived a project for the improvement of the condition of military surgery, he was, to his eternal regret, unable to save. The chief engineer, Sanson, Duroc, Eugene Beauharnois, Lannes, Arrighi, narrowly escaped. The latter, when in the breaching battery, had his carotid artery divided by a ball, and was only saved by the promptitude of a gunner, who afterwards became Monsieur Pellissier, an officer in the Imperial Guards, in thrusting his fingers into the wound, and keeping them there until Larrey arrived, and secured the bleeding vessel, in the midst of a storm of bullets and balls. At length, after thirteen successive assaults, the genius of Bonaparte yielded be-

fore the obstinacy of Sir Sidney Smith; and the siege of Acre having been raised, it was determined to retreat upon Egypt, carrying off all the wounded. For this purpose, as Larrey states, Bonaparte gave up his own horses, and marched on foot with the army. The evacuation of the wounded was accomplished with great success, and Larrey refers to it with satisfaction, as a grand triumph of field surgery. He seems, truly, to have been very glad to get back to Cairo, near which they were met by General Dugua, who came out at the head of the garrison to welcome and assist their return. "With what pleasure," exclaims Larrey, "did we again see our brave companions! Fatigued by the labors of a long campaign, enfeebled by continual privations, blackened by the burning sun of the desert, we embraced brothers and friends, bound to us by interest and glory, in the spot where we had created a new country, in the midst of a strange people.

Larrey followed Bonaparte to the Pyramids, on the topmost stone of the greatest of which he carved his name, *comme tant d'autres*. He was also actively engaged in the first battle of Aboukir, where he again evinced his aptitude in accommodating means to ends, by substituting hospital boats for carriages or camels, and in them conveying the crowd of wounded men without any accident to Alexandria. These boats were provided with flexible litters, wine, vinegar, brandy, so as to form a sort of reserve magazine of medical munitions. The routine practice of that army was manifestly for each officer, charged with a department or a post, to do the best he possibly could to advance the service, caring little for old formularies or customs. There was no waiting for orders from a departmental chief at Paris; whatever was known to be necessary and possible was resolved upon, and done at the same instant.

Bonaparte having got tired of the not very profitable work in which he was engaged, took his departure in a manner which Larrey characteristically describes:—"After celebrating the battle of Aboukir by a *fête* which he gave to the generals, chiefs of corps and departments, he announced that he was going to inspect the coast, from the lake Burlos to Alexandria. He embarked for France on the 22d of August (a week or two afterwards), leaving the command of the army to General Kleber. Notwithstanding the confidence with which this general inspired the soldiers, they deeply regretted their first

chief, and the Egyptians only consoled themselves for his departure by the hope he gave them in his last proclamation, that they should one day see him again. Matters soon began to go on badly, although Larrey did not fail to re-establish his school of anatomy and practical surgery, the instruction in which had been suspended during the campaign of Syria. The schoolmaster was, however, soon forced again to go abroad. El Arych was forced to capitulate by the Grand Vizier, when the Turks violated the conditions, and did not respect even the medical officers, of one of whom the barbarians cut off the head while he was dressing a wound. Lord Keith, too, refused to sanction the terms of a convention for the evacuation of Egypt, concluded with the Turks, and would not allow a single Frenchman to embark, except as a prisoner of war. The people of Cairo also revolted again; and Kleber, driven to bay, advanced to meet the enemy, and fought the battle of Heliopolis. On their return the army were very much disgusted at finding Cairo occupied by 50,000 Turks, who had made several attempts upon the farm where the head-quarters and the hospital were located. In one of these attacks Desgenettes, the Physician-in-Chief, was wounded in the head. It became necessary to invest the town, and in the course of the operations the besieging army suffered great privations. Nevertheless, Cairo finally fell, and a heavy contribution imposed upon the inhabitants supplied the means of wiping off arrears of pay, and of refitting all parts of the service—the medical among the rest. There was another moment of repose, and again the school of anatomy, surgery, and clinical instruction was opened, and an examination of regimental surgeons for promotion was ordered by Kleber. A sad event shortly clouded this fair weather. General Kleber was assassinated by Soleyman El Hhaleby, *jeune Philistin*, who was dealt with according to the custom of the country. His right hand was burnt off, and he was then impaled alive. Larrey was astonished at and admired the courage with which the assassin bore his cruel fate, without uttering a groan. He does not, indeed, venture upon a word of condemnation of the savages who inflicted that barbarous punishment; but he investigated the mode of its action, and he deposited the skeleton of the victim in the Museum of Natural History. Menou succeeded Kleber in the command, and his rule seems to have been particularly favorable to the medical department. He reformed the adminis-

tration, gave orders for the organization of the hospitals and ambulances, recompensed the courage and zeal of the medical officers, by increased appointments, formed a private council, into which he introduced the Physician and Surgeon-in-Chief, and by many other improvements so far amended the state of the army, that the soldier, wanting nothing, was no longer tormented with a desire of returning to his country. Another short period of comfort supervened, and the French, in the third year of their sojourn, began to feel themselves quite at home in Egypt; when, *au milieu de ces jouissances inexprimables*, twenty thousand English effected a landing at Aboukir. The ambulances were again put into marching order; and the columns advanced calmly, but firmly, upon the English, whom they would have inevitably beaten but for a series of unhappy circumstances, respecting which Larrey declines offering a certain opinion. The battle gave thirteen hundred wounded, among whom were six generals. That 21st of March, 1801, was a weary day for the French surgeons, who were constantly occupied for the eight or ten following days and nights in dressing the wounded.

In this campaign "nothing succeeded." Sickness increased. The hospitals became over-crowded, and the material and personal means of performing the duty daily grew less. In the defence of Fort Marabou, two surgeons were killed, and a third had a leg shot away; while, during the blockade of Alexandria, the cavalry horses had to be killed for food for the sick—and very good broth their flesh made, and very agreeable to eat, with some little care in the preparation, although certain pusillanimous and unenlightened persons murmured against its use. "At least," says Larrey, "I was very happy by my example to establish confidence in this fresh provision, the only kind we were able to get." At length matters arrived at an extremity, and a council of war having been held, at which the two chief medical officers assisted, it was agreed that further resistance was impossible. A capitulation accordingly was concluded, the report of the medical officers being annexed to the articles, and the army was allowed to return to France with all the honors of war. The moment the capitulation was signed, Larrey visited the English camp and hospitals, of which he gives a favorable account. The field hospitals, he says, were well kept, and provided with everything necessary, under the direction of the inspector-general (M. Yonck, as

he calls him), who had the entire medical and administrative control of the service, with no middleman between him and the General-in-Chief. Larrey and M. Savaresi, then acting Physician-in-Chief, were named members of the Commission of Armament for carrying out the terms of the capitulation, and to them, in concert with Inspector-General Young, was confided the arrangements necessary for the removal of the sick and wounded. Thirteen hundred of these, not including a corps of invalids, were embarked in twelve hospital ships and sailed with the army. Three hundred were left at Alexandrin, confided to the care and kindness of Inspector-General Young, and two months later they all returned cured to France. The whole army was embarked between the 23d of September and the 17th of October, and on the latter day in the evening Larrey sailed, in company with the General-in-Chief, in the English frigate *Diana*. It was not without emotion and sincere regret that he saw fading away from his gaze the interesting and celebrated country where Frenchmen had, in so short a time, wrought so many wonders. Upon nearing the coast of France, however, other thoughts arose, and the wanderer began to think of the happiness of meeting wife and child, the latter of whom he had not yet seen. Shortly he was recompensed for all his sufferings by the reception he met with from the Government, who expressed the fullest approval of his conduct and that of the medical staff generally, the Minister of War confirming all the promotions he had recommended.

Larrey was not left without more substantial rewards, having been, a year before his return, appointed, by a special decree of the First Consul, surgeon-in-chief of the consular guard. Yet the sweetest moment of his life was, he says, when he received at Marseilles, from all the soldiers of the army and from his comrades, the touching demonstration of their friendship and gratitude.

On the foundation of the Legion of Honor, Larrey was enrolled among its members, and soon after promoted to the rank of officer. He remained at Paris, always teaching his art, until the Emperor put himself at the head of his armies, in order to avenge France for the violation of the Treaty of Amiens, when he joined the imperial head-quarters at Boulogne. The English were *frappés de terreur*, when, in consequence of an untoward event at Trafalgar, affairs put on a new face, and the grand army was disembarked, and marched across the Rhine. During the brief

campaign of scarcely fifteen days, which terminated with the surrender of Ulm, Larrey served with the imperial guard, and he describes with great gusto the exhilarating spectacle of the evacuation of the garrison as prisoners of war. His Majesty, attended by his staff, and in the centre of his army, drawn out in order of battle, placed himself upon a detached hillock, at the foot of which the army of the enemy defiled. The glittering of arms, the waving of banners, an air of satisfaction and joy beaming on every countenance, all announced, in this part of the picture, success and victory. The other side presented a very different aspect. A considerable body of infantry, marching in close columns, laid down their arms on the glaciis, after having defiled before the French army. The cavalry, dismounting, gave up their horses to French dragoons on foot. Austerlitz shortly followed; and on the eve of the battle, 1st December, 1805, the Emperor sent for Larrey, and ordered him to take general charge of the medical service, in the absence of M. Percy, who had not then joined the imperial head-quarters. He further directed him to take all fitting measures to assure prompt relief to the wounded, which was done with the usual zeal and completeness. The approaching battle was announced in the order of the day; and in the evening, when his Majesty passed through the lines, the soldiers, electrified by his presence, all, by a spontaneous movement, formed and lit brands of straw, and in an instant more than 80,000 men presented the spectacle of a grand illumination. The Inspector-General Percy arrived towards the middle of the battle, and Larrey fell back upon his duties with the imperial guard, in the midst of which he received an order from his Majesty to embalm the body of Morlan, Colonel of horse chasseurs, who was killed in the first charge. The peace of Presburg again released Larrey, and he again returned to his teaching at Paris.

It was not long before the call to arms sounded afresh, and Larrey served with the Imperial Guard in the campaigns of Saxony and Prussia, of Poland, in the campaigns of Spain of 1808-9, and in that of Austria. As we must economize our space, we shall restrict ourselves to the recital of a few incidents from the interesting narrative of those stirring events, selecting such as seem more particularly to point the moral of our tale. Larrey regrets not having assisted at the famous battle of Jena: the rapid movements of the Emperor prevented him from enjoying

that pleasure. He accompanied the cavalry of the guard with his *ambulance volante*; but the infantry of the guard, brought post from Paris, passed them, and was with the Emperor at the head of the central column of the army. The consequence of this rapid movement was, that the more severe wounds could not be treated in the field, or until some time after the battle; and it is a canon of Larrey's, that in order to afford important operations a fair chance of success, they should be performed within the first twenty-four hours after the shock of the wound that renders them necessary. The proper method is, he says, to place the field-hospitals as near as possible to the line of battle, and to form head-quarters, to which all the wounded requiring operations should be brought to be operated upon by the surgeon-in-chief, or under his immediate observation. One ought always begin with those most dangerously hurt, without regard to rank or distinctions. Those less injured can wait till their brothers-in-arms, horribly mutilated, have been treated, otherwise these will cease to exist in a few hours, or not live beyond the morrow. It is easy for those slightly wounded to repair to the hospitals of the first or second line, especially for officers, who commonly do not want means of transport. The brilliant day of Jena heralded one of the most glorious days of Napoleon—the 27th October, 1806—when, under a beautiful autumnal sun, he entered Berlin in triumph, and received the keys of the city from the magistrates, who met him in procession. Larrey was brilliantly received by the doctors and academicians, among whom he specially mentions Humboldt; but the marked objects of his devotion were the memorials and works of the great Frederick, "one of the greatest soldiers of modern times." He saw, at Sans Souci, not without a certain emotion, the couch whereon the hero had died, and the furniture he had used. In his mausoleum at Potsdam he was inspired with the most profound veneration, and invited to a religious silence. The fortress of Spandau, a masterpiece of art, he examined with the greatest interest. This campaign, like that of Ulm and Austerlitz, was remarkable for an almost complete immunity from disease, a phenomenon which Larrey attributes to the moral effect of success, to the constant bodily activity rendered necessary by the rapid movements of the army, and even in some degree to the wants produced by its outstripping the commissariat train. The marches in the campaign of

1805 had been constantly, for days, in snow and rain, and so rapid as never to permit the soldiers to dry their clothes. Under these circumstances it was an advantage, upon arriving, all wet, at the bivouac, to be forced by hunger to seek and cut wood for the fires, to forage for materials for soup, and to make it, rather than to find food ready at hand, and so to be induced to lie down to sleep at once under the influence of cold and fatigue. It is to be remembered, however, that these campaigns were made in a land abounding with bread, flour, vegetables, and beer. The inactivity and the civilization of Berlin, and the fogs and rains of November, soon brought their customary attendants in a train of diseases, the causes of which were removed towards the end of the month, when the army marched for Poland, and the soldiers very quickly regained their strength and vigor.

On the 2d of December the Emperor inaugurated the polish campaign by a celebration of the anniversary of his Majesty's coronation, and of the day of Austerlitz, announcing that the Russians, whom they had beaten that day twelve months, were now before them on the right bank of the Vistula. At the same time he instituted, by a solemn decree, the Temple of Glory, ordering it to be built on the site of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris. These proceedings made a lively impression upon the soldiers, and, no doubt, contributed to the rapid reestablishment of their health. They occasioned no less sensation among the Poles. Those worthy descendants of the Samaritans flocked from all quarters to supplicate the French monarch to take the nation under his protection, and to give it a chief. The march from Posen to Pulstusk and back to Warsaw, accomplished by the Imperial Guard in nineteen days, was one of extreme difficulty. In many parts the men marched through thick mud, reaching to their waists and to the bellies of the horses; yet the field hospital kept its place, and the light spring-wagons, on two wheels, were found to work better than four-wheeled carriages, or even bat-horses. The sick list grew larger accordingly, a circumstance which Larrey turned to advantage, by devoting one day in each week to a clinical conference at his hospital at Warsaw, where he was about to open a complete course of military surgery when the trumpet again sounded, and, on 1st of February, 1807, he was obliged to follow the army. There was about three feet of snow on the ground, and the thermometer was six or seven degrees

below zero R. when they left Warsaw. At the battle of Eylau, fought on the 7th of the same month, Larrey, being the only Inspector-General present, had the direction of the medical service; and his account of his work is truly terrible. The army bivouaced on the night of the 6th; the thermometer that morning having fallen to thirteen or fourteen degrees below zero. The field hospital was in open barns, from the roof of which the straw had been taken for the use of the horses. The wounded were laid upon the refuse of this straw, covered with snow. The cold was so extreme that the instruments often fell from the hands of the assistants. Larrey happily retained a supernatural strength, excited, no doubt, by the grand interest with which those honorable victims inspired him. "The ardent desire," he continues, "that we felt to save the lives of these brave men made us persevere. The night arrived, and we had not had a moment's time to satisfy the wants of nature. And in the midst of what torturing scenes had we to discharge our sad, but useful duty! While I operated I heard my services called for from all sides, with the most pressing entreaties. It is true that the moans of these intrepid soldiers were succeeded, after the operations, by a prodigious calm and a sort of internal satisfaction, which they expressed by demonstrations of the most lively gratitude. They no longer seemed to be occupied by their personal sufferings; they prayed for the preservation of our Emperor, and the success of our arms." It was upon this occasion that the alarm was given, by the advance of the enemy, to which we adverted in a previous page. It was quieted by a successful charge of the cavalry of the guard, made in the midst of whirlwinds of the thickest snow. All the severe wounds of the guards, and most of those of the soldiers of the army, were dressed within the first twelve hours, and then only had the medical officers a moment of rest. "We passed the night," says Larrey, "on the frozen snow, around our bivouac fires. Never did I pass through a day so painful; never was my soul so deeply moved. I could not restrain my tears even when I strove to sustain the courage of my wounded." Another of Larrey's canons of military surgery ruled the proceedings of the ensuing day; the wounded were all removed—the worst cases to Eylau, the remainder a distance of fifty-five leagues, to Inowraklaw, beyond the Vistula. Prompt evacuations of the wounded,

upon the bases of military operations, Larrey considers to be necessary, in order to prevent the epidemics that always attend the crowding of a multitude of sick into one place, and also to be useful in raising the spirits of the men, and highly beneficial as regards the effects of motion upon the wounds, which heal better even when it is somewhat rough. The results justified the theory upon this occasion as upon many others; but it must not be forgotten that the operation demanded much care and forethought on the part of those who conducted it. The Assistant-Surgeon-in-Chief, Paulet, was ordered to repair immediately from Warsaw to Inowraklaw, to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the convoys, each of which was accompanied by a sufficient number of medical officers, sub-officers, and hospital men. Their quarters and soup were made ready for them, at each station, by sub-officers, who marched in advance; and M. le Commissaire Ordonnateur Dufour displayed a zeal and activity in all those administrative operations that entitled him to the gratitude of the troops. The services of Larrey and Percy in this battle were rewarded by crosses of Commanders of the Legion of Honor, and the rank of Chevalier was conferred on many of their subordinates.

During the remainder of the winter, the health of the army was preserved by repeated evacuations of the sick and wounded from hospital to hospital, as far as Thorn and other towns on the left bank of the Vistula; the snow and rigorous cold contributing materially to the desired result. When the weather began to grow warmer, the same end was obtained by moving the troops from cantonments in the neighborhood of lakes and marshes, which promised to be unhealthy, and by hutting them on an elevated plateau. The operation gave the soldiers salutary exercise. They began to take pride in the beauty and convenience of their huts. Every soldier seemed suddenly to acquire the talents of the architect, the joiner, and the mason, and the sick list rapidly fell to zero. At the end of another brilliant day at Friedland, more than six thousand Russians lay dead upon the field; and the peace of Tilsit was initiated at an interview between the Emperor, the Czar, and the King of Prussia, held in a glazed chamber erected upon a pontoon in the centre of the river. Larrey was charmed with the tableau. The two armies were drawn out in order of battle upon the opposite banks; their varied uniforms, the view

of the pontoon whereon the three monarchs conferred, accompanied by their great officers, at some distance; the strong castle of the Teutonic knights, right opposite the pontoon, formed a picture the most animated and interesting. Larrey, as was his wont, lost no time in examining the enemy's camp, in which he was surprised to find Calmucks armed with bows and arrows, and darts, with the former of which they were able to kill a bird at a very great distance. "We had not," he adds, with a sort of gentle regret, "any of our troops wounded by this species of arm."

On his return to Paris through Jenna, the professors of that university received Larrey with all the honors, conferring upon him the degree of Doctor in Medicine. The Emperor at the same time proceeded to Milan, to be crowned King of Italy, upon which occasion he remembered the Surgeon-in-Chief of his guard, and conferred upon him the honorable distinction of Chevalier of the Iron Crown.

Larrey's service in Spain was begun with a general inspection and reformation of the medical department, and the establishment of a school of military surgery at Madrid. With the former duty he was specially charged by the Government, and he proceeded to execute it by associating with himself a board formed of the principal medical officers, which sat three times a-week, and framed regulations for the department in all its branches. In an insurrection at Madrid he had a narrow escape with his life. He was repeatedly fired at in riding through a crowd of the insurgents, and on reaching the hospital was obliged to arm his surgeons and the convalescents for its defence. He obviously dwells with but little pleasure upon this portion of his autobiography, which closed early in 1809, in his seizure with a fever that nearly proved fatal. The arrival of the Emperor at Vittoria did, indeed, rouse him a little, and he had the satisfaction of trying a new mode of cure upon the person of the Duke of Montebello, but it is plain that his *chateaux d'Espagne* were by no means pleasant places in his memory.

In April, 1809, Larrey again left Paris to join the imperial guard in Bavaria, and after a rapid march, he had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor enter the castle of Schœnbrunn. He was received by Napoleon with kindness, and his Majesty ordered him to prepare his ambulances for another campaign. They were in no long time brought into use at Esslingen and Wagram, after the former of

which the wounded collected in the isle of Lobau suffered much from a "grand penury" of commissariat supplies. An excellent soup was, however, made of horse-flesh, and seasoned with gunpowder, the latter of which, we are assured, did not, as might be supposed, impart its black color to the broth, which was clarified in the process of cooking. At Wagram there was a large number of wounded, the most of them *fortement mal-traités par le canon*; but they were all taken care of so much to the satisfaction of Napoleon, that he rewarded Larrey with the title of Baron of the Empire, and a dotation of five thousand francs a-year—*témoignage éclatant* of his munificence, and of his anxiety to recompense all kinds of service rendered to the State.

Our baron had now passed twenty years in war, and hoping to be permitted to enjoy a season of rest under his laurels, he set to work at the preparation of his memoirs, which he had scarcely completed, when he was again disturbed. On the 12th of February, 1812, he was appointed surgeon-in-chief of the grand army; and arriving at head-quarters at Mayence, he immediately took instructions from the Intendant-General, M. l'Ordonnateur Joinville, for the organization of his department. The destination of the expedition was not known, but it was generally thought that it would embark on the Baltic, for England, or some other more distant country. At Magdeburg, Dessau, also now a baron, and Larrey, formed a base for their hospital line; and at Berlin, where they arrived on the 2d of April, Larrey collected all the surgeons of the army, whom he classed and distributed; and opened for them a course of military surgery, during which he exercised them in the performance of operations. Six divisions of *ambulances volantes* were formed, with eight medical officers in each, and each surgeon-major daily exercised his division in the performance of operations, and the application of bandages. The greatest emulation and the most exact discipline reigned amongst all the surgeons. On the 10th of May, they arrived at Posen, being still ignorant of their destination, and a few days of repose were again taken advantage of to exercise the medical staff. There were by this time no less than 400,000 men, of nine or ten different nations, collected together in the grand army. At Thorn, on the 2d of June, all the authorities were classed into particular boards. Larrey was a member of the great council of hospitals. Having re-

ceived the advice of these boards upon the several branches of the service which they represented, Napoleon told his secret, in an order of the day, in which he traced out the line of march, and the precautions necessary for a safe and rapid passage of the deserts to be traversed on the march to Russia. At Wilna, the medical chiefs made hospital provision for six thousand patients; and there Larrey, invited officially to the levee of the "supreme chief," was ordered to attend a grand review with his *ambulances volantes*. This was to have taken place on the 10th of July, but the design was frustrated by a sudden storm. When the trumpet announced the arrival of the chief on the ground, at six o'clock in the morning, peals of the loudest thunder began, and continued without intermission, accompanied by violent hail, until Napoleon and his staff were driven from the field. The lines were broken, the greater part of the horsemen were forced to dismount, and frightened horses were rushing in all directions against each other. "I had never seen so frightful a tempest. Was it the evil omen of the calamities that awaited us?" At Wltpsk, a considerable battle was fought; and there the sufferings, which subsequently reached so unparalleled a height, began. The surgeons were obliged to use their shirts for the first dressing of the wounded; and the misery of the disabled Russians, who had been abandoned or forgotten, was extreme. Four hospitals were established at Wltpsk. At Smolensko, where the grand army had 1200 killed, and 6000 wounded, the appropriate penalty of its grandeur became still more galling. It was necessary to use the records found in the Archives for dressings; the paper was employed for bandages, the parchment for splints, tow and the down of the birch-tree served for lint. Forced to "imagine the means" of supplying their wants, they bedded the sick upon heaps of paper. Each town they approached was enveloped in flames; the rain descended upon them in torrents; yet, "drawn on by an invincible power, lulled by vain hopes of peace," they continued to advance. At length, the Russians made a stand at the Moskowa; and Larrey, to his infinite consternation, was noticed by the supreme chief to prepare for a great battle. Obligated to provide for the care of 10,000 sick and wounded at Smolensko, he had left almost all his surgeons there, and the hospital wagons were still in the rear. He was not, however, the man to despair; and, accordingly, he solicited an

order of the day, to place at his disposal all the regimental surgeons, excepting the surgeon-major and two assistants for each corps of infantry, and the surgeon-major and one assistant for each regiment of cavalry. This measure gave him a staff of forty-five surgeons; and a delay of a few hours having given time for the wagons to arrive, he had the pleasure of finding that he was in some degree able to take his part in the events of the day that was coming. After a march of thirty-six hours, the grand army found itself in presence of the enemy on the 5th of September, and that day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the battle of Mosaïsk (Borodino) was begun. On the 6th, there was a lull, and thirty-six surgeons having joined the staff, Larrey proceeded to form his field-hospitals. The position of those of the headquarters and of the guard had been pointed out by Napoleon himself; and, before taking his place, the baron rode through the line to give his instructions at the field-hospitals of the corps and divisions. On the 7th September, at the rising of the sun, that terrible day began. It endured for fifteen hours, during which more than 2000 pieces of artillery were at once engaged. The wounded of the grand army amounted to 9500 men; the Russian loss was estimated at more than 20,000. Owing to the deficiency of superior medical officers, Larrey himself was obliged to perform about 200 amputations in the first twenty-four hours, and that in despite of a bitter northerly blast, which rendered it very difficult to keep the wax torches lighted during the night. Over the horrors of Moscow, and of the retreat, we must not linger. Larrey lived and worked through them all, bravely struggling in vain efforts to do his duty, even long after the disorganization of the army had unmistakably commenced. Death approached him in every shape. At Dorogobouje, he barely escaped with life from the flames of a burning hospital, in which many victims perished. While his comrades sank under the influence of cold, in which Reaumur's thermometer fell to 19° below zero, the baron, always marching on foot, and careful never to approach a fire, escaped. Hunger and the sword of the enemy felled thousands around him; yet he held on, to be amply rewarded, at the passage of the Beresina, by a touching proof that the misery of that wretched crowd of fugitives had not deadened their sense of honor and gratitude. After the guard and the first and fourth corps had passed the river, one of the temporary bridges broke

down under the weight of some heavy guns, and at the same moment Wittgenstein's corps of Russians attacked the rear-guard, and poured a heavy fire of shot and shell upon the immense crowd pressing in disorder towards the remaining bridge. Soldiers, camp-followers, women and children, were crushed together in a confused mass, with wagons, guns, and horses, or forced into the water. Larrey had repassed the second bridge, to seek some cases of instruments of surgery, of which he had great need for the wounded. It, too, broke down; and in his attempt to return he was at the point of perishing in the crowd, when, he says, "happily I was recognized; instantly every one hastened to favor my efforts; passed by the soldiers from hand to hand, I found myself, to my great surprise, in a few moments on the bridge. This proof they gave me of their attachment, under such circumstances, soon made me forget both the dangers I had incurred, and the loss I had sustained."

Larrey served through the campaigns of 1813-14, and was present at the great battles in Saxony, and in the retreat from Leipzig. He took part also in the operations in France, which terminated in the capitulation of Paris, taking leave of his great master, though not finally, at Fontainebleau. On that occasion, he proffered to his Majesty to accompany him into exile; but he declined the offer, saying, "You belong to the army, you ought to follow it; it is not without regret I part from you, M. Larrey." Master and man were true to their nature to the last; and many incidents strongly characteristic of the great captain and the great soldier-surgeon might be cited from the narrative of this period of the decline of their fortunes. For two traits we must make room.

On the halt of the head-quarters in Dresden, in the summer of 1813, Larrey, as usual, opened a course of practical surgery; and the chief of the army, amid the perils and the gloom of that crisis of his fate, showed that he did not forget the minute details of the duties of a general. "Satisfied (says Larrey) with the services of our light field-hospital, although very incomplete, and wishing to give military surgeons an honorable existence, his Majesty ordered a board, composed of M.M. the Intendant-General, the Ordonnateur-in-Chief, and the Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to examine, under the auspices of the minister, Count Daru, a project of law relative to a corps of military surgeons, to be organized upon the model of the corps of engineers." The other incident

is curious in many respects; it tells both well and ill for the general; but it exhibits the soldier-surgeon in the fairest phase of his honorable position—the loyal, true, and fearless protector of his comrades in their sorest need. In order to diminish in the eyes of Napoleon the considerable number of the wounded at the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, and Wurchen, certain persons accustomed to disguise the truth, made him believe that many of these men had been mutilated by themselves in order to escape service. In consequence of these representations, all those wounded in the fingers or hands were collected into an intrenched camp, near Dresden, to the number of nearly 3000. Larrey was questioned by Bonaparte himself as to whether it was possible to discriminate between self-inflicted and other wounds; to which he replied in the negative. Some of his colleagues took a different view; his opinion did not prevail, and he was ordered to preside over a surgical jury, charged with the task of pointing out the self-mutilators, in order that they might be handed over to the provost-marshal. Besides Larrey, the jury consisted of Eve, principal surgeon, chevalier of many orders; Charmes, surgeon-major, chevalier of the Legion of Honor; Thébaut, surgeon-major of hospitals; and Becœur, surgeon-major of ambulances. To their eternal honor, they agreed with their president, and acquitted by their report, 2632 soldiers.

M. Breschet, in his funeral oration upon Larrey, tells us the sequel of the story. On the night upon which he tendered the report of the jury to the Emperor, the Baron, knowing it would be distasteful, fully expected his dismissal; he received, however, by the hands of Baron Fain, a letter from Bonaparte, praising his noble conduct, and bestowing on him an annual pension of 3000 francs from his privy purse. "A sovereign (said he) is indeed fortunate in having a servant like you."

It was not until 1817 that Larrey recovered spirits to continue his memoirs, and even then he said not a word about the disastrous day of Waterloo, his repugnance to speak of which was not overcome until 1841, when he published a fifth volume of his autobiography. He had then completed fifty-three years of public service, and served in twenty-six (five of them counting double) campaigns. One of the first of the Emperor's cares (he tells us) on his return to the Tuileries from Elba, was to send for him; and Napoleon seems, indeed, to have attached considerable import-

ance to the securing of his services. At the public distribution of the new tri-color flags to the deputies of the departments, the presentation of that destined for the department of the Hautes Pyrenees was entrusted to Larrey. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, "I am pleased to be able to give you this by the hands of your fellow-countryman, Larrey, who honors humanity by his disinterestedness and his courage." The Baron does not appear to have desired another campaign, and his colleague, Percy, pressed for, and obtained the appointment of first surgeon of the grand army; but at the last moment, Count Drouot having brought him a request from the Emperor that he would serve near his person and direct the field-hospitals of the guard, he complied. Leaving Paris on the 9th of June, 1815, his thoughts were darkened by a bad omen. In a field of corn, by the road-side, he saw the body of a grenadier of the guard lying with the brains blown out, obviously by the soldier's own hand. The omen was justified by the sequel of Larrey's own fate. He performed many operations on the day of Waterloo, and continued his labors until the English cavalry charged up to his field-hospital, and the daylight failed, when he found himself obliged to follow the advice which the Emperor sent to him by an aid-de-camp, to make for the frontier by a certain cross-road. Scarcely had they proceeded a league or two, when their retreat was cut off by a body of Prussian lancers. "I marched," he says, "at the head of my little company, and in the persuasion that our enemies were not numerous, I did not hesitate to force a passage, sword in hand. Having fired both my pistols upon the horsemen who stopped our way, I made a lane through which my companions and my servant passed at full gallop, but my horse, wounded by a ball, fell, and, at the same moment, I received a double sabre cut on the head and left shoulder, which brought me senseless to the ground." The Prussians left him, to follow his companions, and shortly afterwards, having recovered from his faint, he mounted his horse, which had also regained its feet, and riding through some corn-fields, found himself near the banks of the Sambre at break of day. There he again encountered the Prussians, and, all bravery being useless, he surrendered. In spite of his submission, he was pitilessly disarmed and stripped; the officers divided the contents of his purse, some forty Napoleons, among themselves; they took his arms, ring, and watch, and, owing to his height and his

gray greatcoat, mistaking him for the Emperor, they brought him before the Prussian commander of the advanced guard. By him he was sent, with his hands tied, to another general of higher rank, who, in a sudden access of rage, and believing him to be Napoleon, determined to shoot him. There was fortunately no bandage at hand to cover his eyes, and a surgeon, who was ordered to apply a piece of sticking-plaster for that purpose, recognized in the forlorn prisoner, his former teacher at Berlin. The proceedings *faire passer par les armes* were thereupon suspended; and the poor Baron, his hands tied behind his back, his head covered with bloody rags, his feet bare and scarcely covered by his great coat and pantaloons, was brought before General Bulow, and subsequently sent on to Blucher. The grim old marshal received him kindly, asked him to breakfast, and having presented him with twelve gold Fredericks, he sent him, in charge of one of his aids-de-camp, to Louvain. Bread thrown upon the waters was here, after many days, found. Blucher's son, grievously wounded and a prisoner, had been tended by Larrey after one of the battles of the campaign of Austria. At Louvain the aid-de-camp asked merely for a billet for a wounded Frenchman, whose name he could not tell; and Larrey, quartered upon a poor woman, who had scarcely wherewithal to sustain herself and her children, obtained with difficulty, in exchange for one of Blucher's gold pieces, some onion soup, and the favor of having a young surgeon to dress his wounds. "Shortly after," he continues, "I saw a young medical officer come in and prepare to fulfil his mission, when suddenly he exclaimed, 'You are Baron Larrey,' and scarcely had I replied, before he rushed down the stairs and disappeared without uttering a word." All was soon set right, the young surgeon shortly returned with a municipal officer, and the Baron was forthwith comfortably lodged in the house of a celebrated advocate, M. Yonk, from whom he received the utmost kindness.

To the eternal disgrace of the Bourbons, they visited upon Larrey their vengeance against the master to whom he was so devoted. He was deprived of his office of Inspector-General of the medical department. His pensions were stopped, and he was only suffered to retain his place as surgeon of the Hospital of the Royal Guard, because it was not thought altogether safe to provoke that body by the separation from them of a comrade in whom they had the greatest confi-

dence. His family were plunged into debt by the quartering of foreign soldiers in his house; his ruin was all but complete. Brought thus low, Larrey was invited to the United States of America, was offered service, with honors and high emoluments, by the Emperor of Russia, was solicited by Don Pedro to take the direction of the medical department of the army of Brazil; "but I felt," he touchingly says, "that I owed a sacrifice to my country. The soldiers were the same, and my solicitude for them could not change." Times, however, gradually grew better. Even the Bourbons relaxed their stupid enmity; and the three days of 1830 were grand days for Larrey. They supplied an occasion for the confession of his faith as a true soldier-surgeon, and for an energetic practice in accordance with it. "The duty of a surgeon-in-chief of an army ought not," he says, "to be limited to the mere dressing of wounds; he ought not to hold back from any measure for their protection and security against all manner of hostile aggression. It was to accomplish this difficult task that, on the third day of the fighting, I did not hesitate to throw myself into the midst of five or six thousand assailants on the point of breaking into the asylum of the sick, and threatening them with death. A short and firm address stopped this lawless band, which dispersed when the arms of the wounded soldiers were given up to them." For his conduct upon this occasion, and in consideration of his services, as member of a Commission appointed to examine the citizens wounded during the three days, Larrey received the decoration of July from the hands of Louis Philippe.

The remainder of the life of the worthy Baron was passed in honor and activity. His services were asked for and obtained by King Leopold, for the purpose of organizing the medical department of the Belgian army on the eve of the war of separation with Holland; in return for which he was honored with a very flattering speech from the new-made King, and a present of a gold snuff-box, bearing his Majesty's cipher set in brilliants. On his return to Paris, he was reinstated in his office of Medical Inspector-General of the army; and, at the special request of Marshal Jourdain, Governor of the Hotel des Invalides, he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of that institution. In 1832, he was named by the Board of Health as one of a Commission appointed to observe the approaching epidemic cholera in Poland; but the Poles being, at that time, in revolt from the rule of their tyrants, Larrey's de-

parture with the Commission was forbidden by the minister of war. "It would be thought," he said, "that one of the chiefs of Napoleon's old Guard arrived at Warsaw: he shall not go." It will readily be believed, however, that, to a veteran of thirty-one campaigns, the most honorable repose could afford but small happiness. Larrey was continually in motion. In order to dissipate the melancholy from which he could scarcely rouse himself for a long time after the death of Napoleon, he made a tour through Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by his son, Hippolyte, in the year 1826, in the course of which he was greatly gratified by the kind and distinguished reception everywhere given to him. Dublin he found to be a beautiful capital. Arriving in it without introductions, his presence was no sooner made known, by means of his accidentally meeting a former pupil, the late learned and respected Dr. West, than the principal physicians and surgeons hastened to visit him. Nothing could equal the considerate and kind attentions lavished upon him by those estimable Irish conferees during his short stay, which was further rendered agreeable by the politeness of the Lord Mayor, who followed him, in all haste, to an hospital he was visiting, *en simple habit bourgeois*, but, nevertheless, filled with the intention of rendering to the stranger the honors accorded to the most distinguished personages. Truth, however, forbids us to conceal what we would willingly avoid touching upon, that the Baron was not very favorably impressed with the charms of our fair countrywomen. There is a very sensible difference between the estimate he formed of the beauty of the *sexe Anglais* as he saw it in Dublin, and as he remembered it in St. John's, Newfoundland, some forty years before—a lapse of time which, we may venture to suggest, does not sharpen the perception of female loveliness. At Chatham a great triumph was prepared for Larrey, by the hospitable attention of Sir James M'Gregor, in procuring for him a special permission to visit the fort and dockyard. The worthy Governor received him with all the marks of great distinction and unexpected kindness; and having put on his General's uniform, he conducted him and M. Hippolyte through the workshops, hospitals, and shipping, and showed him, without reserve, all the curiosities of the place. In the hospital he was received by the whole corps of military surgeons *en grande tenue*; and upon passing through the gate of the outer fortifications

he was saluted with full military honors, to his great surprise and very sensible emotion. In short, this visit was one of those remaining for ever engraved upon his memory, its effect being manifestly heightened by the manner of its closure in a splendid banquet, at which the principal naval and military officers, and all the surgeons of both services, attended to do him honor, and where, as may be imagined, the festivities were continued far into the night, and many a toast was pledged to the health of the surgeon of Napoleon.

In 1834, the Baron, again accompanied by his son, visited Italy; and, having made some tours of duty in France in the subsequent year, he once more took the field, joining "the young and brave army" in Africa, where he was received (as we are told by M. Guyon) with enthusiastic shouts

by every one, from the humblest soldier to the highest officer. This was the old man's last campaign; on his return from it he died, at Lyons, in 1842, in the 77th year of his age.

"Do you know Larrey?" Napoleon asked Dr. Arnot, at St. Helena. "I only know him by repute," answered the Doctor. "What a brave and honorable man is Larrey!" exclaimed the Emperor; "what zeal he showed for the army in Egypt, whether in crossing the desert, or after the affair of St. Jean D'Acre, or afterwards in Europe! I had a great esteem for him, that never changed. If the army ever raises a column to gratitude, they should erect it to Larrey." These sentiments Napoleon vouched in his last will by a bequest of 100,000 francs to Larrey. "L'homme le plus vertueux que j'ai jamais connue."

From Fraser's Magazine.

MORAL AND LEGAL INSANITY.

HAMLET. How long hast thou been a grave-maker!
CLOWN. Of all the dayes i' th' yere, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet orecame Fortinbras.

HAMLET. How long is that since!

CLOWN. Cannot you tell that? Every foole can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad and sent into England.

HAMLET. I marry, why was he sent into England!

CLOWN. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he doe not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET. Why?

CLOWN. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.*

And, as another of the immortal clowns says, "It will go near to be thought so shortly." But, alas! it is no laughing matter, though the freaks that are played on this most awful of human subjects might furnish employment for the diaphragms and lachrymal glands of a whole school of laughing and crying philosophers. Of all the various visitations to which the human frame is subject, none carries with it greater terror than mental alienation. Offer to a man blessed with a well-regulated and active mind the

choice between the most cruel bodily disease and insanity, and he will not hesitate a moment in making his election. Nay, place before him death and madness, and let him choose. He will instantly welcome death as the least terrible alternative.

But of all the various ills which afflict humanity, few, if any, are so little understood; and yet there is not one on which quacks pronounce more oracularly. The learned and honest physician well knows the mystery in which the workings of the mind in its most healthy state are veiled, and approaches the subject bravely, but with awe.

* Folio.

Fully aware of the difficulties of the study, and of the very limited knowledge which he can bring to lighten the darkness in which the malady lies shrouded, he patiently examines and distinguishes between the hypochondriac and the eccentric—between the first shades of mental disorder and the darker depths of more confirmed disease, which render it necessary to seclude the unhappy patient as dangerous to himself or others. A quack is troubled with no such modest misgiving as to the extent of his powers of dealing with this most difficult subject. He sees no difficulties, for he knows none, and ignorantly rushes in where the man of science fears to tread.

No subject, unfortunately, comes more home to the business and bosoms of Englishmen, for any one who will take the trouble to look at the statistics—such as they are—of insanity or lunacy in a geographical point of view, will find the disease painfully pre-eminent in the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially in the inhabitants of Great Britain. Here it has greatly increased and is increasing. Climate would seem to have some operation among other causes, for so far as our information—which is very far from perfect—goes, Spain, Italy, and Turkey, if they cannot be said to enjoy a comparative immunity from the disease, at least exhibit a prevalence very far inferior to that which blots the more northern countries of Europe and America. Some years since, the proportion of lunatics in England and France was stated to be 1 to 1000, and the malady, as we have already stated, is increasing. Prussia gave about the same comparative numbers; but in Wales, the proportion given was 1 to 800, and in Scotland 1 to 574. The number in Norway was 1 to 551. So far as England is concerned, the agricultural districts were found to yield a greater number than the manufacturing localities.

With such a percentage and with violent and murderous crime certainly not on the decrease, it becomes of the highest social importance to watch a change that has been gradually taking place in the administration of the law with regard to cases of homicide.

The forms of insanity are, unfortunately, as numerous and varied as the minds into which it creeps, and an enumeration of them would fill many a volume, in addition to those which have already thrown light on this gloomy subject; but they have been collected rather than classed, for the sake of convenience and description, under the heads here given:—

Disorders of the feelings and propensities.
Delusions or hallucinations.

General derangement of the reasoning faculties.

Mixed forms in which two or more of the preceding are combined.

A state of imbecility or fatuity, in which other kinds of mental disorder not unfrequently terminate.

It is under the first of these heads that "moral insanity" must find its place, a term which, since the publication of Dr. Prichard's book, has figured so remarkably, and, as we think, so dangerously in our courts of justice, paralyzing her arm, and securing impunity to those who have indulged their "homicidal orgasm," as it is the fashion to call a propensity to murder.

Now let us look at the definition of this state of mind which Dr. Prichard and his followers absolve from responsibility. It is described as—

The form of mental derangement which consists in a morbid perversion of the feelings, affections, and active powers, without any illusion or erroneous state impressed on the understanding; it sometimes co-exists with an unimpaired state of the intellectual faculties.

And since the appearance of Dr. Prichard's treatise, and the advocacy of the principles contained in it, no one will deny that it is becoming the practice to find a verdict of acquittal in opposition to the older authorities, who confined the exemption on the ground of insanity within much narrower limits, and, as we think, most righteously.

It is therefore with no little satisfaction that we see men of mark in the noblest of all professions coming forward to stem the torrent which threatens to overwhelm the peace and happiness of society, and to give up the innocent and well regulated to the tender mercies of the cruel and violent, who have given way to those very impulses which it used to be the business of the law to control, till—as they say—they cannot master an irresistible desire to kill.

Dr. Mayo,* in the course of his inquiries, was led to the following conclusions, which he thus sets forth:—

* *Medical Testimony and Evidence in Cases of Lunacy: being the Croonian Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1853. With an Essay on the Conditions of Mental Soundness.* By Thomas Mayo, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

The first of these conclusions concerns the ambiguous and, as I think, mischievous nature of some doctrines suggested by the term "moral insanity," or certain synonymous expressions.

The second arises out of the question, whether some offences of the insane ought not to be visited with some form of secondary punishment.

The third of these conclusions is in favor of the extension to criminal cases of that practice which prevails in analogous civil cases, as in commissions *de lunatico inquirendo*, of the examination of the party whose mental state is in question, in presence of the jury and the court.

The first lecture opens with the legal division of the subject of Diseased Mind, and the lecturer, reminding his audience that he had formerly endeavored to investigate the subject of medical proof, proposes in the present course to offer some remarks "on the noblest of its departments, the pathology of mind; and on that in its noblest phase, where it is brought into contact with great judicial questions." Well does he observe, that the circumstances of the time recommend the subject for consideration.

For it is certain that while on the one hand, the medical profession holds in its hands the learning and the experience of this subject, on the other the members of it often find themselves in a very unenviable position while informing courts of justice by their evidence. I believe, indeed, that I shall obtain the assent of experienced practitioners, when I affirm that in a large number of instances it is difficult to certify that a patient requires coercion or surveillance, without incurring the risk that he may be returned into the hands of his family before the conditions of his recovery are completed, under a different opinion entertained by the officers whose duty it is, and who conscientiously perform that duty, to visit the receptacles of such patients.

Lunacy is taken as the generic term insanity, idiocy, unsoundness, being species varied by the Act of 1853. Up to that date all medical certificates set forth that the individual whose restraint or confinement was thereby sanctioned, was a "lunatic, or an insane person, or an idiot, or a person of unsound mind;" and we agree with Dr. Mayo, that it is not difficult to trace in the nomenclature of the Act of the 20th (not 24th, as he has printed it) of August, 1853, an intention to maintain similar distinctions.

Now, the medical certificates given previous to the 20th of August, 1853, operated on a large proportion of cases at present under restraint, and it therefore became necessary for Dr. Mayo to include the distinctions on which those certificates rested. Let

us look at the meaning which he has suggested for them:—

The individual in whose case the law sanctioned restraint or confinement under a medical certificate (previously to certain charges in terms, to which I shall presently advert), must be a "lunatic, or an insane person, or an idiot, or a person of unsound mind." And here let me premise that the force which I must attach to these terms is conjectural, grounded on the supposition that they cannot be considered synonymous, and, consequently, must be the heads of a division, whether vague or complete, to which I assume the meaning which I assign to each term bears as near an approximation as can be made at present. The first of these expressions, then, I must presume to be generic, and to contain as species the other heads of the enumeration, though I admit that this interpretation seems to demand a different structure of the sentence. The selection of "lunatic" as a generic term is evident; for whether the patient be an insane person, i. e., one whose intellect is perverted, or an idiot, i. e., one whose intellect is abolished, or an unsound person, whom I shall presently describe, the writ has run *de lunatico inquirendo*, and the Commissioners who watch over his proper management are Commissioners in Lunacy. But, conceding this generic force to the term lunacy, and that the other terms indicate its species, I am entitled to suppose that insanity is as much intended to form a distinct species from unsoundness, as it unequivocally does from idiocy. This distinction is, I may add, recommended by the subject-matter, which is constantly claiming it, or some equivalent distinction, as a means of judicial diagnosis in certain cases of incompetency, of which neither insanity, nor any symptoms of insanity, can be affirmed.

The case of Mrs. Cummins, which excited such painful interest in the year before last, is cited as an illustration:—

A host of witnesses were adduced to disprove the imputation of insanity; a host of witnesses stepped forward to prove that she was incompetent to manage her person and property. The first set of witnesses seemed to think that the case turned upon their evidence; the second set were justified, conformably with the distinction which affirms that a person may be unsound in mind without being insane, in demurring to this conclusion. The attention of the jury was called by the learned Commissioners to the law laid down by Lord Eldon, conformable, I may observe, with a distinction of this kind, and the plea of mental disease was accepted, in spite of the disproof of that particular form of it which is termed insanity. Now, as Mrs. Cummins certainly was not idiotic, this form must have been, or ought to be, according to the terms of the certificate, unsoundness.

Dr. Mayo then dismisses this case—which

involves grounds for more than merely verbal distinction—for the present, observing that he shall consider it more at length when he shall have arrived at the subject of unsoundness, as one of the heads of his division, and thus continues :—

At present I will venture to assume that insanity is predicated, or predicable, of certain states of perversion of mind, in which delirium is present; that unsoundness is the expression by which certain other forms of perversion or of weakness may be distinguished, in which there is incapacity to manage person or property, in the absence of any distinct evidence of delirium; while, again, the term idiocy cannot be applied to them, which are, in short, exceptional cases to the two great heads of mental disease—insanity and idiocy.

Such are Dr. Mayo's suggestions, enunciated with a pregnant brevity teeming with matter for the deepest thought. With regard to the recent Act, he presumes the word "lunatic" to be used as equivalent to "insane" in the former Act; and "idiot," and "unsound," to mean precisely what he has supposed them to mean under that former Act.

Dr. Mayo then addresses himself to the mode in which the principles and science of mental pathology have to be applied to judicial distinctions, which he justly characterizes as "somewhat remarkable;" and he shrewdly observes that it has pleased the legislature to associate certain judicial powers with certain medical designations in a certain not very exact sense, so that they bind or lose those of whom we predicate them, or to whom we refer them in civil matters; or are accepted on the same authority in courts of justice as exculpatory or mitigatory in criminal cases.

But while these powers are held in the hands of medical officers or witnesses, and the court willingly—in some cases too willingly, in our opinion*—accedes to their opinions, it still reserves to itself the question whether such medical officers or witnesses adhere to the strict line of their position, and to the sense in which they are understood by the law to use certain terms, and with which recorded judicial decisions, assisted by their evidence, have stamped them, or whether

they are travelling beyond their province; as when, indulging in peculiar and fanciful views, the witness expresses an opinion that not only is the subject of inquiry mad, but that all mankind are more or less mad. A witness who so gives his testimony imparts a non-judicial force to the term, which is intended to specify a class, and his evidence is vitiated and goes for nothing.

There is another view (observes Dr. Mayo, in continuation) of the position of the medical witness in relation to courts of justice, which deserves more attention than it always receives. He is summoned in such courts in order to enable the judge and jury to arrive at certain conclusions, by virtue of his applying certain terms to which, as we have observed, a given meaning has been annexed, or negating their application to the person under trial or examination, according as the matter be civil or criminal. But, in the latter case, he must remember that he is not deciding upon the penal consequences contingent on the opinion thus given; for although certain consequences of this kind may follow in the course of law, if his assignment of opinion be accepted by the court, it is wisely considered, that a simple fact, and not its consequences, is the question proposed to him; since it will be presumed, that if the latter consideration be also entertained by him, it will be liable to bias his evidence on the fact which is his legitimate topic.

In this way Dr. Mayo understands the suggestions occasionally made by the judge not to encroach upon his functions and those of the jury, and he adds:—

It is obviously in criminal cases that the bias thus occasioned is most to be dreaded. Thus, the definition of insanity becomes very expansive, when its expansion may become protective to a criminal with whom we may happen to sympathize.

Most true; and we shall presently see to what extent this mischievous protection has expanded: but to return to Dr. Mayo.

If we permit ourselves to entertain the judicial question, Is A a responsible agent? instead of confining ourselves to the medical question, Is A insane? we are liable to find ourselves enlarging our description of the disease in favor of some one who possesses equally, as we think, with the insane, that element of character and external circumstances on which alone we argue that their impunity is or ought to be based. Thus, an elaborate argument may easily be construed, proving that the offspring of the prostitute and the thief, devoted to infamy by the one, and educated to crime by the other, is equally deficient in freedom of will with the homicidal monomaniac; and when the medical witness, having permitted himself to stray into this question, has achieved this conclusion, he will easily discover eccentricity

* Take, for example, the way in which Dr. Verity's evidence was "swallowed," to use the expression of an acute and deep-thinking medical philosopher who heard it given,—by the eminent judge who presided at the trial of the issue in *Bennett v. the Duke of Manchester*.

enough—for brutal vice is an eccentric state—to enable him to adopt for his client the term “morally insane.”

In the horrible case of the Esher murders, the circumstances of which did not shock the public more than the acquittal of the adulterous murderess, Mr. Edwin James is reported to have told the jury, in his eloquent speech, that they would understand that he did not mean to say that the prisoner was under any delusions, or that, at the time when he was addressing them, she was not, in all probability, perfectly sane; but he hoped to satisfy them that the dreadful deed was committed by her while she was under the influence of a temporary frenzy, and of an impulse which it was impossible for her to control.

Dangerous eloquence this. Every crime is committed under impulse; almost every act of violence is the result of the loss of self-control, and “done under the influence of a temporary frenzy.” *Ira furor brevis est*; but where would society be, if such a moral state were held sufficient to shield the agent from the sword of the law?

Dr. Forbes Winslow is reported to have told the court and jury that, during a long interview he had with the prisoner in the jail, he did not observe any symptoms of insanity.

Cases of temporary insanity resulting in a desire to commit murder or suicide, are (said the Doctor) very common. I have known many instances where the patient has made an attack upon some near relative with whom he had previously been on the most affectionate terms, and it frequently occurs with mothers and children. In such cases, the patient suddenly suffers under a strong homicidal impulse which he cannot control; and it has happened to me to hear a patient bitterly lament being under the influence of such an impulse. The impulse is generally stronger in proportion as the parties are more nearly and dearly connected, and to the previous affection existing between them.

Perilous evidence this. That humane, astute, and learned judge, Mr. Justice Erle, told the jury, in the course of his admirable summing up, that a defence of this character ought to be looked at with great caution and jealousy, and that they ought not, where an enormous crime had clearly been committed, to acquit the prisoner upon the ground of insanity, unless there were circumstances surrounding it totally irrespective of the enormity of the crime itself, which left no reasonable doubt that at the time of its commis-

sion the party accused was not in a condition of mind to distinguish between right and wrong, or to be aware that he was committing a crime. The learned judge then called the attention of the jury to the evidence for the prisoner, and said that it appeared to be founded upon the supposition that the crime had been committed under the influence of some uncontrollable impulse, and he said he would only observe that this was most dangerous doctrine, for undoubtedly every crime was committed under some impulse, and that the object of the law was to control impulses of that description, and to prevent crime.

The law so ably laid down by this exemplary judge was no new doctrine. Every one familiar with our courts of justice has heard the same principles enunciated by the most learned lawyers that ever graced the bench; but Dr. Prichard has written a book, and it seems that he is followed by some kindred spirits ready to promulgate notions subversive of the safety of society, for the jury found Ann Brough *Not Guilty* on the ground of insanity.

The terms of the old indictments for murder cut this comfortable “impulse”-ground from under the offenders. The grand jury of the county presented that

P. H., late of the parish of L., in the said county, gentleman, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil on &c., at &c., with force and arms upon one S. C., in the peace of God and of the said Lord the King, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said P. H., with a certain drawn sword, &c., &c.

In other words, the offender was indicted for not having resisted the diabolical impulse to kill, and juries not having been enlightened by Dr. Prichard, or the theories of his followers, found him guilty if the facts were sufficient; and he was most righteously hanged accordingly.

If any one should doubt this let him turn back to the old criminal records, and then contrast the verdicts of the present day in similar cases.

Examples taken at random will suffice.

At the beginning of the last century, Thomas Hunter, the son of a wealthy farmer in the county of Fife, was tutor in the family of a Mr. Gordon, a merchant and bailie of Edinburgh. He had been brought up at the University of St. Andrew's, was a student in divinity, and intended for holy orders. Mr. Gordon's two boys were brought up at home

under his care, and for two years his conduct appeared to be such as to merit the approval of their parents and the esteem of all who knew him. But there was a young woman who attended on Mrs. Gordon and her third child, a daughter, and a guilty familiarity had been carried on between this attendant and the tutor for a considerable time, without the suspicion of any one in the family. Thrown off their guard by the impunity with which they had indulged themselves, Hunter and his mistress forgot to shut the door of the chamber where they usually met, one afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were gone on a visit, and the children came in and surprised them. The eldest boy had not reached his tenth year, and the guilty lovers appear to have been unconcerned till the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon in the evening. But, at supper, the children told enough to satisfy their parents as to the nature of the situation in which the lovers had been found. The young woman was ordered to leave the house the next day, and Hunter was unfortunately retained after a severe reprimand. He pleaded his youth, and was forgiven; but he had been found out, and appears to have given way to the diabolical impulse to avenge himself on the innocents who had been the means of his detection.

It was his constant practice, in fine weather, to walk out into the fields with his pupils about an hour before dinner, and generally the little girl accompanied her brothers. The family was at Mr. Gordon's country-house near Edinburgh, and being invited to dine in the city, he and Mrs. Gordon were setting out on their visit at the time when the walk was usually taken. Mrs. Gordon, actuated probably by some *presentiment* or maternal instinct, wished to take the children with her, but her husband would not consent that the boys should go, and their daughter only went with them. It was in the month of August.

When they were gone Hunter led the boys into the fields, sat down on the grass, and while they were pulling flowers and chasing butterflies, sharpened his penknife.

He then called the boys to come to him; they ran to their tutor and the companion of their walks. He upbraided them for telling their parents, and told them they were both to die that instant. The terrified innocents ran a few yards, but were pursued and brought back by Hunter, who murdered both with his penknife, confining one with his knees while he cut the throat of his brother, and then dealing in like manner with the second. Hunter then ran towards the river

apparently with the intention of drowning himself, but was pursued and taken. He was tried and executed on the 22d August, 1700, rehearsing the same dreadful creed as that lately declared by Barthélemy; for when, in pursuance of his sentence, his right hand was struck off before he was drawn up by the rope, Hunter called out aloud, "There is no God, I do not believe there is any, and if there were, I set him at defiance!"

This murder was committed at noonday, in the open fields, and within half a mile of Edinburgh. A gentleman walking on the Castle Hill saw the whole transaction, and, with several people, ran to the place where the victims were lying in their blood.

If such an act, so committed, be not the result of "moral insanity," what is it? That the wretch who committed it was most justly hanged all but the new school of protectives will allow.

Some of our readers may remember the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar in the early part of the present century, by Philip Nicholson, their footman.* That this wretched man, who was afterwards most contrite, gave way to the "homicidal orgasm" when he murdered his aged master and mistress, is apparent from his own account of the matter. In a written paper produced by the murderer after sentence had been pronounced, was this declaration:—

Departing this tribunal, I shall soon appear before another tribunal, where an eternal sentence will be passed upon me. With this dread sentence full in my view, I do most solemnly declare, and I desire this declaration to be taken as my dying words, that I alone was the base and cruel murderer of my master and mistress, that I had no accomplice, that no one knew or possibly could suspect, that I intended to perpetrate these barbarities; that I myself had no intention of committing those horrid deeds, save for a short time, so short as scarcely to be computed, before I actually committed them; that booty was not the motive of my fatal cruelties; I am sure the idea of plunder never presented itself to my mind; I can attribute those unnatural murders to no other cause than, at the time of their commission, a temporary fury

* At Chiselmhurst in Kent, in the night of May 30, 1813. Just as the inquest was being concluded, Nicholson, who was in custody, but had been permitted at his request to enter a water-closet, cut his throat with a razor which he had concealed. The wound was deep; but two surgeons who were present stopped the bleeding. He was carefully watched, and in the few words he spoke persisted in declaring his innocence. After the trial (when he pleaded *Not Guilty*), and after conviction and sentence, he put in the written confession from which the extract is taken.

from excessive drinking; and before that time, to the habitual forgetfulness, for many years, of the great God and his judgments, and the too natural consequence of such forgetfulness, the habitual yielding to the worst passions of corrupted nature; so that the evil that I was tempted to do, that I did.

Again, at the place of execution, when the rope was round his neck, a person ascended the platform, put the following questions, and received the following answers:—

Q. Now that you have not many moments to live, is all that you have stated—namely, that you had no motive that you can tell of, nor had you any accomplice, true?

A. All that I have stated is true.

Q. Then there is no creature living on earth who had anything to do with the murder but yourself?

A. No; no one.

Q. You had no accomplices?

A. None.

Q. Had you any antipathy to either your master or mistress before you committed the horrid murder?

A. (Clasping his hands as well as his heavy irons would permit him.) *As God is in Heaven, it was a momentary thought, as I have repeatedly declared before!*

There can be no doubt that the wretched criminal gave a true account of his state when he committed the crime—an account which well justifies the language of the old forms of indictment, and, as little, that, according to the doctrine of Ann Brough's counsel and principal medical witness, he was not responsible for what he did. We should like to have heard the reception of such propositions by the experienced and learned judge who tried Nicholson—Mr. Justice Heath.

No one thought at the time, and few will think now, that Nicholson was not most justly hanged. Not having the fear of God before his eyes, he gave way to a momentary murderous impulse, as he had given way to other vicious impulses, and having shed man's blood, by man was his blood shed. So it was. But it seems we have changed all this.* Let us take a glance at one or two cases tried at the last summer assizes.

* "A few years ago," writes Dr. Mayo, "a middle-aged woman, cook to a family in Harley-street, found herself in the disagreeable position of having an illegitimate child, previously out at nurse, thrown upon her hands—being left, indeed, at the house where she was residing. Her measures were soon taken, though the emergency was unexpected. The other servants being at that hour of the day, one o'clock, at the lower part of the house, she took the little boy up to her bedroom, strangled him, packed up and corded the

Joseph Bains, aged thirty-eight, was indicted at Lincoln on the 25th July last, for the wilful murder of Sarah Hickling, at Crowland, on the 6th of the preceding June.

The prisoner was a tailor, living with a wife and children at Crowland, and until a short time before the commission of the crime with which he was charged, had always been a peaceable, well-disposed, and respectable man, affectionate to his family, and of a cheerful and happy disposition. Latterly, however, a change had come over him. He had become very much depressed in spirits and reserved in his manner; he no longer took any notice of his children, and said, when he was remonstrated with, that he could not help it. When accosted in the street in a friendly manner by a person considerably his superior in station, he made no answer; and when the same person ordered a suit of clothes of him for one of his children, he preserved the same sullen silence, so that his strange behavior produced at the time the impression that his mind was affected.

The deceased was the second wife of the prisoner's father-in-law, with whom he had always been on very good terms; but about ten o'clock on the morning in question, he was seen going into her house, and in a few minutes afterwards she came out screaming "Murder!" He followed with a poker in his hand, and immediately dealt her violent blows upon the head and neck, so that she fell dead. The neighbors came up in a moment, but there was no time to save her, and the prisoner went away. When the constable came after him, he was sitting in a room at a public-house, and said to the constable, who was in bad health, "You are looking very ill; can you sleep at night? I cannot. The other night I got up and ran to Peterborough." Then he cried, "Oh!

body in a box, and sent it to a sister in Nottinghamshire. During the remainder of this day of murder, she was in her ordinary quiet state, and read her Bible a good deal. This was nearly all the evidence that was substantiated at the trial, besides her own free confession of the deed. She was acquitted on the ground of an insane impulse existing at the time of the murder—a plea which never would have suggested itself, or been entertained but for the mischievous neglect of the intellectual criterion, for which we are indebted to the hypothesis of moral and impulsive insanity. In truth, the impunity derived from this plea is singularly inappropriate, as it generally accrues to that class against which society possesses no protection except through their fear of punishment—namely, the unprincipled. Nor, I believe, are they slow in recognizing and availing themselves of their privilege."

my poor wife; oh! my poor children!" and complained of his head, and said that a good run or walk would do him good.

The defence now set up in his behalf was, that he was insane at the time of the commission of the offence, and a considerable number of witnesses were called in support of it. They spoke generally of the circumstances above stated, and also to the appearance of insanity in his mother and two sisters; and two medical men—one of them the physician of the County Lunatic Asylum, and the other a practitioner at Crowland, who had previously known the prisoner and his family—expressed their clear opinion that the prisoner was insane at the time of the commission of the offence.

The learned judge (Mr. Justice Maule) having summed up the evidence, the jury found the prisoner *Not Guilty*, on the ground of insanity.*

John Goodall, aged forty-two, was indicted before the same judge, at Derby, on the 28th of the same month, for the wilful murder of Rachael Goodall, at Hazlewood, on the 18th of April last.

The prisoner, who had the appearance of a respectable and intelligent man, and was dressed in deep mourning, was described in the calendar as a mechanic able to read and write well. He was the father of four children, but had for some years been living apart from his wife, and had latterly been employed as a fitter at Wolverton. His wife lived with her children at Hazlewood, near Belper, and on the morning of last Easter Tuesday, about nine o'clock, the prisoner was seen to go into his wife's house. Shortly afterwards, a noise was heard in the house, and upon a neighbor going in, it was found that while his wife was washing down stairs, the prisoner had gone up stairs, and with a razor cut the throat of the youngest child, who was lying in bed, so that it died instantly. The prisoner came down, sat upon a sofa, and began to pull on his boots; and when his wife exclaimed to the neighbors, "he has murdered my child!" replied, "The child is in heaven, and I hope to be above soon and all." He then went out into the yard, and was met by another neighbor, who asked him how he came to do it, and his answer was, *that he could not help it*. Subsequently, to the constable at the lock-up, he said, putting his hands together, as if in prayer, "It's all right; the Lord ordered me to do what I have done." Beyond this strangeness of

manner and demeanor, he had not, since the commission of the offence, displayed any signs of insanity; and the surgeon and the governor of the jail, as well as the coroner, were examined in reply to the evidence of insanity* adduced on behalf of the prisoner, and they stated that they had not discovered in him any traces of insanity since the offence was committed. A still stronger witness to the same effect was Mr. Strutt, of Belper, who happened to have travelled with the prisoner inside a coach on the very morning in question, before the perpetration of the fatal act, and from the little conversation he had with him, thought him a shrewd and sensible man.

The learned judge summed up the evidence on both sides, and the jury acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity.

These cases have been taken at random from one circuit only.

In the following August, Ann Brough was tried at Guildford. The verdict in her case was received with general dismay. Never was public opinion so unequivocally manifested. All men, the Moral Insanitists only excepted, felt that this verdict was fatal to the security of mankind, coming, as it did, as a crowning climax to other "impulsive" cases, to one or two of which we have alluded. *The Times*, in a powerful article, which came home to the heart of every sound lawyer and right thinking man, observed that Mr. Justice Erle, than whom a more intelligent and upright judge did not sit upon the English bench, must have been as much astonished as was the writer of that article at the verdict of the jury upon the Esher murderess.

We wish we could stop here, but we are under the necessity of adding, with great regret, that the principal medical witness has thought fit, in an elaborate essay, not only to justify the verdict, but to laud the jurors for the conclusion to which they came. With still greater regret we saw this essay printed entire in a newspaper, to be circulated from hand to hand among the masses, as an encouragement to homicidal impulse, and a lesson to "humane!" juries to go and do likewise.

The symptoms relied on as indicating

* The evidence adduced on behalf of the prisoner to maintain the defence of insanity, consisted mainly of statements that there had been madness in his family, that the prisoner's conduct had been eccentric, and that his fellow-workmen had considered him to be insane. The particulars of this evidence are given in *The Times*, July, 31, 1854.

* *The Times*, July 27, 1854.

"head disease" in the Esher adulteress and naticide, are very far from conclusive. Grant "the nasty black cloud," and the assumption that her brain was structurally disorganized, neither a derangement of the nervous system, nor organic injury of the brain, nor paralysis, will constitute insanity; nay, such afflictions are compatible with perfect sanity. Dr. Wollaston suffered for years under the disease of the brain, which finally induced paralysis and caused his death; but the mind of that great philosopher was clear to the last.

And here we may notice one of the consequences not unlikely to follow from making the study and practice of mental pathology an exclusive branch of the profession—an error to which we shall presently have to revert. Such practitioners live in an atmosphere of their own. From their daily experience they know something of the cunning of the insane; but some of them do not seem to know much of the cunning of the sane, who simulate insanity to escape from the consequences of crime. If they would search the annals of the police, of criminal courts, and of jails,* they might learn something on this head. To use the language of an experienced official in commenting on the Esher case, "The nasty black cloud is no new dodge."

To the cases in the south, above alluded to, we must add one from the north.

At the trial of Dr. George Smith and Robert Campbell, for wilful fire-raising, before the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, in January last, it would seem that the Doctor had taken a fancy to Mr. John Smith's wife, who had been living in a state of separation from that worthy farmer, and, according to the Doctor's statement, she had promised not to return to her husband, or take any other steps without consulting the Doctor, who appeared to have entertained the expectation that the farmer's wife would accompany him in an emigrant ship, on board of which he had solicited an appointment.

* And we might add of lunatic asylums. Dr. Mayo notices one marked case. It was proved to the satisfaction of the late Dr. Warburton and himself, that a gentleman at Dr. Warburton's asylum, whose insanity had been certified mainly on moral grounds—that is to say, with no sufficient intellectual lesion—was deliberately availing himself of its shelter from a criminal indictment. And the Doctor found reason to believe that he had before similarly availed himself, through a similar certificate, of another asylum, to avoid another criminal charge.

She did return to her husband at the expiration of the agreed period of separation. Dr. Smith expressed great disappointment at this, and wrote a letter to the farmer's wife, soliciting an interview. She showed the letter to her husband, and gave it no answer. On the following Saturday night she received a second letter from the Doctor, which she tore up without reading it. The same night (30th Sept., 1854) the stack-yard was set on fire and totally consumed, and, but for a change of wind, the farmhouse and steading would probably have been destroyed. There was no doubt that the Doctor, with the aid of "a friend" named Campbell, who was seventy years of age, had committed the felony; but Campbell was acquitted, under the direction of the Lord Justice Clerk, for want of sufficient evidence.

A special defence was put in for Dr. Smith, that he was insane. Medical testimony was adduced at great length, to that effect, and "some of the principal lunacy doctors in the kingdom" were called to give evidence in support of the defence. It is stated that his mental illness had been aggravated by domestic sorrows, including separation from his wife, and at times he had been known to drink largely, though he was usually a sober man, and had formerly been an intelligent and respectable practitioner.

With regard to Smith, the Lord Justice Clerk directed the jury that the burden of the proof of insanity lay on the prisoner, and that it was necessary, in order to support it, to show that he was insane at the time the deed was committed. The jury unanimously found the Doctor not guilty. The court assolized him *simpliciter*, but in respect to the insanity found proven, adjudged him to be conveyed to the prison of Forfar, therein to be detained subject to the future order of the court.*

The details of the medical testimony are not given. So far as the facts of the case went, what criminal circle could be more complete? Here was cause and immediate consecutive effect. Vengeance was as rationally manifested—so far as an act of vengeance can be rational—as the most sane could have displayed it. Zanga himself could not have carried out his revenge more completely or more consecutively. If Dr. Smith's insanity was so patent to the "lunacy doctors," who seem to have based their opinion on his antecedent acts, why was

* Times, January 30, 1855.

he suffered to go at large to the danger of her Majesty's lieges?

We wish that our limits would permit us to dwell longer on Dr. Mayo's admirable observations on the responsibility of the insane. The present state of the law is most unsatisfactory, and will, we suppose, so continue, according to the custom of England, till the number of martyred innocents is complete.

"It must be confessed (writes the Doctor) that the conditional responsibility which the law, and, as I think, the reason of the case, attributes to the insane, is not easily applicable in practice, either under lucid intervals or under such other phases of the insane state as might seem to justify it. The law, as I shall have again more fully to point out, will remain a dead letter, or will be continually ignored by the sympathies of judges, juries, and I may add, of medical witnesses, unless some practical distinction can be arranged which may enable the responsible insane to undergo some lower degree of punishment than that inflicted on delinquents being of sound mind. The position of many such persons under capital charges is at present anomalous. They are acquitted in defiance of the law, as laid down by the judges respecting M'Naghten's case, because the punishment appertaining to the offence would be too severe; and then, instead of being consigned to confinement in jail, they are consigned to it in an asylum, as a place simply of detention. This becomes a scene of severe virtual punishment to some of them, of gratification to vanity, and idleness to others; those, meanwhile, to whom it is a grievance, as they do not regard it in the light of a punishment, derive from it none of the preventive effects of punishment on future conduct; while the public, for the same reason, find it equally unproductive of good as an example to persons of actually diseased mind, or to that large class of other persons who are drifting into disease under uncontrolled eccentricity."

Resist the devil, and he will flee. "But," say the apologists for the unfortunate afflicted, "they can't."

The reply is, that in the great majority of cases, if not all, they can; otherwise, how do the "mad doctors," as they are somewhat profanely called, keep their asylums in order. The cruel day of dungeons and whips is happily gone by; but even under a less harsh rule, punishment was found to have its effect. The offender found himself suddenly precipitated into an abyss, so contrived that he could not be injured, with a douche of astounding power in full play upon him; or he was put into a chair which whirled him round. These punishments—far be it from us to advocate their use—had their effect, and the association of the douche or the

chair was present to the mind of the patient when he meditated an outbreak. He soon learned that, somehow or other, his offence was immediately followed by those consequences, and resisted the impulse to violence. Under the more humane dispensation of the present time, order is preserved by a system of rewards and mitigated punishments. And why should it not? Of the great majority of patients it may be truly said that they are but mad north, north-west; when the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from—what the beautiful printers have turned into a hand-saw.

Dr. Mayo saw Captain Johnston, to whose case we have already alluded,* in the criminal department of Bedlam—

His manners seemed quiet and reserved, his countenance hard and morose; but no part of the expression of it indicated predisposition to mental disease, the absence of which was strongly affirmed by the medical authorities of Bedlam.

To be sure it was. Nobody but the imbecile jury who tried him ever fancied that he was insane. Dr. Mayo states that Johnston's lunacy was assumed by his counsel, and good-naturedly but unscrupulously conceded by the Attorney-General and the court. That it was assumed by his counsel is true—"Twas his vocation, Hal;" but, if we remember rightly, the Attorney-General made no such concession. He had left the court, relying on the judge to disabuse the jury of the monstrous proposition laid down by the clever counsel for the prisoner, that the very enormity of his client's acts was a proof of his insanity. This the judge omitted to do, and the jury, with the speech of the prisoner's counsel still sounding in their ears, found Captain Johnston, who was no more mad than any other drunkard upon whose brutal temperament alcohol acts, *Not Guilty*.

In the case of M'Naghten, tried in 1844, for the murder of Mr. Drummond, we have an instance of notional delusions permitted to constitute evidence of insanity without any discovered incoherency of language or thought, although the wayward character of his past life might make it probable that such incoherency and inconsecutiveness may have existed. The notional delusions were, however, such as experience proves to be frequent in the insane. Formerly, when resident at Glasgow, he had frequently affirmed suspicions of the existence of a conspiracy against him; these, it was alleged, he had repeated at Boulogne,

* *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. 50, p. 392.

where, on landing, he fancied there were spies lurking in a watch-box. Faces, he said, were made at him in the streets, fists shaken at him, and stones thrown. He had pressed the sheriff of Glasgow for protection from his fancied enemies. Here was strong presumptive evidence of notional delusions, which the medical witness affirmed, and which the court accepted on their affirmation, as adequate to substantiate a plea of delirium. Subsequently, this opinion has obtained confirmation from the authorities of Bedlam, where M'Naghten has repeatedly exhibited well-marked maniacal paroxysms. Thus far I am justifying the evidence of the medical witness in this important trial; not, however, its results in relation to the sentence of the court. * * * * *

Contrast the above case with that of Bellingham,* the murderer of Mr. Perceval; in respect to whom the plea of insanity was overruled. Neither of these murderers exhibited incoherency of expression or thought. Bellingham's avowal, that ill-usage led him to the performance of his crime, supplies the act with a motive belonging to the ordinary laws of the human mind, and delusive (if unfounded) only in that sense in which every mistake might be so called. The immediate occasion of the murder was, indeed, a very natural one to a moody and malignant mind, such as Bellingham's seems to have been. He had been roughly repelled in one of his intrusive applications to a Government office a short time before the deed; and it was not unlikely that he should select Mr. Perceval for his victim, for he had made to him a personal application and been refused. There was, in truth, no point in his case tending to fix upon him the plea of insanity, unless his "strong expectation of being acquitted," according to the report of the case, can be interpreted into a morbid notional delusion. It is but just to observe, in favor of those who objected at the time to the verdict in Bellingham's case, but little time was given for the collection of evidence in proof of his being a lunatic.†

We shall presently advert to the law laid down in M'Naghten's case and Dr. Mayo's observations on it, observing, by the way, that if M'Naghten had undergone the same fate as Bellingham, as he probably would if he had not mistaken his man, there would have been no great harm done. But poor Mr. Drummond, than whom a more exemplary man never lived, and who expired after a long agony borne with the meekest patience, was not a Prime Minister.

In the case of *Rex v. Offord*, Lord Lyndhurst had told the jury, in his summing up, that they must be satisfied, before they acquitted the prisoner, that he did not know, when he committed the act, what its effect

would be in reference to the crime of murder. Mr. Drummond's death impressed the public with a full sense of danger arising from the immunities of the insane, and the following opinion was obtained from the judges after his murder.

Q. What is the law respecting persons afflicted with insane delusions, respecting one or more particular subjects or persons, as, for instance, when the accused knew that he was acting contrary to law, but did the act with a view, under the influence of insane delusions, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or under the impression of obtaining some supposed public benefit?

A. Notwithstanding the party committed a wrong act when laboring under the idea of redressing a supposed grievance or injury, or under the impression of obtaining some public or private benefit, he was liable to punishment.

Upon this Dr. Mayo says:—

It is needless to add that this announcement of law applies *a priori* to a person committing an act which he knows to be contrary to law, without any such ground of excuse, as the "impression" here mentioned might seem to offer.

We now come to Dr. Mayo's observations on this important case, and we heartily commend them to all concerned in the making or in the administration of the law.

Such, then, is the law on the subject of criminal conduct in persons under insane delusions; but such is not the practice: witness that very case which elicited that answer of the judges, which I have just quoted from the *Annual Register*. The adequacy of M'Naghten to comprehend the criminal nature of the homicidal act was unquestionable; yet he was acquitted on the plea of insanity, without the smallest reference to the conditions on which alone it is exculpatory, though they had been distinctly set forth as not complied with in his opening speech by the Attorney-General. Chief Justice Tindal, indeed, stopped the trial of M'Naghten, on the affirmation made by numerous medical witnesses, that the defendant was insane (that state having been detected by them through the ordinary symptoms of disease), but not in reference to any presumed ignorance on his part of the illegal nature of his act; and this absence of a material condition of the question the Chief Justice veiled from himself, as well as from the jury, by using in his address to the jury the ambiguous expressions of knowledge of "right and wrong," not "legal and illegal," as absent in M'Naghten's mind. The miserable vagueness of the first distinction ought to occasion its disuse by the Bar.

Now what, I may ask (for the question closely concerns us as medical witnesses), what is the source of this discrepancy between law and prac-

* Executed in May, 1812.

† The murder was committed on the 11th of May; John Bellingham was tried on the 15th, and hanged on the following Monday.

tice, and how may it be obviated? The source of it is placed in the very nature of our criminal code, which recognizes no punishment for offences committed by the insane, and forces the courts either to visit them with the same penal infliction as would apply to the same acts committed by the sane, their derangement being ignored, or to let them pass unpunished, however partially responsible they may be. The source of it is, in fact, the absence of any secondary punishment for these cases, whereby the unwritten principles of justice, which forbid us to hang an insane delinquent, may be reconciled with the public safety, which occasionally may demand that he be punished.

In the three lectures involving the three conclusions to which Dr. Mayo has been led, and which are noticed at the commencement of this article, the leading civil and criminal cases are carefully analyzed down to Bennett v. Duke of Manchester, now happily settled, as we believe, mainly in consequence of Sir Page Wood's masterly judgment. The added essay, *On the Conditions of Mental Unsoundness*, is evidently the result of deep thought, and the effusion of a penetrating mind seeking to discover what no one has precisely told us, namely, what a sound man is? The whole of this concluding section teems with acute observation and sound philosophy, and is so plainly and elegantly written that he who runs may read, and learn how much may depend upon the watchfulness of his self-control.

With regard to the error of making the

acquisition of the knowledge of mental pathology a source of danger there can be as little doubt, as there is unfortunately of the fact. "He who is known to have given much attention to this branch of pathology is liable to be excluded on that account from practice in every other, as if all diseases were not in some sense conterminous." This is as unjust as it is impolitic. Such a physician may have all the great qualities required for general practice, but, at present, the unthinking public are shy of him, and do all that they can to confine his views and lower his efficiency. Capable of going round the whole world of disease, he is sternly checked and driven into one channel. Under such circumstances, can some of the doctrines which prevail be matter of surprise? Yet this same public, when alarmed by the impunity of some murderer who owes his escape to medical testimony, are the first to cry out, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If they do not go so far as to say, in all such cases, to the redeeming witness—what they have virtually said in some—*Naviga ad Anticyram*.

Highly important as is the subject, and deeply interesting as are the lucid pages which illustrate it, we must reluctantly close a work which should be in the hand and head of every lawyer and every physician. A great book may be a great evil, but there can be no doubt that Dr. Mayo's excellent little book is a great good.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON AS AN ORATOR.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is a man possessed by a lofty and honorable ambition. It is not often that a large-acred gentleman of rank, as he is, enters the literary arena to contend for its prizes of fame and reward; but when he does so, he deserves honor and admiration. It is now long since he has made good his claim to the first place there. He is our greatest living novelist, the author of the best modern play, a successful historian, and a highly popular poet. But all this is not enough to satisfy his ambition, for he has appeared in public on two important occasions as an orator, and it is not going beyond the bounds of strict truth to own that

on both these occasions—at Edinburgh and at Leeds—if he has not borne away the palm from all living competitors, he has at least delivered orations, which for force, brilliancy, and truth, are of the very highest class of platform eloquence.

The art of oratory has been gradually declining in Britain. If we look to the legislature, the pulpit, the bar, or the lecture-room, we find that there are few, if any, of the performers there who can with truth be described as distinguished orators. Your successful parliamentary debater need not necessarily be an eloquent man. Lord John Russell is not; neither is Graham, Gladstone,

nor Disraeli. They possess all the requisite skill in parliamentary fencing,—are well-informed and full of facts,—can bring all their arguments out in the most elaborate and telling style; and they are entirely successful as parliamentary debaters. But they do not pretend to be orators; if they did, they would probably be laughed down,—at least, a young member would.

The oratory of the pulpit has fallen off still more. One need only read the dreary platitudes which are published in sermons to see how low pulpit eloquence has fallen in our days. The *Times* has spoken of preachers generally as a class of men who possess the privilege of talking drivel on the grandest and most inspiring of all conceivable themes. The Rev. Sydney Smith said, the characteristic of Modern sermons is “decent debility.” But so long as clergymen are such, not by virtue of their merits, but of their influential connections, so long as it is a matter of comparative indifference to them whether their hearers are pleased with what they say or not, so long (Sydney Smith was of opinion) will persuasive eloquence be disregarded in the church. “Pulpit discourses,” he says, “have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading,—a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further!”

The oratory of the bar is also at a low ebb. We cannot call to mind any living orator in that line,—no one to compare with what Brougham, or Denman, or Plunkett, or Shiel, or O’Connell were. The bar has now become careful, precise, pains-taking, and fully informed; it has ceased to be oratorical. It is English, and aims to be practical. It is clever at making out a case, and can carry through a piece of special pleading as well as at any period of its history. But go into any of the law courts, and you will find that it is not eloquent.

The oratory of the lecture-room and of the public platform is worst of all. There is no want of words, indeed; but of ideas worth remembering, there is the greatest scarcity. Energetic common-places, pompous plati-

tudes, are the resources of the stump orator. The conjuror who draws endless yards of ribands out of his mouth is nothing to him. He can run on for an hour without stopping to spit, or cough, or blow his nose, in an endless stream of talk. He may know nothing of his subject; that is not necessary. But he can talk; he is possessed with the gift of continuous speech; and the man is regarded with wonder, and, strange to say, in many cases with envy.

The gift of oratory is nevertheless a great gift; and when employed by a man of large intellect and generous feelings, it may be employed for the noblest purposes. Among the Greeks and Romans oratory was regarded as one of the highest arts. For the orator combined in himself the journalist, the debater, the critic, and the preacher, all in one. There were no books, nor newspapers, nor reviews in those days. The assembled crowds drank in their opinions, knowledge, and philosophy from the lips of their orators. In the portico, the forum, the garden, and the assembly, the Greeks stood face to face with their great men, and drank in their living thoughts as they fell warm from their lips. It is our newspapers, and books, and reviews that have tended to dull the oratory of modern times; for the mere speaker has ceased to exercise that exclusive ascendancy over the minds of the masses, which he did in the times that preceded the invention of printing. Nevertheless, oratory, as we have said, is a true and noble art still; and we are as ready to hail the true orator, as the true poet, painter, or dramatist.

Oratory is the art of moving or convincing others by spoken words. Different people require different modes of address, according to their temperament. The style of oratory that is calculated to excite the enthusiasm of Frenchmen would often appear simply ludicrous to Englishmen. Frenchmen admire manner, Englishmen matter; the former loves style, the latter facts and things. The French orator is all action; the English orator stands comparatively motionless, sometimes finding a refuge for his hands in his breeches-pockets. Frenchmen will scarcely listen to a long speech; while Englishmen will patiently sit out a speech of two hours long. The temperament of the two people is essentially different, and hence the different styles of French and English oratory. The Irish, half Celtic and half Saxon as the Irish people are, is a happy mixture of both; and we owe to Ireland our greatest orators—Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Plunkett, Flood, Curran, O’Connell.

Then, oratory must adapt itself to its audience in all countries. A speech addressed to the legislature will be one thing, and a speech addressed to the common people quite another. In the former case, the speaker has to be precise, logical, demonstrative; in the latter, he must be striking, natural, and hearty. The connection of ideas rather than of words, bold figures, rapid emotions, earnestness, and fire; these always avail the most when addressing the public assembly in all countries. Appeal to their common feelings, to their love of honor, to their pride of class, to their patriotism, to their liberties, and their history, and the orator will soon have firm hold of their heartstrings. Therein he shows his skill and his power. And in these respects, we have no hesitation in avowing that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his two noble speeches lately delivered at Edinburgh and Leeds, has shown himself to be possessed of the highest powers as an orator.

Of his personal appearance we need say little. For in the true orator, all personal peculiarities are soon forgotten. He is somewhat tall, and very spare, almost attenuated. He has a fine head and face, of which the portrait by Maclise gives a good representation. His nose is large, sharp, and prominent—fulfilling Napoleon's requirement of a man with a large nose for great enterprises. His action in speaking is good, though not perfect. Sometimes it is a little "wild;" as when he draws back his head and slim body, and extends his arms, making one feel uncomfortable lest he should lose balance and upset. His voice is good,—strong, but not musical; and perhaps he is wanting in that delicate inflection of tone—that variety, and light and shade, which the great orator is so careful to cultivate. Had Bulwer's practice been greater, doubtless he would have remedied such defects; for we must not forget that his life has been that of a student and a literary man, rather than that of a man of action and of public enterprise.

Leaving the manner of his speeches, we come to the matter of them; and here we have nothing but praise to offer. In composition they are perfect. They are varied, picturesque, graphic, moving, exciting, instructive, and always interesting. The riveted attention of the hearer never flags for a moment. At his great oration, delivered before the Associated Societies of the Edinburgh University, he was most happy in his opening sentence, in which he struck the chord of the nation's heart. The audience was Scotch, and amongst them were some of the

greatest living men in Scotland. The effect of these introductory words may therefore well be imagined:—

"I may well feel overcome by the kindness with which you receive me, for I cannot disentangle my earliest recollections from my sense of intellectual obligation to the genius of Scotland. The first poets who charmed me from play in the half-holidays of school, were Campbell and Scott; the first historians who clothed for me, with life, the shadows of the past, were Robertson and Hume; the first philosopher who, by the grace of his attractive style, lured me on to the analysis of the human mind, was Dugald Stewart; and the first novel that I bought with my own money, and hid under my pillow, was the *Roderick Random* of Smollet. (Applause.) So, when later, in a long vacation from my studies at Cambridge, I learned the love for active adventure, and contracted the habit of self-reliance by solitary excursions on foot, my staff in my hand and my knapsack on my shoulders, it was towards Scotland that I instinctively bent my way, as if to the nursery-ground from which had been wafted to my mind the first germ of those fertile and fair ideas, which, after they have come to flower upon their native soil, return to seed, and are carried by the winds we know not whither, calling up endless diversities of the same plant, according to the climate and the ground to which they are borne by chance. (Applause.) Gentlemen, this day I revisited, with Professor Ayton, the spot in which, a mere lad, obscure and alone, I remember to have stood one starlight night in the streets of Edinburgh, gazing across what was then a deep ravine, upon the picturesque outlines of the old town, all the associations which make Scotland so dear to romance, and so sacred to learning, rushing over me in tumultuous pleasure; her stormy history,—her enchanting legends,—wild tales of witchcraft and fairy land,—of headlong chivalry and tragic love,—all contrasting, yet all uniting, with the renown of schools famous for patient erudition and tranquil science. I remember how I then wished that I could have found some tie in parentage or blood to connect me with the great people in whose capital I stood a stranger. (Cheers.) That tie which birth denied to me, my humble labors, and your generous kindness, have at last bestowed; and the former stranger in your streets stands to-day in this crowded hall, proud to identify his own career with the hopes and aspirations of the youth of Scotland." (Cheers.)

This is beautifully said, and must have caused a thrill in the breasts of his audience, kindling, as with an electric flash, the "*perferendum ingenium Scotorum*." Passing in review the great literary men of Scotland, with a delicate and exquisite compliment to Professor Wilson, ("Christopher North,") he proceeded to discourse most eloquently upon the subject of Greek and Roman literature, and the proper methods of studying them, winding up with a most thrilling appeal to the spirit of national patriotism, in which he must again have effectually roused the Scottish heart.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's speech at Leeds was only the complement to that delivered at Edinburgh. It was less learned, but equally philosophical—more varied, and, if possible, more interesting. The audience was the best that Leeds could give him—not mechanics or working people certainly, but the most highly-educated ladies and gentlemen of that large manufacturing town. At Edinburgh he had addressed scholars, students, and professors; here he addressed himself to "youths and mature men of every age, engaged in active, practical pursuits, snatching at such learning as books may give in the intervals of recreation or repose. Knowledge there is the task-work—knowledge here is the holiday. But in both these communities, in the quiet university and in the busy manufacturing town, I find [said he], the same grand idea: I mean the recognition of Intelligence as the supreme arbiter of all those questions which, a century ago, were either settled by force or stifled by those prejudices which are even stronger than law." Then he proceeded to survey the civilization of the world in past and in modern times, defending the too-often-sneered-at wisdom of our ancestors, whose intellect "has left us writers whom we may strive to emulate, but can never hope to surpass; a political constitution which we may enlarge or repair, but which we can never perhaps altogether change for the better; and an empire on which, it is said, that the sun never sets, though it commenced from these small northern islands on which [said he], I am sorry to say, the sun seldom condescends to shine." But he did equal justice to the character of the age in which we live—to the progress made in all the industrial arts—to the milder spirit of humanity which distinguishes modern times when compared with the old—and to the constructive spirit which is at work in all our institutions. Passing in review the three great races who now lead the civilization of the world—the Ger-

mans, the French, and the English,—he tested the elements of their respective greatness, finding in the German greater discipline, and in the Englishman greater freedom; while the Frenchman, being impulsive and too little imbued with the spirit of religion, is headlong in his reforms and fanatical in his revolutions. The English, though worse educated in schools, possess, according to the orator, a far better *life-education*, such as fits them for doing the work and acting the part of free men. "It seems," said he, "that there are two kinds of education: there is one I call *life-education*, which we acquire at home, in the streets, in the market-place, behind the counter, the loom, the plough—the education we acquire from life; and this I call *life-education*: there is also what I call *school-education*—the education we acquire from books. In the first kind of education—*life-education*—we are far in advance of all countries in the ancient quarters of the globe; but it appears we are behind some countries in school education. You, as Englishmen, will never consent to let this be so. You are Englishmen, and I am sure will never consent to be beaten by any country whatever. Let us, then, put our shoulders to the wheel, and see that we are here also in our proper place in the world." Sir E. L. Bulwer's pride as an Englishman will not admit of his yielding the palm to any other nation; and this pride embraces Englishmen of all classes and ranks, democratic as well as aristocratic. "I am here (said he) not only as the member of a class which must always have the deepest sympathy with every department of intellectual labor—I mean the class of authors; but I am here also as a member of another class, which is supposed to be less acceptable in manufacturing towns—I am one of the agricultural vampires—I am guilty of being a country gentleman, and even a county member: still, somehow or other, I feel quite at home here. Now, shall I tell you the truth? I dare say you and I may differ upon many political questions, but upon this neutral ground I am sure—no matter what books I had written—you would not be so kind to me, nor I feel so much at my ease with you, unless by this time we had both discovered that we have got sound English hearts—and that though we may quarrel as to the mode of doing it, still we are all equally resolved to keep this England of ours the foremost country in the world. In a free state it will happen that every class will strive to press forward what it conceives, rightly or erroneously, its own claims and in-

terests; but in proportion as we instruct all, each will in time acquire its due share of influence, and far from that hypocritical cowardice which often makes a man throw over in one assembly the class which he is bound to advocate in another, I own to you, wherever I look I see so much merit in every division of our people, that whatever class I had been born and reared in, of that class I should have been justly proud. There is not a class of which I should not have said, 'I belong to those who made England great.' If I had been born a peasant—let me be but self-taught and self-risen, and I would not have changed my brotherhood with Burns for the pedigree of a Howard. If I had been born a mechanic or manufacturer—for allow me to class together the employer and employed—they fulfil the same mission, and their interests ought to be the same; I say if I had been born one of these, I should have said, 'Mine is the class which puts nations themselves into the great factory of civilization. Mine is the class which has never yet been established in any land but what it has made the poor state rich, and the small state mighty.' If I had been born a trader, the very humblest of that order, I should have boasted proudly of the solid foundation of public opinion, and of national virtues, which rest upon the spirit and energy, upon the integrity and fair dealing, by which that great section of our middle class have given a tone and character to our whole people. Why, we have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and shopkeepers we are whenever we keep a debtor and creditor account with other nations: scrupulously paying our debts to the last farthing, and keeping our national engagements with punctuality and good faith. But it is owing much to the high spirit and to the sense of honor which characterizes the British trader, that the word 'gentleman' has become a title peculiar to us, not, as in other countries, resting only upon pedigrees and coats of arms, but embracing all who unite gentleness with manhood. And nation of shopkeepers though we be, yet we all, from the duke in his robes to the workman in his blouse, become a nation of gentlemen whenever some haughty foreigner touches our common honor; whenever some paltry sentiment in the lips of princes rouses our generous scorn; or whenever some chivalrous ac-

tion or noble thought ennoble the sons of peasants. If I had been told that the habits of trade made men niggardly and selfish, I should have pointed to the hospitals, to the charities, to the educational institutions which cover the land, and which have been mainly founded or largely endowed by the munificence of traders; if I had been told that there was something in trade which stunted the higher or more poetical faculty, I should have pointed to the long list of philosophers, divines, and poets that have sprung from the ranks of trade, and, not to cite minor names, I should have said, 'It is we who share with agriculture the glory of producing the wool-stapler's son who rules over the intellectual universe under the name of Shakespeare.' This pride of class I should have felt, let me only be born an Englishman, whether as peasant, mechanic, manufacturer, or tradesman; but being born and reared amongst those who derive their subsistence from the land, I am not less proud that I belong to that great section of our countrymen from whom have proceeded so large a proportion of those who have helped to found that union of liberty and intellect which binds together the audience I survey. From whom came the great poets, Chaucer and Gower, Spenser and Dryden, and Byron and Scott; from whom came the great pioneers of science, Worcester and Cavendish, Boyle and Bacon—from whom came so large a number of the heroes and patriots who in all the grand epochs of constitutional progress—from the first charter wrung from Norman tyrants, from the first resistance made to the Roman pontiffs, down to the law by which Camden (the son of a country squire) achieved the liberty of the press; down to the Reform Bill, by which Russel, Grey, and Stanley, and Lambton connected Leeds for ever with the genius of Macaulay—have furnished liberty with illustrious chiefs and not less with beloved martyrs? Out of that class of country gentlemen came the Hampden who died upon the field, and Sydney who perished on the scaffold."

This is a noble and truly eloquent passage, going right to the heart of every Englishman; and delivered as it was, with fire and energy, in the Music Hall at Leeds, it left an impression on the minds of his audience, of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's power as a true orator which will never be effaced.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ABOUT LORD BROUGHAM.

BY DOCTOR PINCH.

And write about him, Doctor, and about him.

Misquoted from POPE.

It was in the summer of 1811 that I first saw and heard Henry Brougham, "on his legs" in the House. Forty-three years ago, save the mark! That makes an old man of me. And yet, when I give memory play for forty-three years past, and see again as fresh as of yesterday what I saw then, and hear again as though their very echo had not ceased the voices and sounds I heard then,—it seems preposterous to think myself stricken in years. Well-nigh a half-century of summers between then and now? beshrew thee, old Time, never try to hoax me so far as that. I tell thee, with the septuagenarian,

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times and manners and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore years and ten.

Nevertheless, if it must be so,—if, as he did the Elsinore gravedigger, Age, with his stealing steps, hath clawed me in his clutch,—let me at least make sure of *one* compensatory privilege, due and dear to old men; and that is the right to be garrulous. Let me be a chartered libertine to rove to and fro, and to digress, and prose, and platitudinise, as much as I like (or, between you and me, as much as I can't help). From Henry Brougham to myself and my tale of years—there's one lapse to begin with; and others

will come in equally sudden, illogical, and irrelevant fashion. My very title and motto *ut supra* might prepare you, reader, for this; and should suffice to warn off every hater of the immethodical, every scorner of the desultory, every foe to the circumbendibus. About my Lord B. and about him is what I essay to scribble; whether I shall ever get *at* him is quite another matter. One must allow for the wind in an old fellow, who hasn't much of it left.

I saw and heard him, then; but I allow, not to advantage. Knowing his reputation at the bar, and among the Edinburgh Reviewers, I watched with vigilant eye his gaunt, restless form, as he, with manifest impatience, bided his time for jumping up to move for some papers relating to a Court-Martial case in the other hemisphere. A Captain Richards, I think, had been tried for causing the death of a man in his sloop, by excessive use of the cat, and was dismissed from the service in consequence; and Brougham's motion for the production of the Minutes of the Court-Martial led to some discussion—opponents insisting that no man could be tried more than once for the same offence—though the motion was ultimately agreed to. The earlier part of the night, by-the-by, had been spent in an animated but angry debate, occasioned by the unfortunate Lord Cochrane, who went through the history of his imprisonment by the Vice-Admiralty Court at Malta, on a charge (which he denied) of taking down a table of fees, for which he was seized and literally carried to prison—an odious prison, said the noble tar, with a grated window, an iron door, and for furniture one broken chair: he now moved for a committee of inquiry into the abuses of that court—but for some time

could get no one to second him—till up rose the adventurous Peter Moore, who declared he knew nothing at all about the matter, but would second the motion rather than see possible injustice caused by a piece of formality—a piece of chivalric kindness which called forth sarcasms by the score from Mr. Stephen, who thought the Malta court had served Lord Cochrane perfectly right, while Mr. Yorke protested against this affair as the flimsiest case the House had ever been bored with, and after a *quantum suff.* (with a balance) of sparring, the motion was negatived without a division. Coming in the wake of this tirade of personalities and high words, Mr. Brougham's motion was tranquil and dull enough; and though in his manner of supporting it I could not but observe tokens of a strong, energetic, ready, and determined nature, there was little to foreshow the foremost man of the Opposition—the observed of all observers, though certainly not, at any time, the glass of fashion, or the mould of form. But he had only entered parliament the year before.

Henry Brougham's has verily been a surprising career. The interval of years between 1811 and 1854 has seen him uplifted to an idolatrous place in the people's esteem, and anon hurled down to the abyss of their "sovereign" contempt—to become a by-word, a stereotyped caricature, only good for a weekly baiting in *Punch*, or an occasional joke in spouting clubs. So much for popular attachments. The re-action has been, if anything, more unreasonable than what it followed—and surely more discreditable to the re-actionists. To affect contempt, too! Hated, maligned, denounced, the ex-Chancellor has been; and this, in a world like ours, is intelligible: but despised he hardly can have been, or can be, by any one endowed with a right to despise—intellectually, I mean.

Often will the story be repeated in after days, how Henry Brougham fought his way to the highest honors of the land;—his abrupt *flitting* from Auld Reekie to the metropolis whither Murray and Wedderburn had hurried, with such cheering results, before him; his rapidly-established prestige at the bar; his speedy *début* in Parliament, and recognition there as the Man of the People; his dizzy-making ovations at the hands of his national clients; and that sudden vault into the Chancellor's seat, which so agitated the profession, and shocked the prejudices of the peers. A wild whirl of thoughts must have

been his on the woollack. Squib-makers have kindly interpreted them for us; *ex. gr.*:

Changed times these, thought I, since that critical day;

When southward I first took my venturous way!
When a *sticket* Scotch pleader, a mere *homme de lettres*,

I scarcely had sixpence to give to the waiter;
Some professional brass—the whole sum of my riches,

Except a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
(Yes, breeches I wore—those who say 'twas a kilt, I

Of a scandalous libel pronounce to be guilty.)
Little thinking, in sooth, as I sat on the Heavy,
I should e'er show my nose at his Majesty's levée;
On the woollack's soft cushion my person should sport,

And be quite hand and glove with the Queen and the Court, &c.

Is there a bar sinister in the armorial bearings he thus secured—a discreditable course in the means of securing them? Was it simply by faction and browbeating, as some allege; or by glozing and dissembling, as others? Hear his always eager assailant, Walter Landor: "There is an incessant chatterer," says he, by the mouth of his imaginary Southey, "who has risen to the first dignities of the State, by the same means as nearly all men rise now by; namely, opposition to whatever is done or projected by those invested with authority"—"this ridiculous man, to whom the Lords have given the run of the House . . . a man pushed off his chair by every party he joins, and enjoying all the disgraces he incurs"—a man "superficial in all things, without a glimmer of genius, or a grain of judgment." Such a verdict as this, vaulting so as to overleap itself, may go to illustrate Hesiod's apophthegm, that the half is more than the whole. Coleridge, on the other hand, seems to have assumed that Brougham made his fortune by insincerity and smooth dissimulation—describing him, in his "Table-talk," as a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head—contrasting him with Francis Horner, his political contemporary and literary ally, with this invidious result, that Horner bore in his conversation and demeanor evidence of that straightforward and generous frankness which characterized him through life—"you saw," quoth the Old Man of the Mountain (Cockaigne's pride), "or rather you felt, that you could rely upon *his* [Horner's] integrity:" whereas, in Brougham's case, "you were never sure of

him—you always doubted his sincerity." And old King Cole clenches his argument by a story of his once taxing "Mr. Brougham" with expressing opinions in Parliament, the very contrary to what he had previously expressed in private; the latter being identical with, and the former hostile to, the opinions of the Highgate sage himself. But the Counsellor, it is alleged, assured the Philosopher that his opinions remained the same, whatever the newspapers and Hansard might report. Then up spake S. T. C. on this wise: "I said, 'I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived.' 'Oh,' said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, 'Oh, it was very true I said so in Parliament, where there is a party, but we know better.'" Whereupon S. T. C. adds, in all the emphasis of italics (so far as italics go to express his table-talk emphasis), "*I said nothing; but I did not forget it.*" Did he well to forget that the tone of voice was "half confidential," supposing the voice to be earnest; or that it might have been more than "half jocular," a *vox et præterea nihil*?

But again, it is averred that Henry Brougham's own allies doubted, all along his career of popularity, whereunto this might grow; that they distrusted him, despite all his popular labors, and perhaps because of his popular triumphs; that although those who knew him best concealed their doubts, "the doubts were there;" doubts, as the historian of the Thirty Years' Peace expresses it, whether his celebrated oratory was not mainly factitious—"vehement and passionate, but not simple and heartfelt"—doubts whether his temper was not poisoned by a pervading virus of mean, selfish irritability, whether his vanity was not free to override his ability—"doubts whether a habit of speech so exaggerated, of statements so inaccurate, would not soon be fatal to respect and confidence; doubts about the perfect genuineness of his popular sympathies—not charging him with hypocrisy, but suspecting that the people were an object in his imagination, rather than an interest in his heart—a temporary idol to him, as he was to them." While those who believed him a veritable popular leader then, and now believe him to be a point-blank apostate, abuse him in ebullitions of wrath such as this, by the Chartist rhymester, Thomas Cooper:

Oh! haste to hide thee in the charnel grave,—
Thou Harlequin-Demosthenes!—ere change

Shall leave thee not a semblant speck to save
Of that rich monument which thou, with strange
Fatuity, hast toiled to disarrange
As holy as to carve!

And then come, fast and furious, such complimentary epithets as, "archtraitor to thy kind—scourge of the poor"—"a thing of shame made by thy whims"—"what will he next—the spaniel of old Waterloo" [written in 1845]—"head-robber of the savage band" of New Poor Lawmongers—"scouted changeling"—"monstrous sinner"—and so on, according to the unchastened vocabulary of the *Purgatory of Suicides*.

Now, to affirm that Lord Brougham is no longer, nor has been for many a day, the man of the people, is true enough. But is it equally true that he is recreant, traitor, apostate? Has he betrayed, recanted, tergiversated? Or is it not nearer the truth to say, that in point of fact the popular "eclipse of faith" in him is, to a large extent, the inevitable sequence of such a sun-glare of public homage—that the depths to which the "mob" have consigned him are due, by every known law of recoil and rebound, to the very heights on which they once elevated him? In "*accidents*," lying on the surface, and affecting the conventional demeanor and the occasional opinions of the man, he may have suffered a marked change; but where is the evidence that in "*substance*" also this revolution holds good—that the underlying principles of the man are transformed, transubstantiated? Surely if there be one manifest characteristic of his nature, it is that of even fractious and waspish independence—a fretful rejection of whatever agrees not with his private judgment—an outspoken, defiant intolerance of "party" obligations; and although a blustering air of self-reliance is far from incompatible with the supple plasticity it may try to mask, yet the kind of ebullient individualism, traceable throughout Brougham's long career, is hard indeed to reconcile, if attentively and comprehensively observed, with any such system of sinister tact. When was the time that he *did* run well in harness? True, he was long a recognized and vigorous leader in the reform team: but always a jibbing leader. Disappointment and disgust—for some part of which, to say the least, he has to thank himself—may have soured his spirit, made him more sensitive to opposition, less patient of misconstruction, hotter in his invectives, and colder in his confidences: but he was ever accounted by his associates a "queer customer," one of whom they could never feel

sure, against whose vagaries they felt they could never ensure material guarantees, and by whose antecedents the wisest of their corps could never hope to solve the query. What will he be up to next? So long ago as the foundation of the *Edinburgh Review*, we know that he was refused room in the first three numbers, because the then editor, Sydney Smith, had (says Jeffrey) "so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness." Already there was no mistaking in him the man who, opportunity once given, would gain European notoriety for allowing "libre cours à ses qualités incisives, mordantes, acérées, et se montre personnel envers les potentats et les ministres impunément." Friends and foes both have had occasion in their turn to recognize in his free-speeches, what one of Shakespeare's ladies calls

—a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
[Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills
It should spare none that come within his
power.

What a sinking fund, deeper and deeper still of scolding language this *γλωσση δεινος* orator possesses! What a study his *poses plastiques* used to be, when in the good old days of parliamentary war to the knife he would plant himself in the attitude of a Homeric hero, intent on putting somebody's head "in chancery." What a volley of superlatives he would pour on the enemy—what a flight of fluttering winged-words: like Coleridge's "character,"

Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, ghoul,
Come in full clatter from his throat,
Till his old nest-mates changed their note
To hireling, traitor, and turncoat.

How ingeniously, too, when he had exhausted his quiver, would he bewail the poverty of diction to meet the emergencies of the theme, and declare that "never before," "never within his experience," "never within memory of man," had he encountered any atrocity, any malignity, any baseness, any scandal, at all approaching in character to this atrocity, this malignity, this baseness, this scandal. Words failed him—the dictionary was nonplussed—for in *his hands*—

the plain truth would seem to be
A constrained hyperbole—

so practiced was he in drawing a long-bow

and a strong-bow, at the creaking string whereof his passion, fancy, pique united would make a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

The effect of these stormy harangues was capitally increased by the aspect and gestures of the storm-compeller—the Jupiter tonans of the woolsack; by what a popular essayist calls the "inscrutability of his features, which, though sharp and angular, conceal more meaning than they enunciate; the unkindled lightnings of his eye; the iron massiveness of his forehead; the saturnine swarthinness of his complexion; the meaning twitch of his cheek; and the clearness, flexibility, and power of a voice over which his command is supreme." And again he is pictured in one of his loftiest moods, as "not now calmly bestriding, but fairly caught in the wind of his spirit"—on which occasion his face is seen "brightened into full and fierce meaning," and his eye shines "like a sunken pit of fire suddenly disclosed," and his arms vibrate "like sharp tongues of flame in the blast," and his brow darkens "like iron in the shade," and his form "dilates to his dilating soul," and his voice is "now exalted to a harrowing shriek, and now sunk to a rasping and terrible whisper." So depicts him a countryman with the gift of the gab. Allowing for the "long metre" of its rhetorical bravura, the description is not without its points of vraisemblance to Brougham's *physique*, which indeed is that of a man

Whom no one well can pass without remark :
Active and nervous in his gait ; his limbs
And his whole figure breathe intelligence.

"Brougham," said the Chief of the Clan North (*ap. Ambr.*), just twenty years since, "Brougham is no beauty; but his mug is a book in which men may read strange matters—and take him as he stands, face and figure, and you feel that there is a man of great energy and commanding intellect." Another and very different writer, Mr. Grant, once of "Random Recollections" celebrity, in a work of about the same date, says: "When Lord Brougham rises to speak, the stranger is so forcibly struck with his singular personal appearance, as to be altogether inattentive to the first few sentences of his speech. His lofty forehead—his dark complexion—his prominent nose—the piercing glare of his rolling eye—the scowl of his brow—the harshness of his features generally—the uproarious condition of his dark

gray hair, and his attenuated appearance altogether, cannot fail in the first instance to attract the eye and arrest the attention, to the exclusion of any thought about what he is saying." "Did you notice his physiognomy?" wrote Francis Horner to a friend, when Brougham was not yet out of his teens—"I am curious to know your observations on it." The physiognomy is now nearing the wear and tear of fourscore winters, and its *curiosa infelicitates* challenge the observation of the curious more than ever.

In this patchwork prosing—a thing of shreds and patches—it is not my aim to give any methodical *résumé* of his lordship's composite career, but merely to play at "touch and go" with the *summa fastigia rerum*. So before alluding to the specialities, in law and letters, of a "man so various," let me celebrate the general fact of his versatility itself. The same Francis Horner, just cited, in the same letter—referring to his "earliest friend," then *notat.* 19, says: "Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius of a composite order . . .; he unites the greatest ardor for general information in every branch of knowledge, and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world, with all the powers of a mathematical intellect." And as with the face, so with the mind: more than a half century of years have given astonishing development to this characteristic. Eight-and-fifty years ago, there he was in print in the "Philosophic Transactions of the Royal Society," enlightening the old Fellows (*quorum pars magna* he soon became) on the dark places of Optics—the same science which still absorbs and fascinates so much of his leisure at Cannes. Jurisprudence, mathematics, philosophy, history, biography, languages, criticism,—all have come within his ken, and none has come amiss. Whether he has mastered them, is another matter: at the least he has so far rendered himself *au fait* of a liberal curriculum of studies, as to be at no loss when confronting acknowledged masters in the several departments, but ready at any moment to amble with them on their respective hobbies—whether with Bentham on the organic reform of law, or with Wellington on strategies, or with Sir Walter Scott on Border Minstrelsy, or with Romilly on the penal code, or with Liston on surgical manipulations, or with Southey on the claims of literature, or with Playfair on the calculus, or with Haydon on high art, or with Thiers on statecraft, or with Hamilton on ontology, or with Arago

on the sun, moon, and stars. He has gone far to realize Voltaire's doctrine, that "il faut donner à son âme toutes les formes possible. C'est un feu," continues Monsieur, "que Dieu nous a confié; nous devons le nourrir de ce que nous trouvons de plus précieux. Il faut faire entrer dans notre être tous les modes imaginables, ouvrir toutes les portes de son âme à toutes les sciences et à tous les sentiments; pourvu que tout cela n'entre pas pêle-mêle, il y a place pour tout le monde." Says the satirist of *Men and Manners*:

What cannot Brougham do?—in him unite
Newton and Milton and the Stagirite—

(all in *incredulous odi-ism*, however; for the satirists adds in a foot-note: "It is the fashion to call Brougham a great man (I have heard him compared to Bacon); he might be one in St. Domingo. . . . What has he done to deserve to be compared with any fourth-rate man of established reputation?"). Another "satirical rogue" testifies—thus far *without irony*, and all in good faith:

There was an orator of giant force,
That like a meteor ran a zig-zag course;
A mind to fathom Nature's secrets deep,
That could the flaming bounds of space o'erleap;
A voice that now fell soft as dropping snow,
And now was as a sting or sudden blow;
The poet's fancy, the logician's skill,
Persuasion, passion, irony at will,
Were his, &c.

And yet another satirist—made up of sterner stuff—thus addresses the chancellor that then was:

Illustrious Mime! whose philosophic soul
And flexible features top whatever rôle,
Alike in Bobadil or Bottom shine,
Cato last night, to-morrow Catiline. . . .
Still when the fever ebbs, with some sly dose
Refresh the rage that for thy rising rose;
It skills not what the stimulus—bold rub—
New Catch, New Code—up College or up Club!
Now laud God's book, and now his church attack,
And notes on Paley mix with notes to Black;
Fetch laws from Birmingham, from Grub-street
Knights,

And damn the Negroes—so you dupe the Whites:

(the last couplet heaping together allusions to his lordship's parliamentary *éloge* (1832) of the Birmingham Union and its *modus* of political discussion, as contrasting favorably with the two universities—to his scheme of literary knighthood, familiar to readers of

Southey's Letters—and to his "soothing the ear of fraudulent East India sugar-men," oblivious of his work on Colonial Policy).

Of a verity his lordship surpasses *Scrub* in the play, who, to *Archer's* notion that he is simply a butler, scornfully replies: "Of a Monday I drive the coach; of a Tuesday I drive the plough; on Wednesday I follow the hounds; on Thursday I dun the tenants; on Friday I go to market; on Saturday I draw warrants; and on Sunday I draw beer." Give his lordship these seven days in the week, and multiply them unrelentingly by the fifty-two weeks in the year, and still would he, without taxing his memory, afflicting his conscience, or losing his breath, name you a new pursuit of his for every new morrow. *Was für eine Mannigseitigkeit!* Extraordinary enough, indeed, to impel old Jerome Bentham to write verse—very heavy verse, but pronounced a *jeu d'esprit* (save the mark!) by Dr. Bowring:

O Brougham! a strange mystery you are;
Nil fuit unquam sibi tam dispar:
 So foolish and so wise—so great, so small—
 Everything now—to-morrow nought at all.

Lord Stowell and Lord St. Leonards and ever so many more law lords have been accredited with the *mot*, that if Brougham only knew a little about Chancery law, he would know a little of everything. Allowing that he is superficial, and can only wade in the shallows of every sea of science, not dive into the depths of any, how memorable nevertheless the energy and industry with which he dared to sweep all the strings, to run through the entire gamut, to sound the diapason of "all possible knowledge." The "gigantic Brougham," Sydney Smith calls him, on the occasion of his receiving the Great Seal; "sworn in at twelve o'clock, and before six has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of the people of England for centuries." Energy and industry with a vengeance (on chancery!). As *Nestor* exclaims of *Hector* in the field—

Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he wills, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

One notable example out of many is on record, in illustration of Brougham's labors in his prime—how, after a long day's toil and trouble in Westminster Hall, he joined the Commons and mingled in their debates until

two of the morning—then home (to sleep? perchance to dream?—not a bit of it; but) to work up an article for the *Edinburgh* till Westminster Hall opened again—again busy before "my luds" until Mr. Speaker was seated, when wig and gown were doffed for another tilt in the Commons, lasting to an hour that would have broken the heart of a Brotherton—and then, and not till then, indulging himself in a snooze.

The same fever in his blood it is, that in later years has made him so forward to take part in whatever agitates society at home or abroad. He loves dearly to have a finger (and more than one, if practicable) in the pie, whatever its contents, and whether baked in the domestic oven or of foreign structure. How much is *Punch* indebted to this lively disposition in the "man so various!" Who can forget Richard Doyle's multiform portraits of him, as the Citizen of the World, clad in every known diversity of costume sanctioned by the usages of the two hemispheres—or who can overpraise the subtle humor which presents to us in each successive avatar, *alter et idem?* The cue to this masquerade was given by his lordship's adventurous endeavor to become a naturalized Frenchman, under the Republic of '48. Forthwith there appeared an imitative petition in his name, addressed to the Chief Rabbi in London, and praying to be admitted—of course according to the usual initiatory "*modus operandi*"—into the fellowship of the Hebrew nation; and the favorite joke of the day was to invent some similar "begging-letter," urging his pretensions to identification with all people, nations, and language—red, black, and white, with whom to mingle as he might. He might have sat, at this period, for *Benedict's* portrait as taken by *Don Pedro*, when the Don records the fancy his friend "hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow: or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet." All this metaphorically, of course; for his lordship's fast attachment to one pattern in what the Don calls "slops," is a stock-jest with vulgar impertinence.

Very little space is left to note his status in law and literature. His place in the former jealous, exacting profession, was inevitably affected by the versatility just described. Law asks for the sum total of a man's attentions, and *this* man vouchsafed her only a fractional remainder. While Scarlett, and

Copley, and Sugden trod the narrow way with patient toil and ultimate triumph, Brougham rambled in by-ways and cross-paths whithersoever he would. While he *did* devote himself, indeed, to rolls and records, his devotion was too intense, too resolutely concentrated, not to yield results which it would cost a dull plodder ten times the labor to realize. But he never took first-class honors (the woosack notwithstanding) in the courts of Themis. In the estimate of the people, however, he was, at the bar, the pearl of barristers; and on the woosack, for a brief space, the facile princeps of Chancellors. And in his peculiar line, perhaps he has never been surpassed, if equalled, in his tactics as an advocate—in his swift insight into the bearings of a cause, his indomitable “pluck” in making the worse appear the better reason, his presence of mind in meeting a sudden emergency, his dogged determination in worming out a latent fact, his impromptu adroitness in covering defective evidence with rhetorical drapery, and dazzling a confused juryman’s vision with sallies of wit, and patching up a rent in the case with “three-piled velvet” sophistry, and supplying the place of valid testimony or strong right by impetuous iteration, and withering sarcasm, and vehement abuse, and unscrupulous browbeating. To apply the words of another: “Il saisissait vite toutes choses, devinait ce qu’il ne savait pas, décidait et tranchait là où il en avait besoin, avait la réplique heureuse et prompte, l’assertion résolue et hautaine, le front hardi comme le verbe et sans cette pudeur native dont quelques honnêtes scrupuleux n’ont jamais pu se défaire.” Brougham had mighty little trouble “se défaire” of *that*.

As an author, too, he has occupied a large share of public attention. His *Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*, his *Lives of Voltaire*, Robertson, Black, &c., his *Dialogues on Instinct*, his illustrations of Paley’s *Natural Theology*, his multifarious contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* and to scientific periodicals, all bespeak more or less of nervous talent, though there is an obvious haste in his movements, an impatience of delay, which warns the reader to be wary. His style may not be that of a master—may not rank with the rich fulness of one great model, or the picturesque coloring of a second, or the vivid conciseness and pregnant simplicity of a third—but surely it merits another kind of appraisal than that volunteered by Savage Landor, who describes it as made up of hard vulgarity and intractable distortion

—an amalgam of hard and splintery sentences—its vivacity consisting in twitches of sarcasm, its highest springs being inspired by agony, its most earnest intonations finding vent in an angry cracked voice. The bagpipes—that is what he plays upon at his best, according to his implacable critic. Well, at any rate the performer has squeezed some excellent music out of his instrument—good enough, at least, to gather a throng of listeners round him, not all of them devoid of ear; and generally speaking the listeners have waited to hear out the last note, not omitting free gifts of both pudding and praise, wherewith to pay the piper.

As a man — by way of *finale* — Lord Brougham has, times and ways without number, been allowed by his foremost foes, when the battle raged at the fiercest too, to be a “good fellow”—a *bijou* of a phrase (though of the rough diamond kind of *bijouterie*) for epitomising a hearty English compliment. His friends find him a fast friend; his political opponents come to love him when they find out in private what a joyous companion he is, how wealthy in table-talk, how fresh in feeling, how frank in utterance, how sagacious, how witty, how thoroughly entertaining. “Me and Hairy Brumm’s great freens,” quoth The Shepherd to North, twenty years ago—“and batin yourself, sir, he’s the grandest companion I ken, whether in a mixed company o’ ordinary dimensions, or at a twa houn’ crack.” And again, thirty years ago, said the same idealized Bucolical to the same immortal Præses, “Hairy Brumm’s just a maist agreeable enterteenin’ fallow, and I recollect sittin’ up wi’ him a’ nicht, for three nichts rinnin’, about thretty years syne, at Miss Ritchie’s hottle, Peebles. O man, but he was wutty, wutty—and bricht thochts o’ a maist extraordinar’ kind met thegither, frae the opposite poles o’ the human understanding. I prophesied at every new half-mutchkin, that Mr. Brumm would be a distinguished character, and there he is, you see Leader o’ the Opposition.” Never mind what he is *now*, in Parliament; out of it he is the same genial creature that hob-a-nobbed (by hypothesis) with Jamie Hogg at the “hottle” in Peebles.

Long may he retain the strength and spirits to play the same part, in the evening of a life which has played so many parts. Long may we hear of him setting the table in a roar at home; and, abroad, slaying the wild boar of Cannes, or joining in any bracing exercise the place and season afford.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WE have great pleasure in presenting to the patrons of the *Eclectic* a beautiful and authentic portrait of this eminent poet. It has been copied by our engraver from an original portrait, painted by the poet-artist T. BUCHANAN READ, Esq., of Philadelphia, while in Florence last year. So far as we know, it is the first and only engraved portrait of Mrs. Browning ever published; and has the additional merit of being recent and well done. It has been understood that Mrs. Browning entertained some objections to a publication of her portrait, and has accordingly refused to indulge the wishes of the innumerable friends which her exquisite poetry and personal worth have created. Mr. Read enjoyed the privilege of intimate friendship, of which he regards the sketch he was allowed to take as a choice and rare expression.

Of the fame and character of Mrs. Browning as a poet and a woman, the lovers of English literature need not be reminded. Her personal appearance is happily described by Mr. Hillard in his admirable "Six Months in Italy:"

"Mrs. Browning, in many respects the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most

sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning, than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded, by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs—in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for—is cordial to behold and soothing to remember."

FRENCH AUTHORS.—M. De Mirecourt, who is writing the history of his literary French cotemporaries, gives some of them the credit of having very eccentric habits. Scriby, he says, rises at five every morning, and works till noon without any interval. Balzac retired to rest every evening at six, rose at midnight, and wrote till nine in the morning, and after breakfasting resumed his pen till three, when a walk of two hours, and dinner at five, brought him again to his bedtime. Alfred de Musset, when asked for "copy" for the

Revue des Deux Mondes, would say, "Send me fifty francs and a bottle of brandy, or you will have none." The next morning the *pro-verbe* required would be finished, and the brandy bottle also. Alexander Dumas sits in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night, writing in a remarkably fluent manner, without blot or erasure. As *improvisateur*, Mery, is only second to Dumas. It is stated that he wrote a play in four days that had a run of one hundred nights.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

FLIES IN AMBER.

STRANGE mysteries appear to surround this curious natural production. It long stood between the three kingdoms of nature, like the Egyptian sphynx, an unsolved enigma: hence amber attracted the attention alike of the poet and of the philosopher, and it became the basis of more than one romantic story. Eventually, by subjecting amber to a peculiar kind of optical analysis, the enigma was solved; and, by its action on polarized light, it was determined most certainly to be a vegetable resin.

A fine transparent piece of amber appears as though it were a thing of yesterday—the gathered tears of some oriental gum tree, full of sunlight; yet it is as old, it may be older, than the hills. *The flies in amber* tell us thus much—there they are:

"We know the thing is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how"

they have become entangled in the now stony resin. It must have been distilled from the branches of trees, and hanging thereon like honey dews, have enticed, and afterwards entangled them in its viscous mass. Severe has been the struggle, in many cases, by the poor prisoners; they have sought to regain their liberty, and sacrificed their limbs in the effort. It is no unusual thing to find flies of all sizes, and even sturdy beetles, who have been caught in the slimy juice, with their legs and wings torn off and scattered around them; yet was the struggle in vain, they remain entombed, mummified with more than Egyptian art, as beautiful and as delicate as they were in life; dismembered things, preserved to tell the story of a very ancient existence.

The forms are numerous, the varieties of *flies in amber* are very various; yet there is scarcely one of them which is identical with any living creature. The entomology of the amber mines informs us that they were the winged denizens of the air, and the creeping things of the earth, at a time when a tropical climate extended as far north as the Baltic Sea. That indeed they lived in ancient for-

ests, far back in geological time, when south-eastern England had not yet risen from the ocean, and when, probably, a line of cliffs, extending from Weymouth to Scarborough, were still beaten by the waves of a wide-spread sea. Of these imprisoned specimens a curious history is yet to be written; but it is with other *flies in amber* that we have now to deal—with mysteries more occult than these, and principles which appear to have a world-wide application in each varied form of development.

The study of the psychological phenomena of the Grecian mind brings us acquainted with some beautiful manifestations of that exaltation of human intellect which advances beyond ordinary reason, and assumes many of the characteristics of inspiration.

In the writings of the philosophers of Greece, and in their poetical mythology, we find numerous examples of the outshadowing of philosophic truths, which inductive science has since rendered familiar to the world. It would appear, that by careful culture of the powers of the mind, the lovers of wisdom became enabled to *think out* great truths, which are now developed to us by the mechanical process of *experiment*.

The Greek mythical creations display the resistless powers of supreme intellect in developing life, and order, and beauty, out of the chaos which belongs alike to every theogony. They are all sublime outshadowings of the spiritual nature which was seen to exist behind ordinary nature. They show, as through a veil, the workings of those subtle agencies by which the great phenomena of creation are produced. The philosophers taught the people to believe that everything in nature was under the guidance of an especial spirituality; and thus were created those "spirits of air, and earth, and sea," which were the presiding powers of the organic and of the inorganic worlds. Even where observation led to the discovery of a fact, it was clothed in this spiritual vesture, and it became to the Greeks a divinity. Thus, a fine old Grecian, Thales of Miletus,

who was probably examining the flies in amber, discovered that when this substance was rubbed, it acquired the power of attracting light bodies; and he interpreted this truth, by supposing amber to possess a spirit, which, being irritated, left its transparent prison, and gathering up all floating bodies near, flew back with them again. *Electron* was the Greek name for amber, and *electricity* was the epithet by which Thales and his disciples distinguished the spirit they had learned to raise. We have lost the history, if one ever existed, of the progress made in tracking out this wonderful spirit in its devious workings and wanderings; we only know that for nearly two thousand years this fact remained barren of all results, and that the *mystery* in amber was regarded as one of the unknown things which are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Eventually, an English dreamer, a pensioner of the Charterhouse, called Stephen Gray, in 1720, informed the world that something of the mystery of electricity he had solved; and he showed that the same spirit which dwelt in amber was also found in glass, hair, silk and feathers. Twenty years passed, and some ingenious men at Leyden thought they could devise a plan for eliminating this spirit of the amber, and of collecting and retaining it when once developed. A large glass globe was fixed on an axis, and turned rapidly; a gun-barrel, suspended by silken strings, was hung near it, a wire fastened to the gun-barrel, dropping into a glass of water at the other end. The glass globe was excited, as old Thales excited his amber, by friction with the hands; and the person holding the glass of water, upon applying his finger to obtain the spark from the barrel, received a shock, which convinced the terrified experimenters that the spirit was a giant in its wrath. The most exaggerated statements were published in all the large cities of Europe. The glass globe and the Leyden vial, as it was called, was exhibited in Paris and London, and crowds of spectators flocked to witness the discharge, and to feel the "fearful" shock. The spirit of the amber was now fairly developed, and its powers were examined by experiment, guided by the new ideas. Men no longer used thought as the only element in the discovery of knowledge; they had begun to employ their senses and to cultivate habits of observation.

At length, a great single-minded man, who had made his home

"In lands which echo further west
Than the Greeks' island of the blest,"

seeing through some of the mystery which enveloped this subtle spirit in amber, resolved on determining by an experiment, beautiful in its simplicity and grand in its danger, the relation which it bore to the awful spirit of the thunder-storm.

The sculptor has idealized the noble form of the impious Ajax defying the lightning: how much more dignified would be a statue of the philosopher compelling the thunder of the heavens to speak aloud its secrets. Benjamin Franklin stood forth from among men in the boldness of his views, and he saw, or thought he saw, in the attractive principle of *electron*, a power of universal diffusion, and he resolved to examine for himself. He had previously made himself acquainted with the laws by which electricity appeared to be guided, and availing himself of this knowledge, Franklin devised his grand experiment.

He mounted a kite into the air, insulated its string, which served as a conductor, and waited to see the result. For some time he waited in vain, the evocator received no answer to his call, the spirit refused to obey his summons. But when man calls on nature in the purity of his soul, and solicits earnestly a development of natural truths, nature rarely fails to vouchsafe a reply.

Franklin stood watching his arrangement; presently every fibre of his kite-string was seen to stand on end, and, on applying a pointer to the ball to which it was attached, he was saluted with a discharge of electric fire of precisely the same character as that which had been previously developed from resin and from glass. Here we had a modern Prometheus, indeed, stealing fire from heaven. Thus it was proved that lightning was only a grand manifestation of the same phenomena which had first excited the attention of Thales of Miletus. The danger incurred by the illustrious Franklin was soon fatally proved by the death of a continental philosopher, who repeated his experiment. Professor Rickmann had reared high in air an electrical conductor, and connected it with some experimental arrangements in his study. Proceeding without sufficient caution, the discharge from a passing thunder-cloud flowed through the conductor, and penetrating the body of the philosopher, destroyed his life.

Further researches in the same direction confirmed the great result of Benjamin Franklin, and proved that the earth and the air

were equally under the influence of this all-pervading element. It was shown that no body existed in nature through which this subtle principle was not diffused, that changes were constantly being produced by the interference of other physical powers, and that in the effort made to restore equilibrium we had the manifestations of electrical phenomena.

During all the stages of animal and vegetable growth, electricity is either absorbed or given off, and no change can take place in the form of matter without its effecting a corresponding change in its electrical relations. Thus water is converted into vapor, and it takes from the earth some of its electricity. This ascends into air, and floats as clouds, accumulating in this way its quantity of electrical power. Circumstances may arise through which the electricity is quietly returned back to the earth, or such as may determine a concentration of the electrical element in the atmosphere. It floats on, dark and lowering, with its stored artillery, until, becoming overcharged, it bursts forth in fury, and too frequently performs the work of devastation.

A hill, a tall tree, a pointed spire, becomes the object of heaven's wrath, and it is torn and splintered by the violence of the disruptive discharge from the cloud. We have learnt something of this, and we are profiting by our knowledge. The electricity does not—it cannot—pass by the solid matter of the object upon which it falls; consequently, it endeavors to find its way into the earth by the interstitial spaces between the particles of the solid matter. These channels being insufficient to convey it, they are split and rended in all directions. There are certain bodies which, by their peculiar molecular constitution, have the property of allowing this fluid to pass through it very freely; and if we place such a mass of matter as is sufficient to convey all the electricity of a thunder-cloud to the earth, it will pass along it quietly and harmlessly. Hence we raise a little above the highest point of a building a rod of copper, and continue it to the lowest point, connecting it with the moist earth. In our ships we carry a band of the same metal from the topmast to the copper sheeting be-

neath the water, and thus all is rendered secure.

There has been a popular error that lightning *conductors* may become lightning *attractors*. There are no such things as attractors of electricity; it strikes a tall tree or church spire, because such objects offer the easiest road for it to return to the earth and restore the electric equilibrium. The lightning copper conductor bears precisely the same relation to the atmospheric electricity, that the pipes which we place from the roofs of our houses, and continue to the earth, do to the rain which falls from a condensing cloud. Neither the rain nor the electricity seek the channels, but they are provided, and through these they flow.

By a good system of lightning conductors, any extent of country might be protected from thunder-storms; indeed, science proves that it is within the power of man to establish such channels of communication between the solid earth and the ambient air, as to maintain a constant balance in the electrical conditions of both, and thus prevent the development of the thunder-storm.

The vineyards of the south of France formerly suffered severely from devastating hail-storms, produced by the sudden congelation of the water of the rain-cloud by its being robbed of its latent heat through a sudden electric discharge. Experience has taught the vine-growers that, by raising lightning conductors over their gardens, they quietly discharge the surplus electricity in the air, prevent the congelation of the water, and consequently remove the cause of injury. The *paragrailles*, as they are called, are the safeguards to the vine-grower, and where they are plentifully distributed, severe hail-storms are now rarely known.

Thus it is that, by investigating some of the most minute and apparently unimportant phenomena, we arrive at great truths. The attractive power of amber, first observed by Thales, has led to the solution of the mystery of the thunder-storm; has instructed us how to disarm it of its terrors; and there are yet other points of interest, to which we shall return, showing the advantages which man has derived from studying the *flies in amber*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Athenæum states that Mr. Henry Reeve, translator of De Touqueville's book on America, has been appointed editor of the Edinburgh Review.

A biography of the late Rev. Dr. Kitto, is in preparation under the editorship of J. E. Ryland, Esq., author of the "Life of John Foster." It is to be published by subscription, for the benefit of Dr. Kitto's family, and will embrace extracts from his journals and correspondence.

The author of the "Plurality of Worlds," it is now said in English Journals, is not Dr. Whewell, but Mr. T. S. Smith, of Balliol College, Oxford.

It is said that Mr. Murray has bought a work of Mr. Russell's on the Crimean Campaign, for £1,000.

The English Stamp Duty on newspapers and advertisements has been removed by a vote of Parliament, amidst general rejoicing, and papers are now to be prepaid when mailed, but not before.

A Paris paper announces the fact of the discovery of an unpublished fragment of a lost tragedy of Euripides, by M. Egger, of the Institute.

The Presse which is now publishing Madame George Sands' memoirs, has received a warning not to publish that portion of her memoir which relates to 1812, and the retreat from Moscow.

The King of Prussia has just conferred the order of the Red Eagle, of the second class, to Dr. Ehrenberg, Professor in the University of Berlin, and Secretary of the Physico-mathematical section of the Academy of Science. He has also awarded the Gold Medal for Science and Art to Dr. Herrig, whose collection of British and American Literature has already been noticed in these columns.

The London "Critic" contains an account of a great work in preparation by Count Tullio Dandolo, of Milan, upon early Christian history, entitled "Studies upon Rome and the Empire till the Times of Marcus Aurelius." The work is to be in six volumes, which are said to be all prepared—the sixth of them has been published under the title, "Nascent Christianity," in the "Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica" at Milan. The other five are to contain the general history of the Roman Empire in this, its most splendid period, its statistics, its manners and customs, and the history of the Latin and Greek literature. Count Dandolo is the author of several other works—one on "Dante and Columbus," "Italy in the Last Century," "Northern Europe and America in the Last Century," "Switzerland in the Middle Ages," "Switzerland Picturesque," etc. All of these works, with the one now in the course of publication, are again only parts of a still more comprehensive scheme, a "History of Thought in Modern Times," for which the author is represented as admirably adapted, and in which he has received the encouragement of the Pope. Some of the views cited from the "Nascent Christianity" do certainly indicate a large comprehension of history, and fine powers of combination and exposition.

The Literary Convention between England and Belgium has just been ratified. From this date the authors of new works of Literature and Art in either country, will be entitled to exercise the right of property in their works, in the territories of the other; and this protection will be extended to translations, with certain stipulations.

It is well known that since the discoveries of Champollion there has been a great difficulty in respect to the name of the Egyptian conqueror of Central Asia, whom Herodotus and all the Greek historians call *Sesosis* or *Sesostria*, while the Egyptian monuments designate him as Ramsès *Meimoun*. The text of Tacitus bears out the reading of the monuments. In the royal list of Manetho, too, the name is that of Ramsès, and not that of *Sesostria*. In his twelfth dynasty there is the name *Sesostasen*, also a conqueror, but he cannot be the true *Sesostria*. In a communication to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of Oct. 20, the Viscount of Rougé proposes a settlement of the difficulty on the ground of decipherings from the papyri of the British Museum, from which it appears that *Ses* or *Seson* was a popular abbreviation of Ramsès: it sometimes appears, too, as *Sesion*, which would give the form *Sesosis* of Diodorus.

The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences offered a prize of 10,000 francs for the best "Manual of Moral and Political Economy, for the use of the Laboring Classes." Cousin, Dunoyer, Count Portalis, L. Faucher, Mignet, and the Duke de Broglie were the judges. Thirty-four essays were sent in, but the prize was not adjudged to any one, and it is continued for the next year. One "memoire" was esteemed the best, but not sufficiently matured. The author begins it by a narrative of scenes in a village, with all the circumstances and incidents of ordinary life, and from this starting point deduces the rules and maxims of moral and political economy. A prize of 3,000 francs is to be decreed in 1855 for the best work on "Pauperism in France, and its Remedy;" one for a history of the "Arabic Philosophy in Spain;" one for an essay on the "Relations of Ethics and Political Economy;" one for "History of Marriage Contracts;"—in 1857, one for "History of International Maritime Law."

A large number of Greek and Latin MSS. have been found in the Ottoman Empire by a company of gentlemen, who have been deputed by the French Government to make literary researches wherever opportunity was afforded by the passage of the armies. The precise number of Oriental MSS. in all the libraries of Constantinople has been ascertained, and the whereabouts of a valuable treatise on Ancient Egypt, by one Ald-al-Lathif, who lived in the middle ages, has been discovered.

It is now believed that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS. of the Emperor Bonaparte, collected by Louis Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the Emperor, are in a text hardly

legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

Among the new publications announced by our Cis-Atlantic houses, we notice that PHILLIPS, SAMPTON & Co. have in press "A History of Massachusetts," by Rev. John S. Barry.

GOULD & LINCOLN have a "Memoir of Old Humphrey," the well-known author of "Homely Hints," &c., &c.; "Velasquez and his works," by William Sterling; also, a new and elegant library edition of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with Millman's, Guizot's and Smith's notes, in 8 vols.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have in preparation a new revised edition of "Sparks' Life and Writings of George Washington," in 12 vols.; "Plutarch's Lives," partly from Dryden's translation, in 5 vols.; Prof. B. Peirce's "Treatise on Analytical Mechanics," in quarto; "John Adams' Works," vols. 1 and 10; and the "Correspondence of D. Webster," edited by Fletcher Webster, in 2 vols.

J. MUNROE & Co. announce a volume of "Popular Tales," comprising "Trap to Catch a Sun-Beam," "Whatley's Detached Thoughts and Apophthegms."

CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co. announce "Christianity, its Influence and Evidence," by Rev. G. W. Burnap.

J. P. JEWETT & Co. have published "The Augustan Age of France," or the Distinguished Writers of the Age of Louis XIV., by Rev. J. F. Astie, with Introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

TICKNOR & FIELDS announce two new works by Mrs. Mowatt, the one containing further experiences of her theatrical life, the other a volume of plays—"Armand and Fashion;" De Quincey's "Note-Book of an English Opium-Eater;" and "The School of Life," a story by Anne M. Howitt.

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN have in press "My Bondage and My Freedom," by Fred. Douglass, illustrated; "Lives of Henry VIII. and his Six Queens," by Henry William Herbert, with portraits.

Dr. Spring's new work, in press by M. W. Doon, is entitled "The Contrast."

POEMS OF MRS. BROWNING.—The entire poetical works of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in three elegant volumes, have been published by C. S. FRANCIS & Co. They are among the profoundest and richest productions of the age, full of pathos, thought and divine philosophy. In the larger and nobler aspects of the poet, this gifted child of song has probably no living peer. Her works are worthy of study.

A history of the French Revolution has been prepared by Professor Jobson, which has the merit of being brief, comprehensive, and impartial. It condenses into a brief space the great events of that terrible era, and so far as we perceive, with entire freedom from bias or partisanship.

Lingard's *History of England*, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary, in 1688, has just been completed in an edition of thirteen duodecimo volumes, published by PHILLIPS, SAMPTON & Co. The author's reputation as a historian, will secure this work an introduction into the public libraries throughout the country, particularly now that it is issued in so convenient a form and at so low a price. The several volumes have been noticed in the columns of this journal, as issued.

D. APPLETON & Co. issue a folio volume of *American History*, according to the "Pantological system," which furnishes a panoramic view of the origin and progress of Nations and States, by exhibiting on charts the principal events in their history. Chronology, &c., including a view of the acts of legislation, the development of Jurisprudence, Politics, Diplomacy, &c., with Statistics of Commerce, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Religion, &c.

Fleetwood's History of the Bible has been reprinted in a royal octavo volume, by Messrs. CARTERS. This comprises the Sacred History, from the Creation to the Incarnation, the facts presented in the Old Testament being arranged in consecutive order, and illustrated by reference to the manners and customs of the ancients, and by geographical notices. The work is also accompanied by steel engravings and a map.

A handsome edition of *Rev. Matthew Henry's Miscellaneous Works*, in two large volumes, has been also issued by the CARTERS. Besides the valuable Commentary which has been so popular a guide in the interpretation of Scripture, Mr. Henry's Sermons, Tracts and other productions, contain much important doctrinal and ecclesiastical matter, illustrating the general condition of the churches in England during the stormy periods of their history. The interesting life of Rev. Philip Henry, his father, who was a celebrated nonconformist Divine, is prefixed. The present, of all the editions which have been issued, contains the fullest collection of Sermons and Papers, and will be a valuable acquisition to the theological and public libraries.

R. CARTER & BROTHERS have issued the *Memoirs of John F. Oberlin*, a devoted Pastor of Waldrach, in the Ban de la Roche. It is a record of the labors of a faithful Missionary in a neglected neighborhood, which was civilized and evangelized through his efforts.

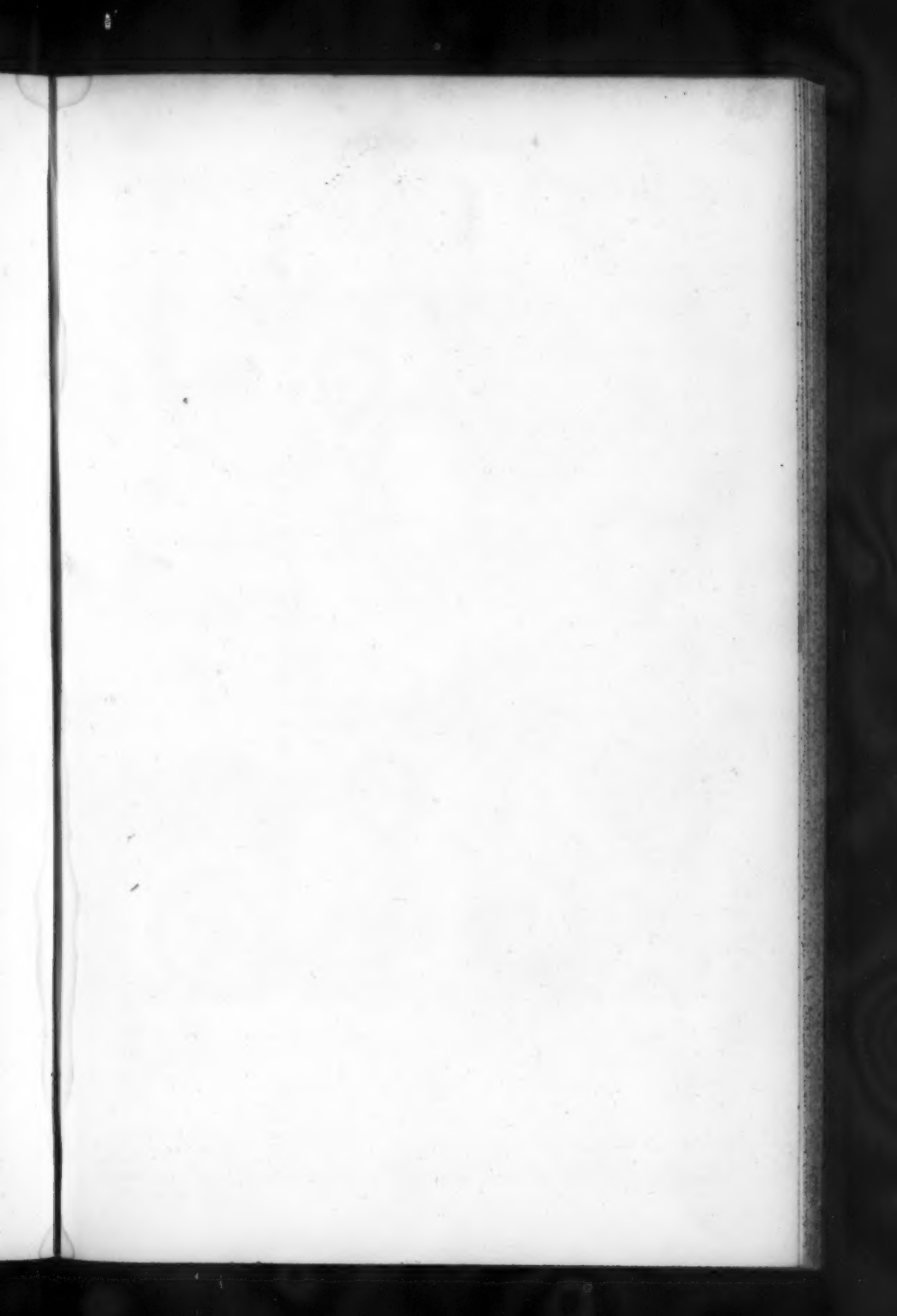
Ashton Cottage; or, *The True Faith*, is a Sunday tale, illustrating many phases of religious experience, designed for the reading of youth, and published in CARTERS' series of illustrated juveniles.

Dr. Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life* is now complete in two duodecimo volumes, illustrated with numerous wood engravings. The valuable scientific information which is embodied in its pages, in a popular form, well commend it to the attention of the public, as an invaluable guide to the knowledge of man's most common and intimate relations to the external world. As a text book for higher classes in schools, this work would also prove highly useful. D. APPLETON & Co. are the publishers.

The *Practical Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Gardener's Companion*, by P. Neill, LL. D., has been reprinted by C. M. SAXTON & Co., with adaptations to the soil and climate of the United States, by G. Emerson, M.D.

Mr. David A. Harsha has collected the most famous speeches of the eminent *Orators and Statesmen* of Ancient and Modern Times, with biographical notices and criticisms on their genius. It is intended by the author, not only as a text book for students, but as an every-day book for general reference. C. SCHREINER is the publisher.

The Rag Bag is the title of a collection of Ephemeris, by N. P. Willis. The work consists principally of pieces which have been published in the "Home Journal," and are now preserved in a more readable form.





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